THE FIGHT OF A BOOK FOR THE WORLD

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY

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THE FIGHT OF A BOOK FOR THE WORLD

A COMPANION VOLUME TO LEAVES OF GRASS

BY

WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY

Author of "Reminiscences of Walt Whitman," "The Real John Burroughs," etc.

"Le fronde onde s' infronda tutto l' orto
dell' ortolano eterno."

—DANTE, Par. XXVI, 64, 65.

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"The venerable poet whose songs will wind men's arms around each other's necks, if we will sing them truly after him."

J. VILA BLAKE.

"Voi mi levate sì ch' io son più ch' io."

DANTE, *Par.* xvi.

"I am bold enough to say frankly that I look upon Whitman as the greatest personality—not the greatest intellect, but the most symbolical man, the greatest incarnation of mind, heart and soul, fused and fired by the poetic spirit—that has appeared in the world during the Christian era."

JOHN BURROUGHS, *Accepting the Universe,* p. 316.

"As a torrent rushing from a mountain-top which rains have fed beyond its wonted banks, so surges Pindar, and in boundless force with deep mouth pours along, * * * through his bold dithyrambs rolls new phrases forth, and onward sweeps on measures freed from law."

HORACE, Ode IV, 2.

"And hark thee," says Scott's Richard of the Lion Heart to his favorite minstrel Blondel, "I would have thee fling away that new-fangled restriction of thine, of terminating in accurate and similar rhymes. They are a constraint on thy flow of fancy, and make thee resemble a man dancing in fetters."

Talisman, vol. ii.

Dedication

To

A. E. K.

A heroine of earth's noblest and bravest; cheerer of the lives of others; scorner of all meanness. Not by nature in especial need of a force like Walt Whitman, not specially drawn to him at first, being so strong herself; but when she went to see him in Camden bursting into tears at the pathetic sight of the majestic old man, chair-bound, snowy-haired, yet, as always, radiating magnetism, kindness and power. She said afterward to a friend, "I felt as if I were in the presence of a god." One of her last literary works was the very laborious reading with me, for accuracy (down in our little lacustrine cottage in the forests of Maine), of the typed pages of this whole book.

Here at Rome, where I write, is the ruin called "The Trophies of Marius," on the rugged and crumbling sides of which green plants and trees and vines appear, while far up, springing from the cliff-like heights, a few late November roses are flinging their perfume on the air,—life out of death, symbol of a man's life sometimes. And to you, dear comrade, this rose fed by heart's blood. Now for you Nirvana, Lethe, the rich latencies of the Dark, and the longer sleep; while yet, in spite of doubt and death, ever for us

> "Hope, a poising eagle, burns
> Above the unrisen morrow,"

and out from the Soul, the Life, of the infinite universes, glowing afar,—above, below, and around,—and swifter-winged than light through the star-hung uncharted immensity of the atoms (home of the superconscious Will) there breathes a whisper that all is well, and nothing lost, that the Visible is ever enriched by the Invisible, and the Invisible re-enriched by receiving its own back again in nobler form.

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PREFACE

OUTSTANDING psychological events of world significance in the Western Hemisphere in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century were the life and work of two men, each the friend and admirer of the other,—Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, the one a moral giant in the political field, the other in that of the prophet-bard; fashioned by the life-force, in apparent scorn of heredity, out of the middle clay; large-molded, rich-juiced; hewers out of their own fortunes; the one the child of the prairies, the other of the sea; towering both, as we look back, above the welter of commonplace humanity around them.

The following pages not only give incidentally report of Lincoln's admiration of Leaves of Grass, and his frequent readings aloud from it, but show in conspectus how the account stood between Whitman and his other eminent contemporaries in Europe and America. These men, Lincoln and Whitman, were clearly predestined agents in world-historical evolution. The one set New World democracy (the Union) on a firm civic foundation, the other gave it a soul. Perhaps they should be recognized as more truly the fathers of their country than were Washington and Jefferson, who, strictly speaking, were rather the fathers of American democracy than of the vast Continental Union, then non-existent, and who gave the work of their hands and brain no rich esthetic and

philosophical soul to bind its parts together. What Victor Emmanuel and Dante are to united Italy, that Lincoln and Whitman are to united America. The life and thought of Lincoln and Whitman, and of Emerson, were the central facts around which eddied the significant events of their times. We are now at the right focal distance to see this in its true perspective. Lincoln's and Emerson's part in the shaping of our destinies has for some years been defined and established. Whitman's equally important, if not more important, share may be deduced, as well as predicted, from the records in the following pages.

I have had the work on hand for over a quarter of a century. It is a companion volume to my reminiscences and study of Whitman issued in England in 1896. It is an armory of weapons against his enemies and a box of tools for the service of his friends. It has twice been recast, and often enlarged (after the first draft made away back in 1886). It is said that my Cambridge neighbor, John Bartlett, wrote his magnificent Shakspere Concordance largely in his dozing after-dinner digestion hours. He had it on his desk for eighteen years. The present handbook was not birthed and shaped in exactly this way, yet stands as the result of four long and serious tacklings separated by years. I have now brought it down to date. Part I is to be taken as really being a supplement to the Bibliography proper. I thought with a little personal element and comment infused (as I am about the last surviving member of the old Whitman bodyguard, a vexillary with none to whom to hand the colors) it would be more readable, and hence useful, than if in the usual desiccated form. So in the bibliography, while giving it extreme accuracy and a fulness

far surpassing anything yet published,* I have interspersed a number of anecdotes and incidents. And so throughout the other portions of the work. In the certainty that Leaves of Grass are "the kind of leaves with which the mighty garden of the Eternal Gardener is filled in all worlds" (so freely translating Dante's lines in our title page) I have gladly given laborious days and nights to tracing out the genesis and growth of the remarkable work, loving it (as Dante continues) "in measure of the good that has been infused into it by the Mysterious Gardener."

Note that Walt's ante-bellum productions were all of the prose-chant variety, and that the new and beautiful rhythmus first appeared in the war lyrics, and was never thereafter wholly lost. The ethical chants of 1856 I maintain to be almost wholly prose in character, and shall continue to do so, though the high and mighty Whitmanites of the earth, from their castle in the air, should proclaim to all the world with trumpets and megaphones that they were poetry. In the beautiful preface to the quarto of 1855 there is more poetry than in all these homilies, which Whitman perversely and amusingly persisted first in calling "Poems" and then "Songs." If you can find anything that can be sung in the Song for Occupations, A Song of Joys, Song of the Open Road, Song of the Broad-Axe, Song of the Rolling Earth, Song of Prudence, and Song of the Answerer (an aggregate of some 1600 lines), except the five introductory lines of the Broad-Axe piece

*I don't mean the touching of posts and counting of noses by the inclusion of every commonplace remark on W. W. by country newspapers. I had thousands of foolish items of that kind loaned me which I deliberately ignored. I mean depth and richness of content of the individual parts of the bibliography.

("Broad-axe naked, shapely, wan"), the three lines in Song of the Exposition, beginning, "Long and long has the grass been growing," and the eight wonderful lines in Song of the Rolling Earth, beginning, "Tumbling on steadily, nothing dreading,"—if you can discover anything singable beyond these brief fragments, I say, you can do more than I can. (The Song of the Redwood Tree (1874) belongs to the later rhythmic group, and is full of melody.) But no matter about the unfortunate names: the pieces themselves, as stimulating ethical literature, are only equaled by Emerson in modern times. There is more meat in them for making moral athletes than in a thousand droning homilies by a hireling priesthood.

A bibliography, or literary history, of Leaves of Grass will probably not be absolutely complete until the earth is pulverized into fire-dust or revamped for new occupancy; for the human race never has allowed and never will allow its bibles, its inspired oracles of religion and of the conduct of life, utterly to perish or comment upon them to cease. The present volume, begun, as I said, in 1886, first passed, in extremely incomplete shape, under the eye of Walt Whitman himself, then (still only a sketch) crossed the Atlantic twice, a clean draft of it getting lost, or rather stolen ("conveyed" along with Whitman manuscript and portraits) over there in Scotland, receiving ever new additions and amendments, as responses and answering shouts to Whitman's manly challenge came in from nearly every land on the globe, and noble men and women raised high the perpendicular hand in sign of love and recognition, or as, on the other hand, myopic zealots shook their fist at the monster of lust and beastliness which they honestly thought him to be.

A cursory inspection of the volume will show that a whole library of comment and fierce logomachy (brabblement and din of dusty combatants, *guerre à mort* over the body of Patroclus) has grown up around Leaves of Grass and its author, such as probably only the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespere, Browning, and Wagner, can parallel. The violent contrasts of opinion, the mix and jangle of voices, are most remarkable,—apotheosis alternating with execration, the enthusiastic idealist jostling the sneering Philistine; and each as he answers the question of Pilate, "What think ye of this man?" paints inexorably his own portrait and gives but his own measure.

The entire first section of the book, and especially the "Conspectus of Friends and Foes" near the end, are proof positive of the mistake of the eminent critic H. L. Mencken, in his copyrighted statement that "no critic of any recognized authority" had a hand in making Whitman's fame, that it has been the result of the capricious ebb and flow of popular opinion, and any day may see it disappear along with the myriads of lost reputations and perished books of the past. Many of Mencken's statements about the Whitman phenomenon in our literature show that even his enormous culture has not sufficed to make him a supreme impeccable authority on Whitman as yet. (Perhaps no man can be.) One need not remind so eminent a writer that no work of supreme value in literature has ever been killed by critics. The books that have perished (apart from such devastations as those by Vesuvius and the Caliph Omar) have deserved to perish, and the true critics have been their sextons and grave-diggers. Yet such a group of these valiant ink slingers as form what I would call the Thersites Club

in New York,—the public's pet clowns, whose pot of billingsgate and of "stink-bombs" is never empty, and who draw the cheap laugh by swatting Ulysses and Agamemnon in the eye with gobs of mud, will never kill a true book. Edinburgh reviewers may have hastened Keats's death, but they did not kill his poetry. Neither did Lord Byron do so by his published dislike of it.

By way of acknowledgment for friendly assistance I have to express my indebtedness to my friends Richard Maurice Bucke, William Douglas O'Connor, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. All these gentlemen placed at my disposal their collections of journalistic articles. Dr. Bucke also generously loaned me the huge folio index to his enormous collection of books, pamphlets, and journals bearing on Walt Whitman and his work. All this assistance was of value in supplementing my own collection and my exploiting of the chief libraries of Boston and Cambridge. The catalogue of his Whitman collection, issued in 1912 by W. H. Trimble, of St. Leonard's, Otago, New Zealand, has furnished me several items.

For kindest encouragement and help I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, of New York City and Sharon, Connecticut.

PART I

STORY OF THE RECEPTION OF LEAVES OF GRASS BY THE WORLD

PART I

Story of the Reception of Leaves of Grass by the World

> "Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag."—Emerson.

THOSE who are curious to trace the genesis of Leaves of Grass will turn to Dr. R. M. Bucke's Walt Whitman (1883) and to the Notes and Fragments of Walt Whitman edited by the doctor in 1899. The latter volume, printed in the type of the first quarto of Leaves of Grass and on pages of the same size, shows the poet's preparatory reading for many years previous to the issue of his first volume, and contains rough drafts of much of the first quarto. The Walt Whitman Fellowship Papers and the Philadelphia *Conservator* (see Appendix) contain articles by Dr. D. G. Brinton, Thomas B. Harned, Dr. R. M. Bucke, Frank B. Sanborn, J. T. Trowbridge, John Burroughs, W. S. Kennedy, and others, which throw light on the origin and history of Leaves of Grass and its antecedents.

But all this is but a drop in the bucket to the mass of material collected by Professor Emory Holloway in his two compact scientifically treated volumes, containing 176,000 words, The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman (Doubleday, Page and Co., 1921). See also the two volumes of the previous year—The Gathering of the Forces, by Messrs. Cleveland

Rodgers and John Black, an uncritical record of Whitman's editorial writings during the two years he was editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. Both sets of works are well reviewed by Norman Foerster in the New York *Evening Post's* "Literary Review," May 27, 1922. The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* book is also reviewed in the New York *Times'* "Book Review," Jan. 2, 1921. Professor Foerster praises Holloway unreservedly. But when I was a young man writing books on the American poets, I was solemnly warned by publishers and by good society to refrain from raking up the discarded refuse and literary beginnings of my subject. It seems they have changed all that now. And as this very handbook of mine is intended to be an aid to students of Whitman, as is Professor Holloway's, I don't see how I can logically condemn such a fine pedagogic work as his. Yet somehow as a lover of great poetry I can't help it. The remorseless statistics of it make me shudder. It is like pulling up the flower to show the fertilizer at the roots, peeping and botanizing on your mother's grave. Yet I will waive my personal feelings and say, as the others do, that it is a good reference book, an exhaustive study. But don't touch it, on your life, until you have read Whitman for years. It smells of the dissecting room, is the scientific analysis of a rose, an attempt to account for the elusive origins of a poet's soul by arithmetic. Traubel and Holloway are relentless weasels, never-weary truffle-dogs, in Walt's most sacred private affairs. The phlegmatic Philadelphians, amazed at having once again, after Poe, a genius among them, not only ferreted out nearly all the personal secrets of the old man, cut up his body when he was dead, and dashed his brains to pieces on the floor (see further on

toward the end), but now they've finished accounting for him, as they imagine, by digging out the roots of his career, raking up his discarded immature writings. But the splendor of genius defies all these grubbers, defies capture. Professor Holloway does not scruple to spread before the world's eye the private manuscript notebooks (pocketbooks) of the poet, left at his death (Query: would ever anyone have dared to do this in the case of Tennyson? Not in England, I well believe.) The notebooks are undeniably fascinating to us. Holloway gives eight pages, with innumerable fine-type note-references, to an unsuccessful attempt to penetrate the secret of the romantic New Orleans love affair. In general the portions dealing with the notebooks give valuable glimpses into the genesis of Leaves of Grass, show the poet's soul a-forming, and the style and subject matter of his book taking shape in the years immediately preceding 1855. The greater part of volume two (about 200 of its 375 pages) is taken up with a reprint of Walt's early story in the dime-novel vein, Franklin Evans, the Inebriate, and by the reprinting of his Brooklyniana, a series of local historical and antiquarian articles, published in the Brooklyn *Standard* from June 8 to Nov. 1, 1861. One doubts the readableness of all this juvenile writing with the public of our day. But of course it is biographically interesting.

In the brilliant critical journal, the *American Mercury,* for February, 1924, Holloway, the Jerry Cruncher whom Whitman would so surely have loved to choke for his resurrection operations on his immature bread-and-butter journalistic work in the pre-Grashalmian days, inflicts on the public still another batch of worthless Whitman stuff taken from Walt's reportorial and editorial writings

in Brooklyn. The only thing of any importance in the rubbish is the noting of the fact that Walt published an article on Art Music and Heart Music in Edgar Allan Poe's *Broadway Journal* for Nov. 29, 1845. This gives the presumption that the two poets met and talked together. Poe personally endorses Walt's article in a footnote.*

A few words more as to the antecedents of Leaves of Grass. Whitman's earliest published writings appeared in the *Democratic Review* (from 1841 onward), in *Brother Jonathan* (1841-42), the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* (1846-47), the New Orleans *Crescent* (1848-49), and the Brooklyn *Freeman* (1851-52), in the form of reportorial and editorial work. In Extra No. 5 of *Brother Jonathan,* vol. i, Jan. 29, 1842, appeared what is thought to be Whitman's first appearance in the metropolitan press, in the form of a poem called Ambition. He also published articles in the *United States Magazine,* and the New York *Saturday Press.* (Files of the latter may be found in Hammonton, New Jersey (heirs of Edward Howland), and in Philadelphia (John V. Sears, editorial staff of the *Telegraph*). The *Democratic Review* was of the heavy-gun, old *North American Review* order. Among its contributors were James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Alexander Everett, William Cullen Bryant, Nathaniel Hawthorne, C. P. Cranch, and Edgar A. Poe. The half-dozen contributions of Whitman are signed "Walter Whitman," appearing between the years 1841 and 1847 inclusive,—from the twenty-second to the twenty-eighth year of their author. They are veined and juiced with

*In the "Literary Review" of the New York *Evening Post* for Sept. 22, 1923, Mr. Cleveland Rodgers, mentioned above, has a long and important historical paper on Walt Whitman the Politician.

strong human sympathy, but are all in the terrific dime-novel style, and contain no trace whatever of Whitman's mature genius. These things were condemned by him to oblivion, along "with a cart-load of pot-boilers" (to quote his own words to me). The poor man never dreamed of the Holloways, Rodgerses and Blacks to come!

The articles in the *Democratic Review* not included by W. W. in the Appendix to his Specimen Days are as follows:

Dec. '41, Bervance, or Father and Son (a Poe-like story of insanity); Jan. '42, The Tomb-Blossoms (afterwards reprinted in Voices from the Press: A Collection of Sketches, Essays, and Poems by Practical Printers, 1850), a simple, Hawthornesque tale of a poor woman's devotion to the memory of her dead husband; March, '42, The Last of the Sacred Army; May (George R. Carpenter, in his Whitman, p. 26, says March), '42, The Child Ghost, or the Tale of the Last Royalist; July, '42, A Legend of Life and Love; Sept., '42, The Angel of Tears; July, Aug., '45, Revenge and Requital: Tale of a Murderer Escaped; Nov., '45, A Dialogue (an impassioned argument against capital punishment).

The following passage from The Angel of Tears will give an idea of the style of these early pieces. I copied it from the magazine, with his name to it. When Whitman read it in the manuscript of this book I sent him, he wrote on the margin: "Whitman himself says he don't remember anything about it, and rather doubts it"! (This doesn't signify, of course.)

"High in space floated the angel Alza," [one of the "Creatures Beautiful," from the "Pure Country," a ministering spirit, the Angel of Tears. He descends to earth

and enters the cell of a man under condemnation for the murder of his brother. The poor wretch lies there asleep, his heavy hair tangled and matted, drawing his breath hard "with a kind of hissing sound"].

"The Angel of Tears bent him by the side of the prisoner's head. An instant more, and he rose, and seemed about to depart, as one whose desire had been attained. Wherefore does that pleasant look spread like a smile over the features of the slumberer?

"In the darkness overhead yet linger the soft wings of Alza. Swaying above the prostrate mortal, the Spirit bends his white neck, and his face is shaded by the curls of his hair, which hang about him like a golden cloud. Shaking the beautiful tresses back, he stretches forth his hands, and raises his large eyes upward, and speaks murmuringly in the language used among the Creatures Beautiful:

" 'I come, Spirits of Pity and Love, favored children of the Loftiest,—whose pleasant task it is with your pens of adamant to make record upon the Silver Leaves of those things which, when computed together at the Day of the End, are to outcancel the weight of the sum of evil,—your chambers I seek!'

"And the Angel of Tears glided away.

"While a thousand air-forms, far and near, responded in the same tongue wherewith Alza had spoken:—

" 'Beautiful, to the Eye of the Center, is the sigh which ushers repentance!' "

Contributions to the *New World* by Walt Whitman are: Each has His Grief, Supplement, Nov. 20, '41; The Punishment of Pride, Dec., '41; The Child's Champion, Nov., —. Other early publications of his are: Eris: a Spirit Record, *Columbian* (*Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine*), March, '44; also The Little Sleighers, *Columbian,* Sept., '44; Dumb Kate; and The Child and the

Profligate. We are indebted to W. K. Dart, of New Orleans, and to Prof. George R. Carpenter for original date of Sailing the Mississippi at Midnight (now in Specimen Days). It appeared in the *Crescent* of New Orleans, March 6, '48.

Besides the pieces mentioned above, the *New World* published (November, 1842) as an extra (Series No. 34) a brochure by Whitman called Franklin Evans or the Inebriate: A Tale of the Times, which either the publisher (J. Winchester) or the editors mendaciously announced as "by a popular American novelist," "one of the best in the country." Whitman said of it: "I doubt if there is a copy in existence. I have none and have not had one for years." Dr. Bucke hunted twenty years for his copy. A copy sold with the Powers Collection in 1911 (the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co., New York). This *New World* was a cheap family paper published every Saturday at 30 Ann Street, New York, Park Benjamin and James Aldrich, editors. Frederick Hudson, in his "History of Journalism," calls Park Benjamin "the father of cheap literature in the United States"; and it was to be expected that a young man like Whitman, ambitious to reach the masses of America, should seek such an avenue of publication. The *New World,* with its fellows the Boston *Notion* and *Brother Jonathan,* published many extras containing (as well as the regular issues) pirated novels and short stories. Dickens's works were stolen by them; and, when a steamship arrived with a new one, there was great excitement in Ann Street, the newsboys crying, for example, " 'Ere's Dickens' 'Notes,' only 10 cents!"

Brother Jonathan published on March 11, 1843, a poem by W. W., Not in a Gorgeous Hall of Pride. It

is given in *Conservator,* January, 1905, through P. K. Foley, of Boston. The same issue of *Brother Jonathan* contains a poem by W. W., Death of the Nature-Lover. The editor thinks it wants "half an hour's polish."

In the *Crystal Fount and Rechabite Recorder,* New York, 1845, vol. v, pp. 81-84, appeared The Death of Windfoot, an Indian Story, by Walt Whitman; also printed in the *American Review,* June, 1845. A copy is in the Boston Public Library. See *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1903, for some of W. W.'s Brooklyn *Times* editorials of 1856.

In the *American Mercury,* June, 1924, Thos. O. Mabbott reports that he has had access to the very rare file of the *Aristidean,* a magazine published and edited by Thos. Dunn English in New York in 1845, and to which Walt Whitman contributed four articles, one of which, "Arrow Tip," is a long Indian story of nearly 17,000 words. In a sense it is a plea for the abolition of capital punishment. Arrow Tip being the name of an Indian chief who was unjustly hanged for murder. Edgar Poe also contributed a good many pieces to this magazine.

The poem of Whitman, Wounded in the House of his Friends, I find in the Boston *Liberator* for Nov. 22, 1850. The following stanza (on the Free-Soil party, evidently) has been dropped:

> "Fight on, band braver than warriors,
> Faithful and few as Spartans;
> But fear not most the angriest, loudest malice—
> Fear most the still and forked fang
> That starts from the grass at your feet."

The *Union Magazine,* 1848, edited by Mrs. Kirkland (steel plates and colored costume plates), has by Whit-

man The Shadow and Light of a Young Man's Soul; also contributions by Poe, and Bryant (Powers Collection Cat., p. 115).

The transition from conventional poetry and prose took Whitman several years of experiment. Eight years passed in the gestation of Leaves of Grass. The leap was not a sudden one; but the history of literature scarcely shows a parallel to the process, though the style of Carlyle underwent almost as complete a change between the period of his early essays and the publication of Sartor.

Leaves of Grass appeared in July, 1855, in the presidentiad of Franklin Pierce. Its recognition among the Transcendentalists in the American Weimar was immediate. Emerson's letter was penned in the quiet of midsummer (July 21);* Alcott and Thoreau were at once won over.† Another life-long member of the Concord group, Moncure D. Conway, then a young man of twenty-three, visited Whitman in August, 1855, though it was not till eleven years later that he wrote in the English *Fortnightly Review* an account of the meeting; and Emerson soon visited Whitman in Brooklyn. But the first man in the world to print words of warm approval of the Leaves seems to have been Edward Everett Hale,

* The original was in the possession of Horace L. Traubel and was facsimiled for the *Bookman* of January, 1898.

† Thoreau, while at Eagleswood, New Jersey, in November, 1856, went over with Alcott to Brooklyn and saw Whitman. His letter to H. G. O. Blake about his visit appears in Emerson's edition of Thoreau's Letters and Poetry, Boston, 1865, and is quoted in Bucke's Whitman, p. 142. F. B. Sanborn's volume of Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau (Boston, 1894), tells how Thoreau sent a copy of the first quarto to Cholmondeley (pronounced Chumley), a young Englishman who had made a pilgrimage to Concord. When Cholmondeley began to read from it to his stepfather, Rev. Z. Macaulay, at Hodnet, the latter threatened to throw it into the fire.

author of The Man Without a Country. His notice of the work may be found in the *North American Review,* January, 1856, pp. 275-278. None of the book reviews in that magazine was signed, but Mr. Hale not only acknowledged to me in 1888 the authorship of the one on Whitman, but said he should stand by every word of it today. "This thin quarto," he wrote, "well deserves its name. That is to say, one reads and enjoys the freshness, simplicity, and reality of what he reads, just as the tired man, lying on the hillside in summer, enjoys the leaves of grass around him, enjoys the shadows, enjoys the flecks of sunshine." Mr. Hale quotes admiringly from the preface the portrait of the typical American ("the freshness and candour of their physiognomy"), the passage beginning, "I understand the large hearts of heroes," etc. "For the purpose of showing he is above every conventionalism, Mr. Whitman puts into the book one or two lines which he would not address to a woman nor to a company of men," yet "there is not a word in it meant to attract readers by its grossness, as there is in half the literature of the last century, which holds its place unchallenged on the tables of our drawing-rooms. For all that, it is a pity that a book where everything else is natural should go out of the way to avoid the suspicion of being prudish."

Whitman himself wrote several reviews of his work. Those published in the Brooklyn *Daily Times* (Sept. 29, 1855) and in the *American Phrenological Journal* (edited and owned by his friend O. S. Fowler) can be seen in the volume In re Walt Whitman, and others, by Whitman and by hostile critics in Leaves of Grass Imprints. Specimens of hostile critics are to be found in the *Criterion* (New York), Nov. 10, 1855; *Putnam's Magazine,* Sep-

tember, 1855; the *Christian Examiner* (Boston), November, 1856, pp. 471-473; the *Critic* (London), April 1, 1856, etc.* In the *Crayon* Mr. W. J. Stillman wrote of "the wonderful vigor of thought and intensity of purpose" of the book.

In the autumn of 1856, the second edition (Fowler & Wells) having been published, copies of the first, being then of no marketable value whatever, naturally found their way to the curious stock of a certain James Grindrod, of Sunderland, north of England. This man, who afterward fought through our Civil War, Dutch-auctioned off at Sunderland quite a number of these now priceless copies; and among those who got them were the Rossettis and William Bell Scott (see Prof. Edward Dowden's English Critics on Walt Whitman, appended to the English edition of Bucke's Whitman, where the Grindrod story is given in full). Twelve years later the seed sown on English soil by the poor pedlar bore fruit in the Rossetti anthological edition of 1868, which introduced Walt Whitman to all England and made for him a host of warm friends there.

There is some fine diction in the (often slangy) letter to Emerson at the close of the edition of 1856; *e.g.*, "That huge English flow, so sweet, so undeniable" (of literature to our shores); "Those splendid resistless black poems, the steam-ships of the sea-board States." Mark, too, the high relentless idealism of the thought: "There is not a single history of the world, there is not one of America, . . . nor any dictionary of the English language. There is no great author; every one has de-

*I have a MS. collection of probably over a thousand references (often with citations) to notices of Leaves of Grass in books, pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers, in many languages.

meaned himself to some etiquette or some impotence. . . . The neck of literature bends right and left wherever it goes. . . . Where is a savage and luxuriant man? None believes in These States, boldly illustrating them in himself. Not a man faces round at the rest with terrible negative voice, refusing all terms to be bought off from his own eye-sight, or from the soul that he is."

In the spring of 1860 (about May 1) the first Boston edition appeared (with an advertising pamphlet of sixty-four pages, 16mo), called Leaves of Grass Imprints, and containing criticisms running through five years, 1855-60. This handsome edition of Leaves of Grass excited a good deal of attention. I have a list of some forty journalistic notices of it, including one by Moncure D. Conway in his Cincinnati *Dial,* August; one or two parodies and many other notices in the *Saturday Press;* a long and friendly article in the London *Leader,* June 30 (thought to be by George H. Lewes, one of its editors), and malevolent notices in the London *Literary Gazette,* July 1; Leaves of Grass: Smut in Them, Springfield *Republican,* June 16; and notices in the London *Spectator,* July 14, *Critic,* July 14, and *Saturday Review,* July 7 (reprinted in the *Saturday Press,* August 4). The English reviewer gasps in astonishment that the book he had condemned four years previous should appear again in so fine a dress. He says, "It is startling to find such a poet acquiring popularity in a country where piano-legs wear frilled trousers, where slices are cut from turkeys' bosoms, and where the male of the gallinaceous tribe is called a rooster." Mr. William D. O'Connor wrote to me of this article: "It is in the *Saturday Review's* best supercilious, persifleuring style. It has some nonchalant praise, tempered with gross abuse, easily

flung; and all smelling of musk and of insolence." That Whitman was slowly making headway is well shown by the fact that in that organ of blue blood and respectability, the *Atlantic Monthly,* of this year (1860), appeared a poem of his,—Bardic Symbols (now called As I Ebb'd with the Ocean of Life). Whitman's Proud Music of the Storm, by the way, was first published in the *Atlantic,* February, 1869.

Walt's stern attitude toward American Presidents, so noticeable in this 1860 edition, is doubtless due to the fact that the verse about them was written during the term of Buchanan.

An acquaintance of mine (a printer) who saw W. W. often at the Boston Stereotype Foundry, where he was superintending the printing of the 1860 edition, told me of his splendid health and impressive physique; said he wore a hickory shirt (Sanborn speaks also of his gray-blue carpenter's jacket worn at this time). The hickory shirt had rolling collar, showing the broad sunburned neck. "He looked," said my printer, "like a combination of farmer and sailor." In the *Atlantic Monthly,* May, 1897, T. W. Higginson says he met Whitman in 1860 at Thayer & Eldridge's. Perhaps it was the hickory shirt that gave him a "Boweriness" of look, to use the colonel's word.

A large part of Whitman's Drum-Taps (says Dr. R. M. Bucke in the *New England Magazine,* March, 1899) must have been written in 1862; for, when Whitman went on to the seat of war in December of that year, he left the manuscript of the book in New York. Just as the last pages of the little volume were being put into type, in April of 1865, came the assassination of President Lincoln; and Whitman stayed further pro-

ceedings until he had ready his Burial Hymn and some other poems, all of which were published in a Sequel, along with the Drum-Taps, in December of the same year. In *Harper's* Easy Chair for that month (p. 123), George William Curtis, after a notice of some holiday "gems" by Tennyson and Jean Ingelow, goes on to notice Drum-Taps, and remarks, "If any reader is appalled by seeing that name (Walt Whitman) in so choice a society, let us not argue the matter nor express any opinion, but ask whether there is no poetry in this wail upon the Death of Lincoln and in the Song of the Drum." Friendly notices were now numerous. Here was a book glowing with the purest patriotism, bathed in the emotion aroused by the long and bloody war, which had just ended. Here was the only great collection of war poetry the country had produced, written by one who had participated in the war itself. With the exception of some of the sour cynicism of the *Nation* (vol. i, p. 625)* and an anonymous attack in the *Round Table* (Jan. 19, Feb.

* It transpired in 1908 that this "sour cynicism" of which I wrote in 1880 or 1890, was by the novelist Henry James. It is included in Views and Reviews, by James, collected by LeRoy Phillips (the Ball Pub. Co., Boston, 1908, pp. 101-110). It is anonymous in the *Nation* and is headed "Mr. Walt Whitman." One wonders whether James lived to be ashamed of this youthful twaddle, for he afterward wrote with great appreciation and affectionate interest of W. W.'s letters to his mother and to Peter Doyle. He says of Whitman's immortal war lyrics: "It has been a melancholy task to write about them." This is the secret feeling of every academic precedent-enslaved mind (the kind of fellows who crystallize into Academies of Arts and Letters), regarding Whitman. His poetry operates on the Corti's fibers of most of them like a burst of jazz music. James says that "Drum Taps" "exhibits the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself, by a prolonged muscular strain, into poetry." It is no wonder that a second-rate man like James was incapable of understanding the new art of a world-prophet; yet it is "a melancholy task" to note his imbecility. It was a shame to drag the stuff he wrote from its dusty anonymity.

16 and 28, 1866) apropos of Whitman's Lines to a Common Prostitute,* the reviews were all generous and friendly: *e.g., Watson's Weekly Art Journal,* Nov. 4, 1865 (running a parallel between W. W. and Quincy Ward, the sculptor); the Boston *Commonwealth,* Nov. 10, 1865 (book notice by John Burroughs) and Feb. 24, 1866 (understood to be by F. B. Sanborn). The latter writer says, "Considering the well-known character of President Lincoln's *bons mots,* one can hardly see how Mr. Harlan could accept office under him." William Dean Howells reviewed Drum-Taps in the *Round Table* (Nov. 11, 1865); and in the issues of Jan. 20, 27, Feb. 3, and March 17, 1866, there was a scrimmage between Charles Lanman, W. D. O'Connor, and Richard Henry Stoddard, the latter of whom led off with a blunt-witted and venomous review of W. W. and of O'Connor's Good Gray Poet. John J. Piatt had a capital article in the Columbus (Ohio) *Morning Journal,* Feb. 12, 1866 (sketches of W. W.'s personal appearance, etc.). In the New York *Times,* Dec. 2, same year, the editor Henry J. Raymond prints, with an introduction by himself, a magnificent four or five column article (heavy artillery) by O'Connor,—an expository and philosophical-literary analysis. John Burroughs appears in the *Galaxy* (Dec. 1, 1866) with a long and noble article on Walt Whitman and his Drum-Taps, which—wrote O'Connor to me—"did much to dissipate the effect of the current abuse, then in full blast. Its quiet thoughtfulness must have told with candid readers."

In England Drum-Taps elicited friendly discussions in the London *Times* (March 8, 1866) and London *Review* (June 8). The Orientalist Viscount Strangford

* For an interpretation of that poem see end of Part III.

contributes an article to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Feb. 16, 1866), in which he shows the curious identity of Whitman's metres, down to the veriest accent, with those of the classic Persian poets, though his discussion is blemished by persiflage and flippancy. Mr. Conway quotes the larger part of this paper in the *Round Table,* March 17, 1866; and the whole article is included in A Selection from the Writings of Viscount Strangford, made by his wife (London, Richard Bentley, 1869, pp. 297-301). Mr. Conway's fascinating account in the *Fortnightly* for October, 1866, though valuable in some respects as history and written from a friendly point of view, was repudiated by Whitman (see my Reminiscences, pp. 51-74) as largely inaccurate and misleading. In short, it was a cheeky piece of journalism, in which (as M. Leo Quesnel said of it in the *Nouvelle Revue,* 1882, p. 143) the poet was held up to ridicule (tacitly) and made a show of. Dr. Bucke wrote me in '96 that O'Connor told him that he wrote the authentic parts himself. I have Bucke's letter now.

Allusion was made a moment ago to W. D. O'Connor's well-known pamphlet, The Good Gray Poet (a descriptive title, by the way, coined by O'C.), which was written in September, 1865, and issued by Bunce & Huntington, New York, January, 1866, and signed "William Douglas O'Connor of Massachusetts." It is reprinted—with a long additional letter, 1883—in Bucke's Whitman. Both pamphlet and letter are full of hyperbole, to be sure, but also of the flaming lava of invective and of ripest culture. Henry J. Raymond called it "the most brilliant monograph in our literature"; and Wendell Phillips spoke of it as "the most brilliant piece of controversial literature issued during the nineteenth century."

Even the hostile Richard H. Stoddard—*Round Table,* Jan. 20, 1866—called it "one of the most extraordinary things we ever encountered." It was discussed in the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* Feb. 9, 1866, by Richard J. Hinton, and abused in the Chicago *Republican,* Jan. 25, 1866 (as was understood, by Charles A. Dana), and in the Boston *Transcript,* Jan. 17 and Feb. 16, 1866, by E. P. Whipple. Thomas Wentworth Higginson gave a copy of the brochure to Harvard College Library in 1867. In 1868, in *Putnam's Magazine* for January, and in the same year in book form, Mr. O'Connor published his remarkable war story, The Carpenter (later republished in Boston in one volume with O'Connor's The Ghost and The Brazen Android). The hero, under a thin veil of disguise, is an idealized and rather wooden Walt Whitman.

In vol. iii (1863, '64, '65) of his published Diary, a tolerably foolish and illiterate work (Washington, D. C., 1866), Adam G. de Gurowski, on p. 128, finely says, "Walt Whitman, the incarnation of a genuine American original genius, Walt alone in his heart and in his mind, has a shrine for the nameless, the heroic people." I judge that this foreign gentleman afterwards went over to the enemy, as O'Connor (in allusion to Whitman and his critics) spoke of him to me in a letter by the playful epithet "ass of hell"!

Whitman was removed from the Department of the Interior about July 1, 1865, though immediately given as good a place in the office of the Attorney-General (Bucke, p. 40). Among the group of ardent friends who used to meet him at O'Connor's and elsewhere *

* These social meetings were occasionally, during the war, enlivened, Mrs. O'Connor tells me, by terrific word-battles between O'C. and W. W. on slavery, etc. Whitman, leisurely and unhurryable,

was John Burroughs, then a young man of thirty in the Treasury Department. Following the example of O'C. (though with vastly less brilliancy of style), he threw his shield before the poet (then issuing his fourth edition of the Leaves) by the issue in June of 1867 of Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person (New York, American News Co., 16mo, 108 pp.; 2d ed. in 1871 through J. S. Redfield, New York). This little book was the first courageous recognition and full acceptance of Walt Whitman in the form of a bound volume. Walt himself had a hand in it, and wrote considerable of it, it being Burroughs's first venture in literature,—though, encouraged by W. W., he began to take nature-notes and soon published (1870) his Wake-robin. In a splendid and masterly analysis of the Notes in the *American Mercury* for April, 1924, Frederick P. Hier, Jr., proves beyond all cavil that J. B. wrote out about half of the Notes, and that Whitman wrote the other half, at least. Walt, it seems, asked Traubel not to reveal the secret until after Burroughs's death. Hier has the signed MS. authority for all his main points. In a very charming and valuable article in the *Yale Review,* October, 1925, Clara Barrus writes chattingly of this matter of the respective parts of Walt and Burroughs in the Notes. The Notes was reviewed in June, 1867, in the New York *Tribune;* also in the New York *Times,* June 30 (by O'Connor). The booklet was well spoken of by Joel Benton in *Scribner's Monthly,* January, 1877, p. 337, ten years after its issue. Copy of first edition sold, 1911,

was usually late to dinner, when invited. By the way, Christopher Morley, of New York, in the New York *Evening Post's* Literary Review (weekly), May 27, 1922, gives authority for the story of the aggravating way Walt would cheerily sing in a friend's house while monopolizing the bathroom an unconscionable time.

for $16.50. Mr. Burroughs's second and mature work on his poet,—Whitman: A Study, Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., November, 1896,—though greatly injured by diffuseness and repetition and general disjointedness, is a work of noble breadth and range of thought,—an apologia, or justification, treating of its subject as a cosmic and social force, a leader of men, and regenerator of their souls and bodies. Colonel Ingersoll wrote to Burroughs: "You have built a lasting monument to your friend. I read every page with delight." Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, after speaking (in the *Bookman*) with high praise of the book, goes on incidentally to slash some of the minor Whitmaniacs: "Whitman has been the laureate of fools. They have thrown themselves at his feet. He has been canonized in the worst English that ever has been written." (This means Traubel.) "We had reason to feel that with some of his followers the Good Gray Poet was their sole experience, their whole human race." Mr. Burroughs's Birds and Poets (1878) contains a discussion of Whitman in the chapter called The Flight of the Eagle. In his Signs and Seasons are remarks on the sea poems (pp. 175-177). In Indoor Studies (1889, pp. 246, 247) he says, "To Whitman I owe a certain liberalizing influence, as well as a lesson in patriotism, which I could have got in the same measure from no other source." In the *Conservator* for October, 1895, Burroughs wrote: "I once heard Whitman say that in getting his first poems into shape he resolutely cut out a great deal that would have helped him with the public,—the specially and easily poetic. His standard was too heroic: his readers should have no luxuries, not even poetic luxuries. . . . One of our younger literary men told me that when he first read his Leaves it seemed

as if something large, mysterious, formless, electric, had passed by him and stirred him as he was never stirred before."

Reverting at this point to England, we may note a growing interest in the poet of the West, probably stimulated by the Rossetti edition, although the 450 pages of that anthology contained less than half of the pieces. An archbishop is usually the last person one would look to see in the van of any brave forward movement of humanity,—how queer that would have sounded to Christ, their alleged Master!—and so we are not to be astonished that Archbishop Trench, although surprised into including (though not without insulting words of introduction) in the first edition of his Household Book of English Poetry (1868) Whitman's pathetic and exquisite idyl Come Up From the Fields, Father, should later have removed it from the volume. Nor, considering the private character of Swinburne, need we be surprised that his early enthusiasm for Whitman, shown not only in his comparison of Blake and him (in William Blake: A Critical Essay, 1868, pp. 300-302), but in a special pamphlet (Under the Microscope, 1872, pp. 45-55) and in the poem addressed to Whitman in Songs before Sunrise (1871)—that this enthusiasm, I say, should have been afterwards turned into scorn and hatred. Swinburne's poem is headed To Walt Whitman in America, and was written during the terrors of the Commune in Paris:—

"Send but a song oversea for us,
Heart of their hearts who are free,
Heart of their singer, to be for us
More than our singing can be;

Ours, in the tempest at error,
With no light but the twilight of terror;
Send us a song oversea!

"Sweet-smelling of pine-leaves and grasses,
And blown as a tree through and through
With the winds of the keen mountain passes,
And tender as sun-smitten dew;
Sharp-tongued as the winter that shakes
The wastes of your limitless lakes,
Wide-eyed as the sea-line's blue.

* * * * *

"O strong-winged soul with prophetic
Lips hot with the blood-beats of song,
With tremor of heartstrings magnetic,
With thoughts as thunders in throng,
With consonant ardours of chords
That pierce men's souls as with swords
And hale them hearing along,

"Make us, too, music, to be with us
As a word from a world's heart warm,
To sail the dark as a sea with us,
Full-sailed, outsinging the storm,
A song to put fire in our ears
Whose burning shall burn up tears
Whose sign bid battle reform."

The recantation of Swinburne appeared in the *Fortnightly* for August, 1887, and, notwithstanding the storm of indignation its misrepresentations excited, he actually gives it permanent form in his Studies in Prose and Poetry, issued in 1894. The hyperbole of the article is mingled with venomous and studied insult. Whitman's muse, he says, is a drunken apple-woman in the gutter, etc. He seems to be looking through a pseudoscope dur-

ing an attack of biliousness. Undoubtedly some English visitor of W. W. had reported in England Walt's opinion of his poetry, and that accounts for the nigger in the woodpile. This wild, windy, and occasionally sublime guitarist ran foul of Emerson in some way (Emerson had stigmatized his sensuality), and he bestowed in print a deal of foul-mouthed blackguardism on him, too. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarked, apropos of the Whitman palinode of Swinburne, "Never in the whole history of apostasy was anything so treacherous as this brutal kick at a dying old man whom he once hailed as a strong-willed soul in his prime, and from whom he once begged for his inspiration." See also on this Swinburne matter, September, 1887, *Fortnightly* (J. A. Symonds); the preface to my Reminiscences of Whitman (letter by J. A. Symonds to me); and in *Time* for December, 1887 (an English magazine), a six-page article by the Hon. Roden Noel; also the Springfield *Republican,* Sept. 9, 1887 (Sylvester Baxter). Walt spoke of Swinburne once as a "damned simulacrum," but never deemed him of enough importance to resent his defection. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, in his Diaries, American edition, I, p. 253, says that Theodore Watts-Dunton told a friend that "he had once found Swinburne in bed, dying of what is called drunkard's diarrhœa," and so, having got him around, he now "kept him prisoner as a keeper keeps a lunatic."

A truer foreign friend, stanch to the last in his fidelity, was Robert Buchanan, who in 1868 in David Gray and Other Essays and in his Essays, issued in the same year, and in The Fleshly School of Poetry, and Other Phenomena of the Day, 1872 (p. 96), confessed Whitman before the world. In 1876, shortly after the issue of Whitman's personal 2-volume Centennial edition, and

stirred up by that tacit appeal for support (and perhaps also by articles in the West Jersey *Press,* Jan. 26, March 15, and May 24), Mr. Buchanan wrote to the London *Daily News* (March 13 et seq.) a fiery article, censuring American literati for their disgraceful persecution of their prophet-bard, and asking the British public to assist him by the purchase of his books. This Buchanan blast stirred up a fury of denial and mutual reproach on both sides of the sea. The explosion of the Scotch fulminate detonated sympathetically on the other shore of the Atlantic. The 1876 edition had been reviewed in the *Academy* and in the *Daily News* of March 11. The latter journal—March 14-17—was crackling with Whitman articles every day by "An Obscure American," by W. M. Rossetti, Buchanan, Alfred Austin, and the editor. The *Saturday Review,* March 18, through one of its "slick and insolent swells" (as O'Connor called them in a letter to me) also took a hand in the fight. In America the excitement was tremendous, reminding one of the scenes in Paris over the first production of Wagner's music-dramas. As soon as the steamers brought to New York the London papers containing the English articles, the *Tribune,* always bitterly Philistine and Tory after Greeley's death, opened up its guns in reply to Buchanan. March 28 a deliberate attempt was made (in an anonymous editorial) by Bayard Taylor to nullify Buchanan's appeal, and there was an attack by our pompous Tory and self-constituted newspaper minister-plenipotentiary to England, G. W. Smalley. Bayard Taylor holds forth in the *Tribune* again on March 30, April 12 and 22, John Burroughs appears in a column article on April 13, and O'Connor on the 22d has two columns headed Walt Whitman: is he Persecuted? Taylor must

be adjudged to have got the laugh on his opponents in his witty dictum about Walt's "gigantic untuned wind-harps" and in his wish that the "good gray poet may be delivered from his good green friends." On March 31, in the *Tribune,* had appeared E. C. Stedman with a card disclaiming participation with those who reinstated W. W. in office in 1865. Stedman was not in Washington at the time, and so was unable to help in that good work, he says.*

In the meantime Buchanan had brought suit for libel against P. A. Taylor, M. P., Buchanan being compelled to admit in court, when certain passages from Leaves of Grass were read there, that certain small portions, a few lines, of the book did seem to him unclean and animal (New York *Tribune,* July 13; compare April 22).

In America the echoes of the battle did not die away till late in the summer. In the New York *Herald,* April 1, John Swinton states that he had recently visited W. W. in Camden, and found Mr. Buchanan's appeal to be in a measure justified. In the *Tribune* O'Connor, apropos of the Scotchman Buchanan's appeal and (supposed) sending of $100 to W. W., says, "I recognize in B. the spirit that was stout in a good cause one immortal day behind the pikes and hurdles,—the good red blood and gallant perfume of Bannockburn." But Whitman wrote me about ten years later that "no such sum, nor any sum, was ever sent" to him by the Scottish poet. (This statement must be taken with suspicion; for Walt was

* The credit is due to Assistant Attorney-General J. Hubley Ashton. J. T. Trowbridge, then in Washington, told me that it was Charles Sumner who procured Whitman his first situation,—after Salmon P. Chase had refused to give him a position on the Treasury force, on the ground that it would positively not do for him to appoint the author of Leaves of Grass to an office in a department where there were so many lady clerks (!), although he came fortified with a letter from Ralph Waldo Emerson.

very absent-minded, and I have known him to twice deny the receipt of small gifts of money from myself, though afterwards admitting it.) In *Scribner's Monthly* is a brief hostile editorial by J. G. Holland, apropos of which the *Sun* (April 28), edited by Charles A. Dana (Walt's old friend) has a little sarcastic editorial comment on "Tupper Holland," as Dana calls him. The New York *Independent,* June 29, has a sober and judicial paper by Charles F. Richardson. The *Academy,* June 24, a review of Walt's Two Rivulets by Edmund Gosse. *Appleton's Journal,* April 1, "an attempt by one of the spooneys to account for the Titan" (as O'Connor wrote to me in his diverting running comment on some of the journalistic documents he loaned me); compare April 22 (by Nora Perry, a friend of W. W.). *Literary World* (Boston), May 19; *Nation,* January, 13; Sydney (New South Wales) *Evening News,* May 22, by Robert D. Adams.

In still another volume, besides those mentioned, does Buchanan hold up the hands of the American bard; *i.e.,* in A Look Around Literature, 1887, chap. vii, The American Socrates (compare also pp. 354 and 384). This may be the same that appeared in the *Academy,* Aug. 15, 1885. I have not seen it. "In Walt Whitman," says Buchanan, "I see more than a mere maker of poems. I see a personality worthy to rank even above that of Socrates. . . . We have other poets, but we have no other divine poet. We have a beautiful singer in Tennyson, and one day it will be among Tennyson's highest honors that he was once named kindly and appreciatively by Whitman. . . . A spirit [Whitman] enough to create a hundred Emersons and leave strength sufficient for the making of the whole Bostonian cosmogony, from Lowell upwards. . . . Every literary money-changer and poet-

aster has a stone to throw at the patient old prophet of modern democracy." On W. W.'s death Buchanan says something in *Great Thoughts* (London), April 16, 1892.

In the *Critic* (New York), April 29, 1890, is this statement: "Tennyson wrote to Strahan in 1876,—'My dear Strahan: R. Buchanan has written to me saying that Walt Whitman is in great straits, almost starving. I am referred to you, and I accordingly forward this cheque for 5*l.*, which I beg you to transmit to him at your earliest convenience.'" (All this twaddle about Whitman's starving annoyed him much. His brothers Jeff and George, with the latter of whom he was living at this time, 1876, were in very comfortable circumstances, and were loyal and devoted to Walt all their lives.)

The small English literati boomeranged themselves as badly in attacking W. W. as did their brethren in America. These fellows, as Dean Swift remarks, "are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit." Take, for instance, Alfred Austin, who has a chapter on Leaves of Grass in his Poetry of the Period (1870). This poetling thinks W. W.'s "grotesque, ungrammatical and repulsive rhapsodies can be compared only to the painful ravings of maniacs' dens." The book is "all stark, staring nonsense, both in substance and form equally," and he speaks of "the horrible and ineffable nastiness" of it. This poor fellow also lifts up his voice and brays at Tennyson and Browning, whom he pronounces no poets at all. A brother of his, of like mental caliber, is Peter Bayne, who industriously and piously batters away at an imaginary Whitman in the *Contemporary,*

December, 1875, p. 49. With him in imbecility may be classed an Englishman named William Bates, who in The Maclise Portrait-Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters pens the following ludicrous note: "Take, for instance, the notable 'Walt Whitman' hoax. An eminent literator [*sic*], Mr. William M. Rossetti, laid a cunning plot to test the gullibility of the public in matters of taste and criticism. He dug up an American 'poet' who had never written a word of poetry in his life. . . . He reprinted him in England, wrote an eulogistic preface, and engaged some really clever fellows—Professor Dowden, A. C. Swinburne, Robert Buchanan, etc.—to aid the scheme by unstinted and indiscriminate laudation. The bait took. Men who had never read Washington Irving or Whittier echoed the cuckoo-cry, and 'Walt Whitman' was the noblest Transatlantic 'tone' yet heard." As an instance of long-eared criticism, this matches Waller's judgment of Paradise Lost,—"If its length be not considered a merit, it hath no other." In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. i, p. 733, 9th ed.) Prof. John Nichol, LL.D., of the University of Glasgow, has a couple of stickfuls (as the printers say) of school-boy talk on Whitman (1875), which he resumes in 1882 in his American Literature, pp. 211, 213.

John Addington Symonds's first published lines on W. W. are in a footnote to page 422 of his Studies of the Greek Poets (1873). In Essays, Speculative and Suggestive (1890), he writes a chapter on Democratic Art with Reference to Walt Whitman. See also, in his second volume, pp. 178, 179. Symonds's Walt Whitman: A Study (London, 1893), issued a year after the poet's death, has, besides three other cuts, a capital photograph of Walt by Dr. John Johnston, of Bolton,—the

poet shown sitting in his wheeled chair on a wharf of the Delaware, amid huge piles of logs. Symonds died in Rome in April on the very day his book on Whitman was published. "Speaking about Walt Whitman," he says, "is very much like speaking about the universe." "Leaves of Grass, which I first read at the age of twenty-five, influenced me more perhaps than any other book has done, except the Bible. . . . The countless clear and perfect phrases he invented . . . are hung, like golden medals of consummate workmanship and incised form, in rich clusters over every poem he produced. . . . He has produced long series of rhythmic utterances, strung together and governed by an inner law of melody, capable of transposition, augmentation, and diminution at the author's will. . . . In his happiest moments these periods are perfect poems, to alter which would be to ruin them." Section V, which treats of the Calamus poems, is entirely superfluous for American readers, most of whom won't know what Symonds is driving at. Our ancestors did not import these infra-bestial Oriental vices into America. The chapter on Whitman's religious philosophy is perhaps the best we have on that aspect of his work.

Symonds's book was reprinted in 1906 by George Routledge & Sons, London, in The New Universal Library.

In Cosmo de' Medici, An Historical Tragedy, and Other Poems, by Richard Hengist Horne (3d ed., 1875, p. 157), occurs a rather whimsical colloquy of two spirits,—Blake and Whitman. The poem is called A Star Over Niagara, and closes with these words of Blake to his brother poet:—

> "Flow thine own way. Let the Great Baby jeer,
> Or pass: the living truth it doth not see."

Among many other appreciative things on W. W. written by Prof. Edward Dowden is a chapter in his Studies in Literature (1878), first published in the *Westminster Review,* July, 1871. John Todhunter's Study of Shelley (1880) on pages 1 and 2 has a paragraph about W. W. as democrat. The *Evening Sun* (England) for 1868 (only date obtainable) contained a review of the Rossetti edition of Leaves of Grass, which, says Rossetti, was "about the most affectionate and overflowing tribute to Whitman's great gifts that I have ever seen in print." See also the *London Review* about March, 1868, and the *Saturday Review* of May 2, the gist of the latter piece being that W. W. is strong only as an onion is strong,—is an obscene rowdy and dirty dog.

Joseph B. Marvin's Boston (U. S. A.) magazine, the *Radical,* printed in May, 1870, A Woman's Estimate of Walt Whitman by Mrs. Anne Gilchrist,—thorough acceptance of him by a large-souled woman. The article is made up of her letters to Rossetti, if I remember correctly. The socialistic magazine *To-Day* (London, England) for June, 1886, contains A Confession of Faith, a solid though rather dry essay by Mrs. Gilchrist in continuation of her first estimate. Walt liked the second article, however, very much, so he wrote me.

What such a man as Thomas Carlyle thought of Whitman is worth knowing as a matter of curiosity,—not that one would hope, however, to get a sane, unjaundiced view of any man from Carlyle. "One evening," says M. D. Conway, "I was trying to harmonize the positive and negative poles; that is, to make the dour and cross-grained old carle admit the merit of certain passages in Walt Whitman. 'Ah,' he said, 'I cannot like him. It all seems to be—"I'm a big man myself because I live in such

a big country." But I have heard of great men living in very small corners of the earth. America will perhaps become a great as well as a big country; but it will have to learn from the experience and age of the world. The authorities of the world have always been the aged—the *senior, senator, sire;* I am told the Indian *sachem* means the same. "Young America" must consider that.'" (Thomas Carlyle, by Moncure D. Conway, New York, Harpers, 1881, p. 100.) There was good medicine, however, for Walt in this criticism by Carlyle.

Alfred Tennyson's admiration of Whitman is well known. In his Life by his son Hallam may be found this letter, dated 1887, from the English poet of the past, of aristocracy, to the poet of democracy:—

> *Dear old man*—I, the elder old man, have received your article and the *Critic*, and send you in return my thanks and New Year's greetings on the wings of this east wind, which I trust is blowing softlier and warmlier on your good gray head than here, where it is rocking the elms and ilexes of my Isle of Wight garden.

Other letters from Tennyson to W. W. are given in facsimile in Donaldson's Whitman.

In the *Critic* (New York), Jan. 7, 1888, p. 11, Thomas Hughes, author of Tom Brown at Oxford, tells how he tried to read Whitman, but could not get on, yet confesses to being an old fogy, and expresses "sincere respect" for Whitman's "character and career."

Robert Louis Stevenson discussed Whitman in his Familiar Studies of Men and Books (1882) in a tone of frigid admiration, mingled with semi-sneering, flippant detraction. One of his friends gives us the reason: he destroyed his first spontaneous and warmly generous

treatment of the subject, thinking so better to please the public. Yet he has the candor to say of Leaves of Grass: "It tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion, and, having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back upon a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues." The *New Quarterly Magazine,* October, 1878, has a paper, The Gospel According to Walt Whitman, by Stevenson. See also the *Pall Mall Budget,* Jan. 27 and May 12, 1887, Books which Have Influenced Me, by the same.

The English scholar Mr. T. W. Rolleston, whose pseudonym is (or was) "H. Rowlandson," published in 1883 jointly with Mr. H. B. Cotterill, in pamphlet form, Ueber Wordsworth und Walt Whitman, Zwei Vorträge Gehalten vor dem Literarischen Verein zu Dresden. Mr. Rolleston treats of W. W., introducing him to a cultivated German audience. The pamphlet includes a translation into German of the Song of the Answerer. Rolleston finds in W. W.'s writings a powerful engine for the rehabilitation of the declining idealistic philosophy of the Germans. The central principle of Leaves of Grass is that the soul is the true reality, the world its apparition. The pamphlet is nearly all translated into English in the Camden (New Jersey) *Post,* Jan. 13, 1884, and it is reviewed in the *Sächsischer Volksfreund,* Dresden, Jan. 31, 1884. In re Walt Whitman (1893) also contains a large portion of it, translated by Alfred Forman and R. M. Bucke. Mr. Rolleston contributed a poem on W. W. to *Kottabos* (vol. ii, 1877), a Trinity College (Dublin) publication. In discussing in the *Dublin Review,* April, 1886, Edward Carpenter's volume of poems, Towards Democracy,—a work inspired as to its style and

matter by Leaves of Grass, and like it written in the open air,—Mr. Rolleston incidentally treats of W. W.'s technique. The Chants of Labour, by the way, edited by Mr. Carpenter (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1888), contains W. W.'s For You, O Democracy, and The Great City, both set to music. *Papers for the Times,* January, 1880, has Walt Whitman's Present Circumstances, by Edward Carpenter. *Progressive Review* (London), February, 1897: A Visit to Walt Whitman in 1877, by the same. I have not seen this; but in the April number Mr. Carpenter describes a visit to W. W. in 1884, and offers vigorous and penetrative criticism, or analysis, of his character and writings. Whitman was then living in his own house (328 Mickle Street, Camden) with a Mr. and Mrs. Lay as caretakers of himself and house. Carpenter saw with sure eye the contradictory elements in the poet's character,—the tenderness and wistful love offsetting the obstinacy, "the wild-hawk look, untamable, untranslatable," the queer brusque manner,—"just saying *ta-ta* and going off as if he did not care if he never saw us again." R. W. Emerson once told Carpenter that when he came to know W. W., he found him "a wayward, fanciful, violent man." Pearsall Smith used to tell of Walt's magnificent "No!" when invited out or asked to do anything which he did not care to do. Says Carpenter: "The unconscious, uncultured, natural types pleased Whitman best, and he would make an effort to approach them. The others he allowed to approach him." (Rich satire in that last sentence!)

Epigram lxxxii in Epigrams of Art, etc., by the English poet William Watson, is To Walt Whitman. In one of her visits to America Emily Faithfull met W. W. and Dr. R. M. Bucke at the house of Pearsall Smith in

Philadelphia, and records her impressions in her Three Visits, Edinburgh, 1884, pp. 89-91. She evidently knows nothing of the Good Gray Poet, and expresses her surprise at finding him the loved cynosure of "a group of admiring girls just fresh from College." She says, however, that she shall never forget the delightful hours spent in his society; found him magnetic and Socratic. In Philadelphia also, at the house of Tom Donaldson, Henry Irving met Whitman, and thought he bore a striking resemblance to Tennyson (Henry Irving's Impressions of America, Boston, Osgood, 1884, p. 211). Mr. John Robertson's essay on W. W. in one of the parchment-covered Round Table Books (Edinburgh, William Brown, publisher, 1884) is thoughtful and polished and, on the whole, friendly, yet spattered here and there with frigid criticism and *de haut en bas* strictures, with not a few cases of misapprehension and error. For example, he thinks W. W. "quietly but pathetically deleted" in his Collect volume, the dictum closing the 1855 quarto preface,—"The proof of a poet is that his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it." "The rebuff of time," says Mr. Robertson, "is mutely endured." Nothing of the kind! The lines have simply been transferred to the chant By Blue Ontario's Shore, § 13.

A good many have tried their hands at setting Whitman to music, among others Prof. Charles Villiers Stanford (1884), of the London Royal College of Music, in an elegiac composition to words from the Lincoln dirge. The Dirge for Two Veterans was set to music by Frederick Louis Ritter, of Vassar College; The Flight of the Eagle,* by Homer Norris; while two Philadelphians—Philip Dalmas and Miss Helen A. Clarke—have

*A phrase of Burroughs applied to Whitman; not used by W. W. as a title.

written several striking pieces of Whitman music, if I may presume to judge. (I heard Dalmas play his thunderous chords at Edward Carpenter's house in England in 1898, and I heard Miss Clarke in Boston later.) Oh Captain, Weave in My Hardy Life and We Two Together have been set to music by Edgar Stillman Kelley, Franz van der Stucken, and W. W. Gilchrist, respectively. (See W. L. Tomlins's Laurel Song Book, Boston, Mass., C. C. Birchard & Co.)

The Glasgow *Herald* of Jan. 31, 1925, notes the first performance in Glasgow of Sea Drift, a setting by Frederick Delius of a part of the poem.

The best résumé of the deep influence on Whitman's soul of the Italian music and the vocalism of the great prima donnas, is given in an elaborate article by Louise Pound in the *American Mercury,* September, 1925.

More than 160 settings to music of parts of Whitman's work have been made, as I believe I have stated elsewhere in this book. For my own general discussion of the music in his poems see my Reminiscences of Walt Whitman, pp. 164-168.

Camden, New Jersey, was the inevitable Mecca to which notable and not notable Englishmen (all eager and idealistic souls) journeyed during Whitman's life. Here, for example, is a certain J. Oscar Gridley (Notes on America, 24 pp., press of J. Gaskill, London, 1884), who says, "Leaving New York with some disappointments, I faced straight for Walt Whitman,—the man of all Americans living I wished most to see." W. W. had just removed to 328 Mickle Street, and there "amidst a chaos of furniture, crockery and books from his former home," he was met. "He seemed to me what I imagine

those early kings of Norway were like (that Carlyle tells us of)."

In a letter to her publisher, John Blackwood (George Eliot's Life, edited by J. W. Cross in 1885, chap. xviii), Mrs. Lewes says: "We are rather vexed now it is too late that I did not carry out a sort of incipient intention to expunge a motto from Walt Whitman which I inserted in Book IV [of Daniel Deronda].* Of course the whole is irrevocable by this time; but I should otherwise have thought it worth while to have a new page, not because the motto itself is objectionable to me—it was one of the finer things which had clung to me from among his writings—but because, since I quote so few poets, my selection of a motto from Walt Whitman might be taken as a sign of special admiration, which I am far from feeling. How imperfectly one's mind acts in proof-reading! Mr. Lewes had taken up Book IV yesterday, to re-read it for his pleasure merely, and, though he had read it several times before, he never till yesterday made a remark against taking a motto from Walt Whitman." All of which sounds very weak, though we should feel charity for one in her peculiar situation as a defier of sexual conventions. By her own confession, made elsewhere, Mrs. Lewes did extract soul-nutriment from Leaves of Grass. In selecting the motto, she was following the dictates of her finer impulses, her woman's intuition; and it was only after her own second thought and her unlegalized husband's marring worldly prudence (the world might think

* The motto stands at the head of chapter xxix, Book IV:—

"Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow
As the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps anywhere around the globe."

they entertained free-love sentiments, etc.) that she wished to change her mind.

Another English lady of as strong a native intellect as George Eliot—*i.e.*, Mrs. Anne Gilchrist—was a more whole-hearted and great-hearted accepter of Walt Whitman than was Mrs. Lewes. Her Life, by her son Herbert (London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1887), has between its covers copious material on W. W., letters, conversations, opinions, etc., and her two heavy early articles on him are here reprinted. Facing page 253 is the reproduction of an autograph map of the United States by W. W., showing the lines of his early and his later travels South and West. Mrs. Gilchrist says: "Whitman is, I believe, far more closely akin to Christ than to either Homer or Shakspere. . . . What I in my heart believe of Whitman is that he takes up the thread where Christ left it, that he inaugurates in his own person a new phase of religion."

In a work on Comparative Literature in Appleton's Scientific Series (1886) by Prof. Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett of Auckland, New Zealand, Whitman is quoted and admiringly referred to on pp. 32, 69, 71, 364, 372, 388, 389. The key-idea of the book is that the supreme expression of the principle of social evolution, as especially revealed in democratic societies in modern times, is found in Walt Whitman's works. That principle is the development of personality and the substitution of sympathy between individuals for the tie of blood as the bond of society.

In the mother island, note such friends as the Hon. Roden Noel, Essays on Poetry and Poets (London, 1886, pp. 304-341); James Wilkie, of Cupar, Fife, Scotland, The Democratic Movement in America (1886, pamphlet

of 42 pp.); John Brown, Wayside Songs, sonnet to W. W.; Sir Edwin Arnold, Death and Afterwards (1887), various quotations from the Leaves; John Johnston, M.D., of the Bolton (Lancashire) group of Whitmanites, Diary Notes of a Visit to Walt Whitman and Some of his Friends in July, 1890 (Bolton, 1890; reissued by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1897). This booklet gives one of the best pen-portraits of Whitman ever made, and contains the wheel-chair wharf portrait and other views. Mr. Havelock Ellis, in The New Spirit (1890, London, George Bell & Sons), is friendly, but the chapter contains a wofully mistaken and beastly idea of the Calamus poems. One understands from such utterances as this why Symonds in his book found it necessary to defend Whitman's Calamus doctrine. Mr. H. Buxton Forman, a warm friend of Whitman, has a chapter on him in his Celebrities (London, Cassell & Co., 1890). So has Arthur Lynch in his Modern Authors (London, Ward & Downey, 1891); and also Edward Arnold in Twenty Modern Men (London, 1891); while William Clarke writes a special volume, entitled Walt Whitman.

I spoke just now of Sir Edwin Arnold, and must not forget to share with my readers what he says in his Seas and Lands (London, Longmans, 1891, pp. 74-78). The first thing Arnold did on reaching Philadelphia, September, 1883 or 1886, was to hurry over to Camden to see "the Tyrtæus of America," as he calls W. W., whose verse has for him, he says, "the freshness of the morning wind blowing in the pines, the sweetness of the sea-air tumbling the wave-crests. . . . No living singer has ever composed any English lines more divinely musical than those of the 'Invocation' which begin 'Come lovely and soothing

Death.' No poet-philosopher has ever proclaimed loftier realities of life and religion than could be gleaned, thickly and richly, from Leaves of Grass." Soon after Sir Edwin was announced, Walt came limping downstairs, "certainly one of the most beautiful old men I ever beheld," says Arnold. They read some lines from Leaves of Grass, "the book lying upon the old poet's knee, his large and shapely hand resting on mine. The sweet-voiced woman [the housekeeper, Mrs. Davis] dropped her darning-needle to join in the lyrical and amiable chat, the handsome boy (her son) lounged and listened at the doorway, a big setter laid his soft muzzle on the master's arm, and the afternoon grew to evening in pleasant interchange of thought and feeling."

Let me close this list of English books and pamphlets treating of Whitman by referring to one other brochure, by the gifted young Australasian poet William Gay. The paper is Hegelian in drift, and is headed Walt Whitman: His Relation to Science and Philosophy. It was read at the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science in 1895, and was published at Melbourne by Mason, Firth & McCutcheon in that year.

As for fugitive papers in English periodicals, their number is legion. James Thompson, author of The City of Dreadful Night, published in the *National Reformer* in 1874 a series of papers on W. W.—July 26 to September 6—and in Cope's *Tobacco Plant*—May to December—a short-lived English periodical, a series, perhaps the same, at any rate chiefly biographical. George Saintsbury had a six-column article in the *Academy,* Oct. 10, 1874, reviewing Leaves of Grass. The *Gentleman's Magazine,* December, 1875, contains an entirely appreciative paper on Walt Whitman, the Poet of Joy, by

"Arthur Clive" (pseudonym of Standish O'Grady). The *Examiner,* Oct. 21, 1876, Songs Oversea, by J. H. McCarthy; *Nineteenth Century,* October, 1877, Cosmic Emotion, by Prof. W. K. Clifford, Leaves of Grass quoted to illustrate; London *Times,* June 14, 1878, a leader on American poetry, quoted in part by W. W. in Specimen Days, pp. 292-293 (the satirical pseudo-prophet says that it was fated that W. W. would sink "into obscurity among his countrymen from the want of mannered and borrowed polish which is his special distinction"); *Papers for the Times* (London), Sept. 1, 1879, paper by Herbert T. Bathgate, and Jan. 1, 1880, papers by Frank W. Walters and Edward Carpenter; the *Canadian Monthly,* July, 1880, by Mrs. Katie Seymour Maclean of Kingston, Canada (a disciple of W. W.), and C. P. Mulvany; *Truth Seeker* (London), September and October, 1880; *Secular Review,* March 20, 1880, by W. Hale White; *Modern Thought,* Sept. 1, 1882, a sixteen-column article (friendly) by Fitzgerald Molloy; *Leaders of Modern Thought,* No. XXVII, Walt Whitman, *Nineteenth Century,* December, 1882, elaborate and sympathetic article by G. C. Macaulay; *Academy,* Nov. 18, 1882, and Sept. 8, 1883, candid and sunny reviews of Specimen Days and of Bucke's Whitman by Prof. Edward Dowden (see also review of Rhys's edition of former by Walter Lewin in the *Academy,* June 4, 1887; Mr. Lewin also has a good paper on W. W. in *Murray's Magazine,* September, 1887, reprinted in Alden's *Library Magazine,* New York, Oct. 15, 1887); *Scottish Review,* September, 1883, twenty pages; Toronto *World,* Aug. 29, 1883, review of Bucke's book by one who is evidently a *Man.* Mr. H. R. Haweis in January or February, 1886, published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*

(reprinted in New York *Critic,* February 27) an account of a visit to Whitman by him. It is a patronizing screed by a mere curiosity-hunter. *Papers for the Times* (1886 or 1887), April, has Whitman for the Drawing-room; *Pall Mall Gazette,* Dec. 23, 1886, Walt Whitman in Camden, by Mary D. (Smith) Costelloe (now Mrs. Berenson), a daughter of Pearsall Smith, of Philadelphia). In *Temple Bar,* November, 1886, Henry S. Salt, the humanitarian, finely says (p. 382), "Perhaps Thoreau's greatest claim to immortality will be found in the fact that there is a natural affinity and fellowship between his genius and that of Walt Whitman, the great poet-prophet of the large-hearted democracy that is to be." The heavy old English *Quarterly* also swings into line in October, 1886, in a paper chiefly hostile, but with an attempt to be judicial. The writer, speaking of the swing and volume of the Grashalmian style, says the thought "moves with the force of thousands sweeping forward as one man"; and, of its author, "The future is, we believe, . . . with him and his school,"—a remarkable confession from an enemy. The classical students of Trinity College, Dublin, issue (or once issued) a periodical called *Kottabos.* Vol. i, No. 1, 1888, has a translation by J. I. Beare into Greek anapæsts, under the title Ω ΓΑΥΚΥΣ ΑΙΔΑΣ, ΕΥΝΑΣΟΝ ΜΕΥΝΑΣΟΝ, of Walt's Come Lovely and Soothing Death. *Pall Mall Budget,* Oct. 25, 1888, contains A Visit to Walt Whitman; the *Echo* (London), May 6, 1889, Grand Old Men; *Scottish Art Review* (Glasgow), June, 1889, Portraits of Walt Whitman, by Ernest Rhys; the *Theosophist* (Madras), June, 1889, A Poet Theosophist; *Illustrated London News,* Supplement, Nov. 30, 1889, Men of the Day, full-page portrait of W. W.

November Boughs is reviewed in *Pall Mall Gazette,* Jan. 25, 1889: "He stands apart, and the chief value of his work is in its prophecy, not in its performance. He has begun a prelude to larger themes. He is the herald of a new era. . . . If Poetry has passed him by, Philosophy will take note of him." The philistine *Saturday Review,* March 2, also reviews it in a moderately smart performance—not quite enough let on from the tap of the *Saturday's* gall-and-bile tank to make uniform with their usual style of that day. Edward Carpenter reviewed the book in the *Scottish Review,* April, 1889, and Lewin in the *Academy,* Feb. 23.

Upon the occasion of Whitman's death there appeared in English papers many articles: the *Journal,* Bolton, about April, 1892, by James G. Duncan; *Pall Mall Gazette,* March 28 (two columns); *Athenæum,* April 2, an abusive piece by Theodore Watt, who says, however, that now he knows what a manly soul W. W. had he is sorry he called him "the Jack Bunsby of Parnassus"; the *Academy,* April 2, by T. W. Rolleston; Manchester *Guardian,* March 28, April 2, 1892, by Moncure D. Conway, describing (April 2) the funeral of W. W.;* *Literary Opinion* (London), May, 1892, Reminiscences, by E. R. Pennell; the *North British* (Edinburgh), May 21, 28, Walt Whitman: A Study, by Niquell; *Daily Chronicle* (London), March 28, 1892, by H. Buxton Forman.

One of the enthusiastic Bolton circle of Whitmanites calling themselves "The College" was J. W. Wallace. He

* In Bucke's collection there are over a thousand Whitman death-notices. For a talk I had with Conway in the house at Walt's funeral, see my Whitman, pp. 70-74.

contributed to the *Labour Leader,* Nov. 10, 1892, Prophets of Democracy.

But how this New World poet has fared in foreign-speaking countries it now remains to consider.

Neither Bucke's collection of Whitmaniana nor my own contains any earlier reference to published recognition of the poet on the continent of Europe than the year 1868, when in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Augsburg (May 10 *et seq.*) the German poet Ferdinand Freiligrath wrote three appreciative papers. A long extract in the original German is given in Bucke's Whitman, pp. 202, 203, "Wer ist Walt Whitman?" etc. Freiligrath is undoubtedly right in claiming that he was the first in Germany to discover the new portent down behind Atlantic horizons. A word from Germany is found in a paper by Dr. Karl Federn in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, Aug. 12, 1898, a feuilleton, entitled Aus Amerikanschen Kriegszeiten (Walt Whitman's Tagebuch)—Reminiscences of American War Times (Walt Whitman's Diary).

On Whitman's influence and followers in modern Germany see Appendix I (*Conservator* for April, 1903, February, 1904, June, 1906, June, 1907; and *Poet-Lore,* 1905, No. 2). (See abstract near end of said Appendix.)

The next voice raised in recognition of Whitman on the Continent is that of Whitman's life-long admirer, Rudolf Schmidt, the Danish scholar, who prints in the February (1872) number of *For Ide og Vickelighed* (Copenhagen), Walt Whitman, det Amerikanske Democratis Digter. Reprinted in *Buster og Masker* (Copenhagen), 1882. See also other articles by the genial Danes in *Hejmdal,* May 14, 1872, *Dagbladet,* Aug. 7, 8, 10, 15, *Bergensposten,* June 30, 1872, and the *Vasarnapi Ujság,*

June 14, 1874, A Demokraczia Költöje. For 1874 the other Scandinavian journals are: *Illustreret Volkeblad,* Feb. 22; *Uftenbladet* (Copenhagen), April 15, Demokratiske Fremblik af Walt Whitman, Oversat Eften den Amerikanske Original af Rudolf Schmidt; *Faedrelandet* (Leverdagen), Feb. 28; *Dagbladet* (Lorsdargen), March 21; *Folkets Annis* (Lorsdargen), March 28. *Haer og Fiern* (Copenhagen), March 15, 1889. In 1872 Whitman was discovered in Budapest (see the *Fövárosilapok,* May 14).

It was on June 1 of 1872, also, that Mme. Blanc ("Th. Bentzon") published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a rather notable article (selections given in Bucke's Whitman), Un Poète Américain. This polished critic and novelist admires W. W.'s war-poems, but on the whole must be classed as one of the little criticasters who administer stern rebukes to great men. A pleasant sketch of her pleasant personality is given in Robert Underwood Johnson's Remembered Yesterdays, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., 1923, pp. 392, 393. A writer of a different caliber is M. Leo Quesnel in *La Nouvelle Revue,* Paris, May 1, 1882: out of thirty pages on Literature in the United States ten are given to Whitman, in broad, fair, and appreciative exposition. M. Quesnel translates into French The Wound-dresser and With Antecedents. At one time I noticed that whenever the *Nation* of New York gave an account of a foreign article on American literature, it disingenuously ignored the fact that in almost every case a third or fourth part of the article was devoted to Whitman, leaving the impression with its readers that he was only cursorily mentioned abroad.

Another French littérateur who is a joyful accepter of Whitman is Gabriel Sarrazin, who has four chapters

about him in his La Renaissance de la Poésie Anglaise, 1798-1889, etc., Paris, Perrin et Cie, 1889. The portrait of Sarrazin himself shows American features. Whitman was much pleased with his published appreciation and his letters to him. His estimate first appeared in *La Nouvelle Revue,* 1888 and 1889. W. W. printed as a broadside a rough abstract of Sarrazin's work, which I translated at his request and sent him in 1888; and he also printed one by Dr. Bucke same year. The *Conservator,* January to April, 1899, prints a translation by William Struthers of the whole four chapters, which also appear in translation (34 pp.) by Harrison S. Morris in the volume In Re Walt Whitman, with the long and admirable French versions from Leaves of Grass by Sarrazin. In the *Conservator,* January, 1896, appears a translation from *L'Ermitage* (Paris) of a eulogy of Sarrazin by Henri Bérenger, telling of Sarrazin's revolt from the disgusting realism of some of his French contemporaries and of his studies in English and American poetry. It may be noted here that *La Revue Indépendante* (Paris) (date missing), contained some of Whitman's Poèmes translated into French by Vielé-Griffin; while *Le Temps,* 20 Octobre, 1886, has a rendering of the poem on the Paris Exposition, which first appeared in *Harper's Weekly.* In 1886 there appeared in Paris, 4 rue Laugier, some little book-shaped periodicals (12mo, I should think), stitched, and with covers of colored paper; name, *La Vogue;* rédacteur-administrateur, M. Gustave Kahn. The numbers for June 28, July 12, and August 9, contain translations, signed "J. L.," from Whitman's Brins d'Herbes; namely, the Inscriptions, O Star of France, Une Femme m'Attend, all of which are literally translated from the "étonnant poète Américain

Walt Whitman." In Donaldson's Whitman, pp. 217-221, may be found translations of Reconciliation and I Heard You, Solemn-sweet Pipes of the Organ, into Provençal, by W. C. Bonaparte Wyse, a friend of R. W. Gilder.

I suppose the most curious and amusing foreign article on Whitman—amusing for its errors of fact—is by Teodor de Wyzewa, in his Écrivains Étrangers, Paris, Perrin & Cie, 1896. It was written in April, 1892, and published in the *Revue Bleue,* April 23, 1892, just after W. W.'s death. Wyzewa starts out with the discouraging remark that the United States had heretofore had only two poets,—Stuart Merrill and Francis Vielé-Griffin! (I myself never happen to have heard of either of these two gentlemen before, though I had been studying and writing books on great American poetry for twenty years), and goes on to say that neither Holmes nor Whittier was a real poet, and that Lowell was only a "très spirituel pamphlétaire" and "habile versificateur." Yet, says he, we have at last a poet in Walt Whitman. It is a mistake, however, says Wyzewa, to imagine that W. W. has had any appreciable influence on contemporary French literature, notwithstanding that every innovation of the times in poetic form and in ideas and sentiments was outlined in the preface to his first quarto of 1855. A French critic or so, like Sarrazin, may know Whitman. But "Hélas! il n'en est rien." Two or three young Frenchmen, he says,—Desjardins,* Jules Laforgue, and Vielé-Griffin (the last of whom once had an idea of translating the whole of Leaves of Grass),—have ardently admired him, but he never influenced their style at all.† Wyzewa

* An article on W. W. by Desjardins may be found in *Phares de la Bastille* (Paris), for April 4, 1892.

† It is well known that there is a school of English and American writers (not to speak of France and Germany), young men and

affirms (falsely, I think, when one remembers La Terre, Fécondité, etc.) that the pictures Zola draws of the mysteries of reproduction are only "craintives périphrases" (timid circumlocutions) compared with the Children of Adam pieces. Here are some of Wyzewa's ridiculous and characteristically French errors of fact: He states that Whitman "passa douze ans à New York dans la compagnie des mendiants, des vagabonds, et des prostituées. Leur société était la seule où il se sentit à l'aise"! He wrote Leaves of Grass when tramping. He made so much money by his first book that he was enabled to resume his life as a tramp (p. 115). "The mention of his name in a public journal after the war made W. W. weep with pleasure"(!) He was a "magnifique poète," joyous and naïve as Siegfried. By his great contemporaries Tennyson and Morris he was accepted. "Pour les médiocres, au contraire—pour Lowell, pour Matthew Arnold, sa poésie n'a été qu'une occasion à rire ou à s'indigner." He is right in this last, and also when he says that Whitman's hospital sketches are as cheery as Dostoievsky's, in La Maison des Morts, are somber: but both are animated by the same divine spirit.

women, who have been almost made what they are by the influence of Leaves of Grass on their style. Others, while not directly showing traces of his work in theirs, have received mental and moral stimulus that has regenerated their whole lives. Richard Le Gallienne, e.g., has said, "Walt Whitman has had greater influence on me than any other American poet." . . . "I consider him the most original man, except Christ, the world has known." (*Conservator,* February, 1898.) In a witty address before the Whitman Fellowship people at their New York meeting in 1898 Le Gallienne put this searching question,—Are you true to Whitman's best, or only dilettante, amateur Whitmanites? The speech is printed in the *Conservator,* March, 1898.

France is fortunate in possessing in her Léon Bazalgette a man completely fitted by virtue of his large-molded sympathetic and poetic nature to comprehend Walt Whitman and interpret him. This task he has undertaken, and four of his five volumes have already appeared (his excellent critical biography—Paris, March, 1908—and the two volumes that form a complete translation of Leaves of Grass—1909). (Of this Max Eastman says, "It is beautiful poetry and one of the standard works in the literary bookshops of France" (in the James Waldo Fawcett symposium on W. W., July, 1923, in, I think, the New York *Post's* "Literary Review" weekly.) The keels of the other two are laid (1909), and the framework is built. (See further on.) In his biographical study—Walt Whitman: L'Homme et son Œuvre (Paris, *Mercure de France,* 1908)—M. Bazalgette exhibits a really astonishing grip on the true facts of Whitman's history and of his relation to his times and contemporaries, and his judgments are always accurately weighed and sanely taken. His intuitions are right and delicate,—as, for example, on the homosexual question and the indebtedness of W. W. to Emerson. M. Bazalgette's translation of Leaves of Grass (Feuilles d'Herbe, Paris, *Mercure de France,* 1909, 2 vols.) is as near perfect as can be a literal translation into an alien tongue. In the extremely idiomatic and obscure Song of Myself, and rarely elsewhere, he misses the sense once or twice, but in general arouses one's admiration for his fine perception and execution. The French volumes are a facsimile of the type and general style of Walt's final and personally preferred edition,—a touch of loyalty which wins one's heart and confirms the fact revealed to us by

this noble Frenchman that personal love ("pour l'avoir tant aimé")* inspired all his work on our poet.

In the winter of 1912-13 Paul Scott Mowrer writes in *Poetry* (Chicago magazine) that "Léon Bazalgette's translation of Leaves of Grass in 1908 was a large factor in creating the present mood" in Paris, by virtue of which "Whitman is to-day a greater influence with the young writers of the Continent than with our own." "Not since France discovered Poe has literary Europe been so moved by anything American" as by its discovery of Whitman. At the time of the Whitman centenary, in 1919, Bazalgette printed in *L'Humanité,* 30 Mai, a superb article infused with the lofty sentiment of all his other work on this bard.

His latest work (1921) on W. W. is Le Poème-Évangile de Walt Whitman, a study of fine erudition and feeling, though it idealizes Whitman rather too much, pèrhaps.

M. Bazalgette is a delightful correspondent, writes good English with ease, and, although a Parisian, has his picturesque little country-box in the apple-cider country of Normandy, that Continental counterpart of England. Under date of Feb. 12, 1910, he writes me, "Il vient de paraître la première traduction des Leaves en Catalan (Sélections)." He refers to the Fulles d'Herba of Cebrià Montoliu.

Bazalgette's work is well received by French critics. See, *e.g.* the *Journal du Soir,* May 2, 1909. See also London *Daily Chronicle,* July 11, 1908; the *Literarische Echo* (Berlin), Dec. 1, 1909; *Le Beffroi,* January, 1910,

* Introduction to L'Homme et son Œuvre, p. vii. See *Conservator,* March, 1908, for Bazalgette's own English rendering of a portion of his Introduction.

by Léon Bocquet, etc. Bazalgette writes me also of lectures on W. W. in Paris and Brussels,—at the latter place by M. Louis Piérard. Alvan Sanborn, by the way, says the *ouvriers* of Paris were utterly unable to understand the lectures on Walt addressed to them! Fault of the lecturer, evidently.

Scandinavian Whitman articles are to be seen in the *Illustreret Tijdende* (Copenhagen), Feb. 18, 1882, by Rudolf Schmidt; in the same, Dec. 13, 1885, a portion of Leaves of Grass translated into Danish (probably by Schmidt, but I have not seen it); the *Nordslesorgsk Sondagsblad,* May, 1889, has a series of articles on W. W. Schmidt has translated Democratic Vistas entire into Danish.

In Germany, besides Freiligrath, already mentioned, we have a notice by Franz Bornmüller in the Biographisches Schriftsteller Lexicon der Gegenwart, 1882; article by Edward Bertz in the *Deutsche Presse* (Organ des deutschen Schriftsteller-Verbandes), Berlin, June 2, 1889.

To Italy Whitman was chiefly introduced by the lamented Enrico Nencioni, of Florence, by Luigi Gamberale and P. Jannaccone. Nencioni wrote of him often in *Nuova Antologia.* Signor Jannaccone wrote me from 2 Via Bonafous, his home in Turin, that the translations (Canti Scelti) into Italian by Gamberale (published in 1887 at Milan, in the Biblioteca Universale, No. 169, by Edoardo Sonzogno) are "amusingly inaccurate."

Jannaccone himself gives scores of excellent translations of fragments of Leaves of Grass. His book is entitled La Poesia di Walt Whitman e l'Evoluzione delle Forme Ritmiche (Turin, Roux Frassati & Co., 1898). His thesis is that the Whitmanesque rhythms are psychical, like those of primitive poetry, and also accord

with the evolution of modern poetic forms, which give more and more prominence to the logical element. He shows a thorough familiarity with all the critical apparatus Whitmanesque, as well as with many recent European works on rhythmic form. He had in preparation four other works (on Whitman's doctrine and art, his physico-psychology, and his place in American literature and society), and bade fair to make the best book on him yet produced in Europe, if he followed up the present work of a hundred and thirty solid pages with other books as scholarly.

William Sharp states in *Literature* (1898) that in the spring of that year several Italian interpreters and translators besides Jannaccone were at work on Leaves of Grass, and that three works on W. W. had recently appeared in Italy. Jannaccone's first book is translated in the *Conservator* from April, 1900, to March, 1901, by William Struthers.

In *Nuova Antologia* (Rome), Aug. 16, 1885, pp. 601-616, Nencioni says he believes that he was the first in Italy to take note of W. W., having reviewed him as a soldier-poet, with translations from Drum-Taps. In the *Antologia* number just mentioned he amusingly makes Whitman's father to have been a naval engineer and a Quaker! He translates two pages of the Salut au Monde and part of the Broadway Pageant, together with a list of passages bearing on Whitman's humanitarianism, or cosmopolitan sympathies. In one instance his rendering seems to me tame,—*i.e.*, the exquisite lines about the pulse of the friend's arm ringing little bells under his ear, which Nencioni renders, "Ho sentito i tuoi polsi *battere,* nella gran quieta notturna, sotto il mio orecchio." He thought the little muffled-bells image too bold, but it is

what gives the lines their chief beauty. In the same magazine (Sept. 1, 1887, pp. 132, 133) Nencioni, after a few lines on the abortively formed Boston "Walt Whitman Society" of Sadakichi Hartmann, remarks of Whitman that "he has, so to speak, sketched the program of the future poetry of humanity." He censures the *agglomerazione* of his style, and finds his imitators intolerable; says in his poetry one never finds "pittura da atelier," or apings of the artists, but always pictures as drawn by the great poets. "He recalls no one unless it be occasionally Homer and the writers of the Bible." Once more: in the *Nuova Antologia* for December, 1887, p. 450, I discovered (in my researches back there some dozen years ago) another noble article of Nencioni on Hugo's Choses Vues. The utterance on Whitman is so striking that I will give it entire: "I would that Æschylus, Dante, Milton, Schiller, Shelley, Victor Hugo, Whitman,—the grand virile poets of justice and of humanity,—could be placed in the hands of all young men as a sure antidote (or according to the vigorous expression of Ruskin apropos of the Divina Commedia, as a strong dose of intellectual quinine) for the pestilential malaria of a self-conscious, feverish, and emasculated art." The *Literary Digest* (New York), Jan. 23, 1887, has something of Nencioni's on W. W., The Poet of the American War. I shall speak of Papini's work on Whitman later on.

From Holland came forth in 1889 a volume of studies in literature (on Heine, Carlyle, Balzac, Newman, Emerson, and Whitman) by William G. C. Bijvanck; Poezie en Leven in de 19de Eeuw, etc. (Haarlem, De Erven F. Bohn, 1889). Bijvanck translates into Dutch There Was a Child Went Forth, a long selection from Out of the

Cradle, Tears, When I Heard at the Close of the Day, Vigil Strange, etc. He finds an unmistakable relationship between Emerson and W. W.

From St. Petersburg comes the March, 1883, number of the well-known literary monthly *Zagranitschuy Viestnik* (Foreign Messenger) with an appreciative study of W. W. by Dr. P. Popoff. For its praise of the American political and social status in this article the magazine was suspended for a year by the government. "Who is Walt?" exclaims the writer. "He is the spirit of revolt and pride, the Satan of Milton. He is the Faust of Goethe, but more fortunate, for he thinks he has solved the mystery of life." A tolerably full abstract of this article is given in the *Critic* (New York), June 16, 1883. Harriet Stanton Blatch reported in 1888 the Russian exile-patriot Stepniak, as follows: "I find that one paragraph of Emerson's 'English Traits' is worth the whole of Max O'Rell's sketch of English life. Ah! here's another of my favorites [holding up a volume of Leaves of Grass], an author who is not sufficiently appreciated in his own land" (Boston *Evening Transcript,* May 18). And we have the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia telling a representative of the New York *Journal* in 1899, "A Parisian poet has made me to like the works of Walt Whitman."

Whitman has been in part translated into Czech, into Hungarian, Hindoostanee, and Japanese. Even from the noble but hitherto benighted Spaniards comes a cry of recognition of Whitman in the shape of an article by Señor F. Gavidia in *El Pacifico,* Jan. 12, 1890, issued at Mazatlan on the Pacific, in the province of Sinaloa in Mexico; and Proud Music of the Storm and other poems of W. W. have been rendered into Spanish by

Arnado Nervo, Mexican secretary of legation at Madrid in 1912-13. It will thus be seen that Whitman's works have already drifted around the world, and found recognition in all the chief nations.

But a most important part of this conspectus of opinion is yet to come; namely, the later utterances in books and journals by Whitman's own countrymen. We had reached the year 1879 in our account, some pages back, of the American reception to Leaves of Grass. In that year Mrs. Mary Wager-Fisher published in her volume Poets' Homes (Boston, D. Lothrop & Co.) a friendly article with three portraits of the poet. Pen Pictures of Modern Authors (New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882) has a reprint of Conway's *Fortnightly* (1866) article and a flashy bit of Bohemian literature by "Jay Charlton" about W. W., originally contributed to the Danbury *News*. "Jay Charlton" is a pen-name of J. C. Goldsmith. I have a manuscript letter from Whitman to me in which he pronounces Goldsmith's sketch to be "the silliest compound of nonsense, lies and rot I have ever seen,"—a continuous tissue of the most ridiculous misstatements.

Volume two, page 251, of the Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, 1883, shows us Emerson writing to Carlyle on May 6, 1856, as follows: "One book last summer came out in New York, a nondescript monster which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo strength, and was indisputably American,—which I thought to send you; but the book throve so badly with the few to whom I showed it, and wanted good morals so much, that I never did. Yet I believe now again I shall. It is called Leaves of Grass,—was written and

printed by a journeyman printer in Brooklyn, New York, named Walter Whitman; and after you have looked into it, if you think, as you may, that it is only an auctioneer's inventory of a warehouse, you can light your pipe with it." Let who will attempt to reconcile this with Emerson's letter to Whitman. I rather guess that it is one of the things he would rather not have said to the world. But then the 1856 edition was not yet out with his enthusiastic letter printed therein. Alas! Alas! Moncure Conway in Emerson at Home and Abroad (London, Trübner, 1883, pp. 291, 292) says: "Careful readers of Walt Whitman will not wonder that Emerson should have been the first to greet him. The Oriental largeness and optimism which he admired in ancient books are not to be found in any modern page except that of Walt Whitman. There was an outcry when Emerson's enthusiastic letter to Walt Whitman was published, and some friends wrote to him of misfortunes he had led them into by inducing them to try reading the Leaves of Grass aloud in the presence of ladies. Emerson agreed that, if he had known his letter to Walt Whitman would be published, he might have made some deductions from his praise. 'There are parts of the book where I hold my nose as I read. One must not be too squeamish when a chemist brings him to a mass of filth and says, "See the great laws are at work here also," but it is a fine art if he can deodorize his illustration. However, I do not fear that any man who has eyes in his head will fail to see the genius in these poems. Those are terrible eyes to walk along Broadway. It is all there as if in an auctioneer's catalogue.' " Add to this what Conway states in the book In Re Walt Whitman, p. 396: "I always remember with delight the day when Emerson loaned me Walt's first book fresh

from the press, and said, 'No man with eyes in his head can fail to recognize a true poet in that book.' "

In a footnote to page 128 of Emerson in Concord (Boston, 1889) Edward W. Emerson *fils* gives in a small insulting way what he thought was the opinion of Emerson *père* on W. W. and Leaves of Grass. Again, Charles J. Woodbury in his Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson, published in 1890, says (p. 128), "I remember he returned from New York and told me that Mr. Walt Whitman, by invitation, dining with him at the Astor House, had come without his coat." This is of course false,—probably a case of poor memory and confounding of common report with what Emerson said. W. W. himself flatly brands it as a lie in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March, 1891. In the *Arena* (Boston, December, 1895) Frank B. Sanborn has some Reminiscences of Emerson and Whitman, in the course of which he tells the following (and it is probably the true datum that gave rise to the red-shirt story). Emerson told Sanborn that, while he and Whitman were one day dining at the Astor House, about 1855 or 1856, Whitman called for a tin cup instead of a glass. (I doubt this also; but, if true, he evidently wanted to give Emerson a hint, or lesson, as to his (E.'s) weakest point,—a horror of unconventional manners.) Emerson said that W. had written nothing now for a long time (1878) worth remembering. Whitman came to hear Emerson lecture in Baltimore after the war, and he (E.) started out from Charles Sumner's house in Washington one day to find W., but failed to do so. To return to Woodbury. As originally published in the *Century,* February, 1890, Woodbury's reminiscences contained this sentence of Emerson's: "Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman is a book you must certainly

read. It is wonderful. I had great hopes of Whitman until he became Bohemian." Add to these reports what Mr. F. B. Sanborn says Emerson told him and what Whitman told me (see my Whitman, pp. 75 and 78),* and you have Emerson held up to posterity in a poor plight, indeed. He had for once been startled out of his starched clerical propriety into an enthusiastic impulsive action; but, as Mr. Traubel has said, "he was never discovered off guard again" with relation to Whitman, although "the reverberation of that letter was, like the shot of his Lexington farmer, heard round the world."

A life-long and, on the whole, more generous-hearted admirer of W. W. than Emerson is Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose chapter on the Old Gray Poet in his Poets of America (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889),—originally published in *Scribner's,* now the *Century,*—is a mixture of rather grudging praise, hostility, personal friendship, and fine analysis from the artistic point of view alone,—thoughtful, scholarly, but occasionally patronizing. As Burroughs says of it: "Of Whitman's prophetic character, of his modernity, of his relation to science, to democracy, of his political, national, racial, and religious significance, we hear very little. It is a sort of literary classroom drill the critic puts him through, and the wonder is that he finds so much to approve and so little to condemn." The large circulation, however, of Stedman's work at that time served to diffuse a knowledge of Whitman in quarters where before he was scarcely heard of. In reviewing Stedman in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* May 1, 1866, Mme.

*In the *Conservator*, May, 1897, Mr. Sanborn says that Ellery Channing told him that he was present when Emerson first read in Walt's second edition his letter of 1855 to Walt, and that he never saw Emerson so angry in his life.

Blanc ("Th. Bentzon") speaks of Whitman as "un philosophe, un soldat, un patriote, aux larges sympathies, au cœur généreux et débordant de pitié." (Not a soldier, Madame; never for a day or an hour. Never was known to carry a gun or a pistol in his life. He saved life, never took it.) I may note that Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson in their Library of American Literature, 1890, vol. vii, give thirteen pages of specimens of Whitman's writings.

The poet Sidney Lanier exhibited a strange vacillation in his opinion of the Good Gray Poet and his work. In his The English Novel, and the Principle of its Development (New York, Scribner's, 1883), he bestows eighteen pages of scurrilous vituperation upon W. W., in which he seems to show not a trace of true or vital knowledge of him. And, in the preface to Lanier's poems, William Hayes Ward quotes him as follows: "Whitman is poetry's butcher. Huge raw collops slashed from the rump of poetry, and never mind gristle—is what Whitman feeds our souls with. . . . His argument seems to be that because a prairie is wide therefore debauchery is admirable." Now compare these utterances with what Lanier says in his letters. First, here is a passage from a letter (1878) to Whitman, printed from Lanier's MS. by H. L. T. in the *Conservator,* October, 1896 (Lanier is sending money to W. W. for a copy of Leaves of Grass):

"A short time ago, while on a visit to New York, I happened one evening to find your Leaves of Grass in Mr. Bayard Taylor's library, and, taking it with me to my room at the hotel, I spent a night of glory and delight upon it." [He does not agree with him about poetic form and the sex-poems, but says] "It is not known to me where I can find

another modern song at once so large and so naïve. . . . I beg you to count me among your most earnest lovers."

In the same year (1878) he wrote to Bayard Taylor: "Upon a sober comparison I think Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass worth at least a million of Among my Books and Atalanta in Calydon. In the two latter I could not find anything which has not been much better said before; but Leaves of Grass was a real refreshment to me—like rude salt spray in your face—in spite of its enormous fundamental error that a thing is good because it is natural, and in spite of the world-wide difference between my own conception of art and its author's." Lanier, like Swinburne, Stevenson, Julian Hawthorne, and Emerson, seems to have obeyed at first an unsophisticated instinct and given way to right impulses; but later, as in the case of the others mentioned, came in the marring intellect, the artificial man, worldly prudence—and spoiled all.

As everybody who knew Whitman is aware, that generous crank and fine Homeric figure, R. M. Bucke, was the poet's *alter ego* and sworn brother till death. Of his first work on W. W., his editing of Calamus (the Peter Doyle letters), The Wound Dresser, and Notes and Fragments, found among the poet's papers, it is superfluous to speak at length. Read his Open Letter to Edgar Fawcett (*Conservator,* June, 1898) if you would know of the love of this man for his friend, from whose sickbed in Whitman's last illness he received (and answered) on an average two letters every day for nearly three months. That Open Letter is as clean and pure a piece of English as Defoe or Goldsmith ever wrote. Bucke's Walt Whitman just alluded to (Philadelphia, David Mc-

Kay, 1883) is a work of rare value as a record. It contains a biography of W. W.; reminiscences and anecdotes by his friends, including some passionate poems on W. W. by Joaquin Miller, Robert Buchanan, Arran Leigh, and Leonard Wheeler; a reprint of O'Connor's Good Gray Poet, with a long additional letter by O'Connor; analysis of Whitman's poetry; a remarkable collection of critiques, hostile and friendly; and eight illustrations, including a photo-intaglio by Herbert Gilchrist,—from life in 1863,—looking wondrously like one of François Millet's shepherds (I call it The Good Shepherd). The English edition (Glasgow, Wilson & McCormick, 1884) has as supplement English Critics on Walt Whitman, by Prof. Edward Dowden, continuously paged (237-255). Second English edition, 1888. A condensed description of W. W., drawn from Bucke's Whitman by the doctor himself, is given in his Cosmic Consciousness, pp. 178-186.

In one of the Walt Whitman Fellowship papers (first year, No. 6), Memories of Walt Whitman, Dr. Bucke, speaking of the poet's visit at his home in London, Canada, says: "Many young people came and went to and from my home, staying a shorter or longer time. With these young folks Walt was always on good terms. He would often enter into their sports as freely as if he were one of themselves. I recall one evening in particular when quite a party, and he among them, drank a bottle of home-made wine, and then pretending that the bottle was a corpse which had to be disposed of, held an inquest upon it. Afterwards forming a procession, and marching to a secluded part of the grounds, they solemnly buried the defunct, Walt making the funeral oration, which, unfortunately, was not preserved. He

addressed the moon, which was nearly full, in grandiloquent language, under the name of Selene, praying the goddess on behalf of the departed *spirit,* and committing the mortal remains to Gæa, the great mother of us all."

A Southerner, Walker Kennedy, had published an article in the *North American Review,* June, 1884. Whitman and Bucke were dining at the house of a friend in the East (Philadelphia or Camden probably), when one of the guests read extracts from this ferocious and libelous article. As W. W. listened to the indictment read in solemn tones, "he first held up his hands, as if in dead earnest, as though overpowered with humiliation and abasement; then, as denunciation after denunciation was poured out, from time to time his bowed head would be raised and his face be seen glowing with the keenest enjoyment, while his whole frame shook with half-suppressed merriment. When the reading was over, he spoke no word as to the piece or the writer of it, but after a few quiet moments said: 'A robber once met a Quaker in a wood—knocked him down and beat him—took from him his purse and watch—then, pulling out a long knife, proceeded to cut his throat. The knife was dull—the patience of the poor Quaker almost exhausted: "Friend," said he to the robber, "I do not object to thee cutting my throat—but thee haggles." ' "

The writer of the above-mentioned blackguardish paper in the *North American* has as delicate and clear-cut intuitions of the nature of poetry and mysticism as a pelagic ink-squirt. No more. Such an outrage as his deliverance should send the blush of shame and scorn to the cheek of every member of the fraternity of authors. Both publishers and writer owe it to the lofty indifference of the aged poet they spat upon that they were not prose-

cuted in the public courts. Certain journals of to-day need such a lesson as James Fenimore Cooper gave their predecessors in the courts of law. Dr. Bucke in this Fellowship paper speaks of the deep antipathy Whitman sometimes excited in others. I think I can explain the state of consternation, lasting as long as W. W. stayed in the house, of a young Canadian woman of whom Dr. Bucke speaks. I imagine she happened to catch one of his terrifically stern Satanic looks, though her agitation might have been due to the fact that she felt herself to be transparent to his gaze.

In No. 10 (third year) of the above-quoted Fellowship series (a paper of great general interest, which will increase as time goes on), Dr. Bucke tells of W. W.'s last illness,—how he cared for him as friend and physician for a week, of his unfailing patience, and how, when he arrived [with his hearty presence and fine magnetic aura], Whitman cried, "Maurice Bucke, Maurice Bucke, Maurice Bucke, how glad I am to see you, how glad I am!" Of Lowell, Whitman said at this time, "He was a good-looking fellow, healthy and well educated, and 'cute; a little too square, perhaps,—all the New England chaps have it, Emerson and all of them." Walt said that Lowell, on his sick-bed, was bothered with nurses and doctors, and had said, "Can't you let an old man die alone?" In his Notes on the Text of Leaves of Grass in the *Conservator,* May and August, 1896, Dr. Bucke puts his finger on the printed source of two of the best story-passages in the Song of Myself,—namely, §§ 33 and 35, the wreck of the ship and the fight of the "little Captain" respectively. Bucke found among Whitman's papers a copy of the New York weekly *Tribune,* Jan. 21, 1854, giving an account of the wreck of the *San Francisco,* which sailed from

New York, Dec. 22, 1853, with five hundred United States troops aboard, besides three hundred other persons. "This fine new ship of twenty-five hundred tons burden became, by the breaking of a piston-rod in a strong gale, utterly helpless, and lay rolling in a heavy sea from midnight of December 23 until finally abandoned, January 5 (that is, thirteen days). One hundred and fifty of those on board were washed away by a single sea, and many others died from the results of accidents and sickness. Finally those left alive were rescued by the *Three Bells* (Captain Crighton), aided by the boats of the *Antarctic*—for the *Three Bells* was herself almost wrecked in the same storm, having sprung a leak and lost her boats." The *Tribune* article contains four or five expressions which were simply transferred to the Song of Myself, almost identical in phrasing.* As for the frigate fight, Dr. Bucke shows by parallel passages, taken from a Life of Captain Paul Jones by John Henry Sherbourne (Washington, D. C., 1825), that the "little Captain" was no less than that famous sea-dog, and the battle was that between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the British *Serapis,* off Flamborough Head, Sept. 23, 1779. Whitman has drawn liberally upon the despatch of Paul Jones to "His Excellency Benjamin Franklin." Dr. Bucke thinks it remarkable that W. W. could make poetry out of this despatch. As a matter of fact, it is no more poetry than it is *poi* or green cheese. Just print it in prose form, and see what good prose it makes—only terser, more vigorous, more condensed, than Jones's

* In Notes and Fragments Dr. Bucke gives another instance (the Scandinavian Warrior picture, § 7, lines 7 and 8, of the Salut) in which Whitman has appropriated an entire paragraph from a newspaper clipping found among his papers.

despatch, that is all. Tennyson and Shakspere, too, have prose masquerading as poetry. No matter. In the *Conservator,* February, 1898, Dr. Bucke prints Whitman's rough notes for the Song of the Broad-axe.

In the *New England Magazine,* March, 1899, Dr. Bucke has an article on Portraits of W. W., with reproductions of twenty-three counterfeit presentments of him. The atrocious caricatures of Gilchrist he should have omitted. Perhaps the earlier of the two known daguerreotypes of W. W. is that owned by J. A. Johnston, diamond merchant, New York. W. W. was photographed several hundred times. Says Professor Triggs: He "was painted in oils by Hine in 1859, by Gilchrist in 1894, by Waters in 1877, by Eakins in 1887, and by Alexander in 1892. A crayon of heroic size was made by Kurtz in 1873. Two portrait busts were sculptured in 1887 by Sidney H. Morse [the original of one of which was long in my possession in Belmont, and is now (1924) under the care of Mrs. Frank J. Sprague at Sharon, Conn.], one in 1891 by Samuel Murray, and one in 1898 by William Ordway Partridge." A photo taken by George C. Cox in New York in 1887 was caught by Miss Jeanette Gilder inducing him to go in to the photographer's. Miss Gilder owns the negative. The picture has been etched by T. Johnson.

A painstaking student of American literature as well as lecturer, pamphleteer, and writer of books, Dr. Karl Knortz, a German-American scholar of New York City, has had first and last a good deal to say in praise and exploitation of Leaves of Grass. His pamphlet in German (Walt Whitman. Vortrag gehalten im deutschen Geselligwissenschaftlichen Verein von New York, 1886, press of Hermann Bartsch) is a comprehensive account

of Whitman and his work by one well fitted by culture and sympathetic intuition to be an interpreter thereof to the whole German nation. The lecture has been translated by Dr. Bucke and Alfred Forman, and is printed in the In Re Walt Whitman.

In 1889 occurred the first of the formal public Whitman birthday reunions, and the poet's friend Horace L. Traubel edited in that year Camden's Compliment to Walt Whitman, prefaced by a fine cut of one of Sidney H. Morse's busts. It is a choice little work (good paper and wide margins) for collectors of Whitmaniana. The editor's preface well preserves the atmosphere and color of the scene at the Camden public hall. It was a neighbors' compliment, and not merely a literary dinner. It was a democratic gathering, typified by the old colored aunty of the kitchen rushing first at the guest to welcome him, as he is wheeled into the room and lays aside his big blue wrapper, revealing a black coat underneath. In the after-dinner speeches Herbert Gilchrist told how Leaves of Grass had found its way into the thatched cottages and ivy-covered granges of Great Britain. There were letters from Tennyson, Rossetti, Sarrazin, Mark Twain, William Morris, Dowden, Schmidt, William D. Howells, Felix Adler (who signs himself "a younger comrade"), George William Curtis, and wires from Henry Irving and others. The tickets were sold at $5, and a bag of coin to the amount of $125 was handed over to the poet, over and above all expenses. This was the first of a triad of birthday celebrations (his last three), a bright "Hail and So long" to usher him into the absolute life. The Whitman birthday oration of 1890 by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, entitled Liberty in Literature, was published by the Truthseeker Company, New

York, and republished in 1891 by Gay & Bird, London, England.

But we must at this point return to the magazines and newspapers, and bring the story in them up to the time of Whitman's death and after.

Richard J. Hinton is a lover of this magnetic man, and has written much in his defense. In the Cincinnati *Commercial,* Aug. 26, 1871, he gives a momentary glimpse of the Good Gray Poet as hospital nurse. Hinton lay in one of the wards, wounded, when Walt came in. "It was late in the fall, the cold wind had given additional color, and his great big face glowed all over with warmth and freshness. . . . His arms were full of books and newspapers." I will add here that Mr. Trowbridge told me that by some of the sick soldiers Whitman was voted a bore, to which I reply that to an irritable sick man the angel of the Lord himself, glistering in snow and gold and beaming love, would probably be a bore if he came often.

In the spring and summer of 1882 the then recently attempted suppression of Leaves of Grass in Boston drew out of course a group of excited combatants, pro and con. In the New York *Tribune* the ball opened May 25 with a fiery onslaught on the Boston persecutors by William D. O'Connor, who was followed on the 28th (p. 7) by John Chadwick, the liberal Unitarian clergyman of Brooklyn. Mr. Chadwick attempts to show that Emerson had virtually retracted his early indorsement. On June 18 Mr. O'Connor replies, and with a spray of delicate irony and sarcasm takes the starch out of the reverend gentleman's white tie. In the same issue appear two columns by "Sigma," with an editorial note certifying

that "Sigma" is a critic of experience. His deliverance is perhaps as strong a statement as could be made by a man of small caliber in original thought and belonging to the Tulkinghorn variety. His case is hopeless: he is in no rapport with his subject, misapprehends nearly everything. August 27, p. 5, appears a half-column, by O'Connor, dealing with Anthony Comstock, who had been blustering about suppressing the Philadelphia edition of Leaves of Grass. O'Connor's blazing scorn and defiance so frightened Comstock, it is said, that he never ventured to meddle with Leaves of Grass in any way. O'Connor reminds him that even the Decameron was, by the decision of the Postmaster-General Howe, forbidden to be excluded from the mails, on the ground that it is classic literature. "The Decameron," says O'Connor, "is under the ægis of the eagle, where Leaves of Grass is also,—safe from being hawked at and slain by any mousing owl of the Vice Society. If Mr. Comstock doubts it, let him whet his beak and try. He says he will, he tells your reporter so. . . . I dare him to do it. I dare him to lift so much as one finger in the effort. It will be a day for this good man long to remember. . . . So long as Mr. Comstock chooses to confine his industry to the removal of the stuff which Dutch and English lust produces and calls French, so long as he limits his energies to cleaning out the bawdy fiction, the lascivious engravings, the filthy devices of the lecher and abortionist, all may be well with him. But let him dare to throw into his night-cart that pearl of great price, the book of any honest author, let him venture to carry out his wicked menace in regard to the work of the good gray poet, and he will quickly find himself the center of a tornado which

will only pass to leave the United States Post Office without its scavenger." Compare also the *Tribune* for July 15, p. 5, Aug. 15, 16, Oct. 27, Nov. 7, 1882; and on the same subject *Liberty* (Boston), May 27, July 22, Sept. 16, Oct. 28, Dec. 9. Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly* (New York, August, p. 12), suggests that a law be passed forbidding babies to be born naked, and requiring that all our domestic animals be petticoated and breeched. Compare also September, p. 13, and October. The discussion of the subject swept over the continent, as my manuscript reference-lists show. The brave free-thinking author and lecturer Rev. O. B. Frothingham had a rather jejune homily in the *North American* for October, 1882: "Whitman's faith in progress is glowing and constant, the trust in Providence unwavering. . . . He is not a prophet of obscenity; not a teacher of sensuality under the name of æstheticism. He sings a pæan of man in all his relations."

In the *Saturday Union* (Lynn, Mass., May 24, 1884) James Berry Bensel, a poetically inclined young man, published a eulogistic paper on Leaves of Grass. In the *Critic* for May 31, a week after, Whitman has an indirect communication anent,—almost the only instance in his life that he noticed what had been said about him in the public journals,—in flat denial of the statement of Bensel to the effect that he had been told by Longfellow that Whitman sent advance sheets of the first edition of Leaves of Grass to him, asking to dedicate the book to him, but that he had declined the request. The *Critic* prints the story, which has all the ear-marks of American reporterism, and adds, "Walt Whitman requests us to say that no such 'advance sheets' were ever sent to Mr. Longfellow, no such request was made by

W. W., and of course no such answer returned,—that, in short, neither the episode itself, nor anything which in any way could give it a shred of truth, ever happened." Mr. Bensel replies (*Critic,* June 28) that he can only say that he himself heard Mr. Longfellow make the statement as he gave it. But, as the alleged conversation, by his own admission, occurred many years previous when he was a mere lad, it is easy to see that he might have mingled his dim recollections of what was then said with things he had since heard or read, and thus have originated, by a mental process familiar to psychologists, a full-blown myth. I personally know Mr. Bensel to be honorable and truthful, and so I should take exception to the following words written by Walt Whitman to me: "Walt Whitman himself brands the whole story as an out-and-out invention and falsehood—which it undoubtedly is."

Specimens of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's malignant and mostly anonymous criticisms of Whitman, kept up with amazing pertinacity in the face of the whole world, may be found in *Harper's Bazaar,* March 5 and 26, 1887, and in the New York *Evening Post,* March 28, 1892 (reprinted in its weekly edition, the *Nation*). For the latter, especially, Whitman's brother should have sued Messrs. Godkin and Garrison, the too strenuous Longinuses who then conducted the *Nation.* Higginson always sneered in print at Whitman's hospital work; jeered him for not enlisting; falsely accused him of the habit of not paying his debts; opposed the granting him a pension; with green-sick and invalid Lanier, scorned his athletic and healthy types of men and women; and mendaciously accused him of being a prematurely aged roué and libertine. His first hostile utterance, the one

which called out O'Connor's rebuke in The Good Gray Poet, appeared in the *Woman's Journal* (Boston, Feb. 4, 1882), and is headed Unmanly Manhood. In it he wants to know why Walt Whitman did not enlist in the war. In his book Cheerful Yesterdays, published some fifteen years afterwards, he repeats the same stuff. But, my good friend, do you find that the great poets of the world have ever been butchers and brawlers? To Whitman a carpenter's blisters on the hand were more honorable wounds than sword-scars on the face or a black eye.

That Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a pleasant littérateur of Boston, was a violent and secret enemy of Walt Whitman is perhaps not now, when Whitman is in the zenith of his fame, of much importance. But as the colonel exercised considerable influence upon public opinion some forty years ago, it used to seem to us of the Waltian clique important to down him. One day, as he and I were walking over Cambridge Common, I boldly took the bull by the horns and said the audacious thing. I remarked:

"It's a pity, Colonel Higginson, that O'Connor made that ferocious attack on you, for you would naturally have admired Whitman."

He said nothing, but gave me a draining look with his large wide-open eyes.

In justice to my good old friend Higginson I must add the following from his Memoirs, written by his wife, Boston, 1914. Mrs. Higginson states that Whitman's lines "Joy, Shipmate, joy!" etc., were quoted with deep emotion by the colonel, who said that he would like to have them engraved on his memorial stone. Of course the Whitman lines were *not* put on Higginson's tomb.

If I may be permitted an Hibernicism, I should say that it would be as much as a man's life were worth, in the hard Puritanical society of dear snobbish old Cambridge, to have a quotation from Walt Whitman placed on his tombstone. As a matter of fact, the only words on the modest dark-granite slab over his ashes (he was incinerated), there on the reedy shore of the Charles, is something about his colored regiment having been the first to be enlisted and organized in the country.

Put cheek by jowl with the melancholy Higginson stuff a cheery utterance of the good clergyman Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, of Boston, commending our Whitman cottage fund: "The Little Captain [in Song of Myself, § 35] is an unsurpassed portrait of valor. . . . No author among us is so little a borrower. In comforting his old age, let us pay him part of our debt." (Boston *Herald,* May 24, 1887.) And here may go a few lines from Notes of a Call on Whitman by a Boston lady. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton says (in same journal, April 29, 1888): "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking was a great favorite with Philip Bourke Marston, to whom I read it again and again. . . . (Mr. Whitman said that the story was true; that so had the two happy birds lived on the Paumanok shore, the two guests from Alabama, and so had they sung.) . . . '[Walt's] absolute and serene trust always helps me,' said Mr. Talcott Williams, as we came away." Put side by side with this a line from A Pink Villa (*Harper's Monthly,* 1888, p. 845), by Constance Fenimore Woolson (died in Venice, 1894). One of the characters in this story uses the words "Pioneers, O pioneers!" The writer comments, evidently with sly and stinging satire, "None of the Americans present recognized the quotation."

The *New England Magazine* for August, 1892, is a Whitman number (articles by George D. Black, Sylvester Baxter, Walter Blackburn Harte, and Edwin D. Mead). Mr. Mead gives us a much-needed phrase, "the Whitmanette," or small Whitman crank. Mr. Baxter's article is full of interesting reminiscences of the poet's visit to Boston in April, 1881. Speaking of his picturesque flowing Quaker-drab clothes, he says: "As he sat there [in an easy-chair in a parlor of the Revere House], with his big stick, it seemed to me that if I should come across him in just that position, seated on a gray lichen-covered boulder in the depth of a wood, under old trees draped with moss that flowed like his hair and beard, and with rabbits and squirrels sporting over his feet in entire fearlessness, it would not be in the least surprising."

Hamlin Garland, a hearty friend of W. W., reviewing November Boughs (*Transcript,* Boston, Nov. 15, 1888), says, "Royal praise for the hearing ear, I say; flowers of love for the throbbing sense of the living poet. I present my tribute, drop my bit of laurel into the still warm, firm hand of the victorious singer."

The resolute indorsement of Whitman and his message by the earnest platform thinker Minot J. Savage, and especially an article in the *Arena* by him, September, 1894, was a bomb shot into the very citadel of Boston cant and pride; for Savage was at that time one of the city's pet preachers.

A few months previously (*i.e.,* in March) the *Atlantic Monthly* had a fine paper on Sappho by Maurice Thompson, in which he says: "Greek realism was the true realism. Our modern Whitmans, Ibsens, and Tolstois are too self-conscious in their struggle for realism. The Greeks were unconscious in their fidelity to nature."

The works of the writers mentioned "are a dirty wash of imitation of the Greeks." "Whitman expressed a prodigious show of contempt for our modern enlightenment." (He did nothing of the kind.) "He much wished to go naked and run races with Pan, or loaf and invite his soul." In the *Critic,* March 17, John Burroughs overhauls Thompson's craft, and boards it with drawn cutlass. He is stung into fine earnestness, affirming that the great bard must deal, not with past and dead cultures and themes, but with the life immediately around him. March 31, Thompson answers in as fine a vein, from the scholar's point of view; says the works of Homer did not deal with contemporary themes, but they *were* voiced in unison with contemporary civilization, and Walt Whitman's works are not, his Greek nakedness, "phallic thumb of love," and all that, being anachronistic. Further, the great poets absorb past as well as present.

To which I answer that Thompson, like all of Whitman's bitterest literati enemies, forgets that W. W. is not a mere artist, but preëminently a prophet, who aimed to *change* the spirit of his age, mold it to greater purity, engrandize it. Thompson, who was by nature a red savage, hadn't a trace of moral heroism in his make-up, and so did not understand the *vates* poet. He found a welcome for most of his rant among the clerical gentlemen who edited the New York *Independent.* A "lit'rary feller" or *elegante* who pulls well in the traces with him, though younger, is John Jay Chapman, who writes in the *Chap Book* of Chicago, July 15, 1897; thesis,—"Walt Whitman has given utterance to the soul of the tramp." It is one more desperate pseudoscopic attempt—full of contradic-

tions—to understand W. W., who is no mystery at all to one who has walked with realities,—nature, religion, philosophy, the working people, with none of which this literary exquisite seems to have much acquaintance. One comes finally to pity from the heart these blind Calenders, groping with their sticks in the utter blackness, and reporting all falsely. Chapman repeats his article in his Emerson and Other Essays (*Scribner's,* 1898). In the next issue of the *Chap Book* Oscar Triggs, Maurice Thompson, and Edward Everett Hale, Jr., reply. Triggs gives facts, Hale tries to be smart, and Thompson of course slings vitriol and foams at the mouth. In the August 15 issue Thompson says W. W. wore a mask all his life, "and through a mask the soul beam cannot escape." Hence "there is no style in Leaves of Grass"! But I say, if Whitman's soul is not laid bare, where is there one? And, if *he* has no style, then there is none in the world.

Turning from the slashing and saucy Bohemianism of this now defunct *Chap Book* to the cloistered quiet of the *American Journal of Psychology,* edited at Clark University by G. Stanley Hall, listen to a Fellow of that university, Mr. Colin A. Scott, in the January, 1896, number. He has been quoting approvingly from Leaves of Grass, and says, "What we need at present is a modern phallicism, a religious and artistic spirit that goes out to meet the sexual instinct, and is able to find in it the center of evolution, the heart and soul of the world, the holy of holies to all right-feeling men." A scholar and scientist at one with Mr. Scott was the late Dr. Brinton (Daniel G.), of Philadelphia, whose praise and sanity just saved him from becoming a Whitmaniac, but who was far from any danger of becoming a Whit-

manette. He thoroughly accepted Whitman, however, as his contributions to the *Conservator* and a Whitman Fellowship paper (No. 10, first year) show, the latter a delightful account of a visit with two friends to Whitman's birthplace. It first appeared in the *Conservator,* November, 1894. Both it and Traubel's additional paper are of biographical value as supplementing Specimen Days.

Henry Childs Merwin draws a comparison (*Atlantic Monthly,* May, 1897) between Whitman and François Millet, who were both born of seacoast yeomen parents, and were both lovers of the day laborer. Mr. Wyatt Eaton, who personally knew both men, said that Millet reminded him of Walt Whitman, especially in his large and easy manner. In both he finds the undertone of sadness that all men have who live much with nature and by the sea.

About the time one instructor at Harvard was lecturing on "Whitman as a Religious Prophet," another, a Mr. Greene, was printing in the *New World* an incoherent piece of young America *fin de siècle* writing. This performance is entitled "A Satyr Aspires," the Satyr being the old Homeric bard of Camden. He starts out by saying that it is not necessary to read Whitman in order to understand him (!); yet he has tried to do so, and finds that W. W. discovered evil to be divine. "Recognizing this, the Satyr straightway concealed his cloven hoofs in philosophical shoes several sizes too large for him, and donned Hegelian spectacles." Mr. Greene's indorsement of the moral health and purpose of the Children of Adam poems is the sanest thing he writes.

A delightful and permanently valuable paper, containing Whitman's informal conversations with Herbert Gil-

christ (about the year 1876) is contributed to *Temple Bar,* February, 1898, by his sister, Grace Gilchrist. Dr. Bucke in Notes and Fragments, and Herbert in his notes, record W. W.'s De-Quincey-like habit of tearing leaves out of his books to read *al fresco.* Whitman said: "There is not enough *abandon* about the Bostonians. They are supercilious to everybody. There is Emerson, the only sweet one among them, and he has been spoilt by them. If I had to choose, were I looking about for a profession, I should choose that of a doctor. Oh, a doctor should be a superb fellow! He does not approach at present to what he should be." He would like, he said, to live the rest of his life in England, "though it would not do to say so to Americans," and believed the democratic life could be lived there even more than in America. He doubted whether supreme beauty was well for a woman. Consuelo was his favorite character in fiction.

In the April, 1897, *Conservator,* Edward Payson Jackson, of Boston, discusses eloquently the relation of Whitman's cosmopolitanism to his strong patriotism. In the May number, continuing, he asks why this patriotism of the poet did not excite at least one stinging philippic against his country's shame,—slavery. The editor asks him if he forgets "Blood Money" in Specimen Days, or "the divine-soul'd African, superbly destined," of Salut, § 11. He might have made his case stronger against Mr. Jackson (who was one of Walt Whitman's most ardent friends, be it known) by referring to Salut, § 12,—"You own'd persons dropping sweat drops and blood drops,"—or Song of Myself, §§ 6, 10, 19, 33, 40,—"the runaway slave came to my house," etc., "the heavy-lipped slave is invited," "on the right cheek of the cotton-field drudge I put the family kiss." Remember, too, the stinging irony

of A Boston Ballad, apropos of the rendition to slavery of Anthony Burns in 1854; read the Dough-Face Song and Wounded in the House of his Friends in Collect, pp. 339 and 373; then read the following lines (like all the preceding, written in Abolition days, when it cost something to avow such sentiments) :—

"Slavery, the tremulous spreading of the hands to shelter it, the stern opposition to it, which ceases only when it ceases."

This passage now reads as follows, in the latest edition :—

"Slavery,—the murderous, treacherous conspiracy to raise it upon the ruins of all the rest,
On and on to the grapple with it—Assassin! then your life or ours be the stake, and respite no more."

Would that Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, had so good an anti-slavery record as Whitman! And yet his immediate ancestors had been slaveholders on Long Island.

Walt Whitman's death called out hundreds of people to write of him, among others John Russell Young,—a long four-column article, breezy and fresh and reminiscential, in the Philadelphia *Evening Star,* Jan. 16, 1892. A paper in the *Atlantic Monthly,* June, 1892, by Horace E. Scudder, is cold-blooded and ineffectual, because making the mistake of judging the bard as an artist merely,—a proceeding much like estimating Isaiah as an artist alone. The Contributors' Club of the same number has a genial bit of W. W. reminiscence by a lady.

The files of *Poet-Lore,* a Boston magazine edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, contain many friendly pages on Whitman, not only by the editors, but

by contributors; *e.g.,* a scholarly and well-reasoned paper by Mrs. H. A. Michael, of Boston (June, 1897), on ideals of woman in Leaves of Grass. She finds some limitations in his noble ideal of the gentle sex,—nowhere does woman stand out in his writings in bold relief as the embodiment of great emotions. "Nowhere does she rise up as a form inspiratrice." Woman as comrade does not appear, she thinks. However this last may be (and I gravely doubt it), in real life Whitman's relation to Mrs. Gilchrist, *e.g.,* was the ideal comradely one, great soul to great soul. In *Poet-Lore,* February, 1895, appeared an important letter of W. W. to me apropos of his relations to Emerson. Same letter printed in my Reminiscences of Walt Whitman, p. 76.

In the magazine just mentioned, October, 1894, is a valuable article on Walt Whitman and Mürger by Horace L. Traubel. The original French of Henri Mürger's La Ballade du Désespéré (or The Midnight Visitor, as it is called), with the old literal and weak translation, and Whitman's vigorous condensed paraphrase in rhyme, all appear here. His own words *in extenso* on the subject of death are given, as well as those on this particular poem. The following is Whitman's version:—

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR

"Whose steps are those? Who comes so late?"
"Let me come in—the door unlock."
"'Tis midnight now—my lonely gate
I open to no stranger's knock.

"Who art thou? Speak!" "In me find *Fame;*
To immortality I lead."
"Pass, idle phantom of a name."
"Listen again, and now take heed.

"'Twas false—my names are *Song, Love, Art;*
My poet, *now* unbar the door."
"Art's dead—Song cannot touch my heart,
My once Love's name I chant no more."

"Open then, now—for see, I stand,
Riches my name, with endless gold,
Gold, and your wish in either hand."
"Too late—my *youth* you still withhold."

"Then, if it must be, since the door
Stands shut, my last true name to know,
Men call me *Death.* Delay no more;
I bring the cure of every woe."

The door flies wide. "Ah, guest so wan,
Forgive the poor place where I dwell,
An ice-cold hearth, a heart-sick man,
Stands here to welcome *thee* full well."

During the last years of Whitman this version went the rounds of the American newspapers, exciting everywhere a flood of eager questions as to its real author. Many thought it was W. W.'s own. The innumerable letters received caused Whitman to say that they were laurels for Mürger, the poem having elements of popularity. "Does Whitman read French?" the people asked; "is he a scholar?" Whereupon Walt said, "How [the devil] did a notion ever get current that I had gone into the translation business or had mastered languages?" He kept slips of the poem always by him to give away, and would recite it on any occasion when called on, or would read it at the end of his lectures. Once, dining at a friend's, he recited the piece in the middle of the meal, and asked, "What do you think of that?" and then resumed his knife and fork. Asked to read one of his own poems,

he would often read this instead. He said to Traubel, "I don't know my own poems—I can hardly recite one of them, or even any dozen set of lines."

In the Boston *Transcript,* Feb. 21, 1895 (Listener column), W. S. Kennedy discusses the ethics of Whitman as a tomb-builder,—a paper called out by criticisms of Whitman in the previous Listener paper by the editor of that column, who was a good friend of Leaves of Grass (Joseph E. Chamberlin), and by Miss Charlotte Porter, they thinking the building of a tomb for himself inconsistent with Whitman's alleged scorn of the mere body. They are reminded that the tomb in Harleigh Cemetery is a family tomb, not made merely for the poet himself, and that he further had a horror of body-snatchers (warned by the attempt on Emerson's grave). Why should not a man build his own death-house as well as his own life-house? People of all nations have always built their own family tombs: it is a man's private business only. As the central doctrine of Leaves of Grass is equal honor to the body and the soul, how is it inconsistent with that doctrine to give the body a decent resting-place?

William Winter, Edgar Fawcett, and Julian Hawthorne have distinguished themselves by the malignancy of their onslaughts on Whitman and his works. The author of Leaves of Grass wrote to me, "The editorial writers of the New York *Tribune*—Bayard Taylor, George Ripley, Whitelaw Reid and little Willy Winter—have been the most malignant and persistent enemies of W. W. and L. of G., from the beginning and throughout." Mr. Winter, in a speech at the Green Room Club, London, in 1888, cut the following comical little flourish: "Many persons in England have accepted and have ex-

tolled, even to the verge of extravagance, one of our authors—a very worthy man—for little or no better reason than because he has discarded all versification, and all prose as well, and furnished in their place an unmelodious catalogue of miscellaneous images, generally commonplace and sometimes unfragrant" (Boston *Transcript,* July 3, 1888).

As for the apostate Julian (Hawthorne) case, see *Conservator,* November and December, 1896. In the former the editor puts side by side Hawthorne's glowing eulogistic speech at the Camden birthday dinner and his contemptuous estimate of the poet in his text-book on American Literature, and asks him to please reconcile them. At the dinner Hawthorne spoke of Whitman's "breadth," and illustrated it: in the book he says, "He is not broad." At the dinner he said, "He is worthy of more than all the sympathy and honor that we contain": in the book he speaks of Whitman's "remarkable ignorance," and draws a picture of him as an eccentric crank and boor,—commonplace, imitative, grotesque, repulsive, egotistic, a man who will probably not last long. In the December *Conservator* Julian makes a lame defense, but is finely slashed and carbonadoed by Traubel, who remarks: "The average school-book is without color. Mr. Hawthorne's innovation does not consist in giving it color, but in submitting it to discoloration." Julian admits he wrote every word of the Hawthorne-Lemmon school-book, except some questions at the ends of the chapters. It was too bad to admit this: posterity might have thought Lemmon was the fool, and not he. His hideous travesty of Whitman is clearly the work of an intellectual monster, the moral and emotional scarcely evident in his make-up. As an explanation of his *volte-*

face, I would offer that remark of Whitman to him at the 1889 dinner,—recorded in *Poet-Lore,* March, 1889, by its editor, Charlotte Porter, who sat near and heard it,—"Julian, that [applause] was for your father." This was a crusher,—to be made a nonentity of, a mere "son of his father," and, while apparently rather *gauche* of Walt (who, however, had a way of penetrating masks), evidently was an unforgivable stab. Listen to some of Julian's opinions, written *after* the dinner:—

"Since he could not use the instruments that had sufficed for Homer, Shakspere and Tennyson, he bethought himself to decry these as effete and inadequate, and to bray forth his message upon a fog-horn. . . . So destitute was Whitman of the musical ear that he could not distinguish between the lofty harmonies of the Old Testament and that mixture of the double-shuffle and the limp, the stride and the breakdown, that he offers to us as the poetry of the future. . . . Instead of resonance, eloquence, and the irregular but sublime rhythm of nature—of the cataract, the sea, the wind in the boughs of the primeval forest—he gives us the slang of the street, the patois and pigeon-English of the frontier, and the bald vulgarity of the newspaper penny-a-liner. . . . He abandons all personal dignity and reserve, and sprawls incontinently before us in his own proper person. It is no wonder that an expedient so desperate should attract attention: so do the gambols of a bull in a china-shop."

As early as 1880 Edgar Fawcett had appeared in the *Californian* as a contester of Whitman's claims. In 1898 he wrote in *Collier's Weekly:* "On the north side he [Whitman] was bounded by Emerson, brilliant, if self-deluded; on the east by Carlyle, ranting and overrated; on the west by pampas and steppes and prairies

of egotism; and on the south by a colossal impertinence." (Like Alfred Austin is Fawcett, you perceive, in admitting *no* greatness in great men generally.) "From the view-point of letters," he goes on, "he is a cumbrous lumbering absurdity. Admiration for him is a certain evidence of intellectual or temperamental weakness. Emerson has achieved with the repose and dignity of an artist what Whitman has striven to achieve with the snorts of a hippopotamus." (Quoted in *Conservator*, January and April, 1898.) In the November number, 1895, he had written, judging and condemning Whitman on artistic grounds. He would eject him from the Muses' enclosure because of his wide flights beyond the bounds. "He snapped his fingers in the face of Clio," moans Mr. Fawcett,—"an insult which she never forgives. I can see her now, gathering with one great white arm the blind Milton to her breast, and with the other waving Whitman, and all such rebels as he, to deadly oblivion." But, my dear Fawcett, our Muses are no longer the elegant Greek girls of Helicon: rather think of them as the Saturnian goddesses of science and the macrocosm,—typed say, by Bartholdi's great statue of Liberty,—fresh-born out of the primal abysmic nature, extending a kindly hand to their now old and wizened sisters on their little Heliconian mount, beside their spring, but themselves World Muses, throned on the clouds, dwelling on the dread summits of the Alps, Andes, Anahuacs, Himalayas, or glimpsed in the prismatic splendors of the falls of the Congo, the Yosemite, resounding Niagara. Of these new Muses, Walt Whitman, and all as great as he, are the willing followers.

To close this review of a remarkable literary warfare over a book, it only remains now to return to the point

where we dropped the thread in our review of books and pamphlets and bring the account of them down to date.

One might mention Moncure D. Conway's Life of Thomas Paine (1892), vol. ii, p. 422, giving Walt's talk on Paine, friends of whom he knew in his youth; or the study of Whitman by William Clarke, of London (1892, Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), a solid but rather dull monograph (in form of a bound volume). Have I spoken of Professor Oscar L. Triggs's studies of Whitman?—extremely searching and thorough analysis. They appeared in the *Conservator,* August, 1897, and September and October, 1898. In Professor Triggs's study of Browning and Whitman (London and New York, 1893) he had not yet made a thorough study of the Good Gray Poet, but his comparison of the two is in parts suggestive.

A few weeks after Walt's death in 1892 Horace Traubel issued a little memorial brochure, At the Graveside of Walt Whitman, containing the speeches at the tomb by Ingersoll, Bucke, and Brinton, poem by Stedman, letters sent by Tennyson, Symonds, Schmidt, etc. It is a worthy death-memento, full of tenderest emotion.

Of the big volume In Re Walt Whitman (Philadelphia, 1893) not so much good can be said. There is too much of it: its thirty articles, including Symonds's long poem, Love and Death, sorely tried the patience of the indifferent public. Even the Whitmaniac finds rather grewsome its horrible verbatim report of the autopsy, the physicians' note-books, the long prosy translated articles, and, above all, the repellent personal egotism of the old, broken-down, dying bard himself. To the anti-

Whitmanite it is very much like this: "Gentlemen, walk up and view the greatest poet on earth. We've captured him here in Philadelphia. We'll give you his dimensions in inches, cut him open and show his anatomy; and we've got a phonographic report of his talk. We show the whole animal, gentlemen." But the good thing about the volume is its sincerity, its sticking to the facts. The unique symposium, held at Whitman's own supper-table the year before he died, is reported verbatim,—a sort of Phædo, or Last Supper, at which the old philosopher, easily first, carries it off bravely and gaily. The stenographic report of this celebration is the most curious thing of the kind in the world. Luther's table-talk and Goethe's and the Socratic dialogues are stilted and unreal to this. The kinetophonographic realism of it shocks one at first. Whitman's talk seems horribly egotistic, slangy, and vulgar; but I know well by experience it did not seem so as heard. His magnetic personality gave it distinction. The volume contains two first-rate conversational articles by Walt's brother George and by Sidney Morse. A few quotations from the first follow:—

"Walt began to get gray about thirty. I should say he always wore a beard. I never remember his shaving. . . . Walt did not always dress in this present style. He was rather stylish when young. He started in with his new notions somewhere in 1850 and 1855. . . . We knew [in 1855] he was printing the book [Leaves of Grass]. I was about twenty-five then. I saw the book—didn't read it at all, didn't think it worth reading—fingered it a little. Mother thought as I did. . . . Mother said that if Hiawatha was poetry, perhaps Walt's was[!] . . . Walt always paid his board [at home]. If he had fifty dollars he would give us

thirty, even more. . . . [He] had very few books. . . . But he spent a good many hours in the libraries of New York."

In the summer of 1887 Whitman was being "sculped" by Morse and painted by Gilchrist, he giving them sittings in Camden together. Morse says that W. W. asked him to make sometime a bas-relief of the Good Gray Poet in the war hospital,—a capital idea; strange that no artist has yet done it, though of course it will be done. One of the best things in Morse's jottings is his account of Whitman's reading of The Mystic Trumpeter and The Singer in the Prison. The singer in the prison was, he thinks, Parepa Rosa, and the prison was a convict penitentiary in New York State (Whitman was present at that singing). As he began his recitation of The Mystic Trumpeter with the word "Hark!" the sculptor, off his guard, turned to listen for some one coming. As if answering his gesture, the reciter went on in low realistic tones, "Some wild trumpeter, some strange musician," etc. When all was done (they were in an extemporized studio in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia), an unsuspected group of a dozen young fellows from Oil City startled them by loud clapping in the hall. They were invited in by the reader, and courteously treated.

Ignorance of or disregard of the polite conventions on his part led to considerable swearing, and amusement too, among those to whom that eccentric darling of *fin-de-siècle-ism,* Sadikichi Hartmann, a young German-Japanese, made himself known some years ago. In 1887 he got himself and Whitman and several of us here in Boston into hot water in his attempts to found a Walt Whitman Society for the purpose chiefly of raising funds for the poet. He issued his circular, having himself

appointed its officers without consulting them! His next exploit was to print in the New York papers conversations with Whitman, in which living American literati were heavily scored by W. W. In 1895 Sadikichi published these things in book form (E. P. Coby & Co., New York), the volume having an atrocious cut on the paper cover, showing Sadikichi and W. W. conversing. The conversations are not wholly worthless, and I believe them to be genuine (they sound very Whitmanesque), although Whitman was driven in desperation to prevaricate about them, as he had been in the case of the society formed by the "damned Japanee," as he called Sadikichi. Walt wrote to me October, 1887: "I should not wish any such item as that about my alleged opinion of Stedman to be printed. I have no such opinion. My feeling toward S. is one of good will and thanks markedly." Later Walt more roundly denied the authenticity of these conversations, which are not of much, if any, importance, anyway.

Mr. John Vance Cheney, who has written excellent lyric verse, has also written himself down in a critique on the Good Gray Poet, which would be very witty if it were not mere bathos and buffo-cellar burlesque. His deliverance is printed in a volume of his called That Dome in Air: Thoughts on Poetry and the Poets (Chicago, 1895). He makes the usual blunder of judging Whitman as a mere artist.

"We needed a brick in literature, and Walt stepped in with slouch hat and hand on hip. Bravo Walt! We surmised that the bookworm, the dude, the prude, the whole finikin family, would catch it; and they have. . . . Only the ostrich-mawed can swallow Whitman's heroic potions. . . . Jabber

of Caliban, belch of chaos, . . . cavorting of Muybridge's horses. . . . With one Sullivanic punch he can floor a dozen mincing élèves. . . . No nibbling at Leaves of Grass; we must fall to ox-fashion, . . . It is tough fodder. . . . The finikin family find it a fact in their favor that the highest encomium on our 'Kosmos' has come from the superintendent of a lunatic asylum."

In his Literary Shrines: The Haunts of Some Famous American Authors, Theodore F. Wolfe, M. D. (Philadelphia, 1895), devotes a chapter (facty and genuine) to Walt W. "I don't know why they call him Socrates," said a Camden tradesman to Mr. Wolfe; "but I do know he never passes me without a friendly nod and a word of greeting that warms me all through."

Besides John Burroughs's Study of Walt Whitman, the autumn of 1896 saw the publication in New York of Tom Donaldson's Walt Whitman, the Man. It has a value as the record of certain outward items and incidents; but is on the whole about such a view as a great man's butler might take of him. It throws more light on Donaldson than on Whitman, and, as Professor Triggs says, "Mr. Donaldson can easily be proved untrustworthy in a hundred points. He was apparently always out of focus, and never saw Whitman, the man, at all." But this wrong perspective will mislead no one who reads Whitman. Donaldson admired Whitman because, being a curio-collector, he found him the biggest curio (as he thought) in his collection; but what he stood for in the universe he had not the remotest idea. The book is richly furnished with portraits and with facsimiles of Whitman's and Tennyson's autographs,

several long letters of the latter being given. It was reprinted in England by Gay & Bird.

Subscription copies of my own book on W. W., Reminiscences of Walt Whitman (Paisley, Scotland, Alexander Gardner, 1896), a large part of which had been read and the personal data authenticated by Whitman himself several years before he died, reached this country in August, 1896, several months before the appearance of the books of Burroughs and Donaldson (both of these gentlemen being subscribers to mine). An American edition, about one hundred copies, I believe, new cover and title-page, by David McKay, of Philadelphia, appeared in February, 1897. The book takes up the story of W. W.'s life where Dr. Bucke dropped it, and with the doctor's volume forms a complete life of its subject down to his death on March 26, 1892. The latter half of the work is devoted to an analysis of Leaves of Grass and to its style and literary history. There are Whitmanesque motto-verses by the author on the fly-leaf, and in the preface extracts from letters of John Addington Symonds. The English edition has long been out of print. I never received a cent for it from the Scotchman who published it. (Convey the wise it call.) Nor even any contract sent to me. The volume has been cheerfully and copiously pilfered from on the sly by all American writers of books on W. W. Continental writers in Europe use it fairly and honestly.

The next year, 1897, William Norman Guthrie published a chapter on the Good Gray Poet in his Modern Poet-Prophets (Cincinnati, the Robert Clark Company). This was in the same year issued separately by same publishers as a 150-page brochure entitled Walt Whit-

man, the Camden Sage, as Religious and Moral Teacher: A Study. It is rather chaotic and crude in form, but of vigorous and manly tone. Guthrie was seven or eight years before a violent hater of Whitman. With admirable courage and frankness he gives in an appendix the ranting attack he made on him in 1890 in the *University of the South Magazine*. He is now, as he says, not afraid to own "his whole-hearted loyalty" to him, and his 1897 volume is his palinode. Further studies of Whitman's style and metres will be found in the *Conservator*, April, May, and June, 1898.

Edward Carpenter in his Angel's Wings, 1898 (essays on art and democracy), has a chapter on Whitman. T. W. Higginson has a hostile chapter on him in his Contemporaries, Boston, 1899. Elizabeth Porter Gould in 1900 published a volume on Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman.* In the American Bookman (New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1898) M. A. DeWolfe Howe in a chapter on W. W. quotes the interesting opinion of Lord Houghton on the poet of democracy. Mr. Howe has picked out the slouchy loaferish early portraits of W. W., and gives various facsimiles.

I should not omit to mention that the great collections and biographical dictionaries give ample space to W. W., such as the Charles Dudley Warner Library of the World's Best Literature, vol. 27, 1898 (25 pp. of extracts, with essay by Burroughs on W. W.); Apple-

* The Whitman executors refused to allow her, she told me, the use of Mrs. Gilchrist's letters to Whitman. I read these one day in John Burroughs's arbor overlooking the Hudson, and testify to their delicacy in so deciding. The letters are too intimate, and will not be published at all, let us hope, for a coarse-feeling world. *Later:* they unblushingly were.

ton's Dictionary of American Biography, Allibone's Dictionary of Authors (Supplement), etc.

Helena Born wrote and spoke much on Whitman. Her essays were published after her death in Boston, Mass., edited by Helen Tufts (The Everett Press, 1902).

In 1902 appeared: Walt Whitman's Poetry: A Study, by Edmond G. A. Holmes, London, Lane, 132 pp.

J. T. Trowbridge's account of his personal association with Walt and O'Connor and Secretary Chase in Washington in Civil War times (My Own Story, Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1903, chap. xii) proved to be quite new and of considerable interest. With what he says on Whitman's indebtedness to Emerson compare my Reminiscences of Walt Whitman, pp. 74-83, and Bazalgette's Whitman, Part III, § 4. See also Emory Holloway's book, Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman.

A good fact article, Walt Whitman as an Editor, by Charles M. Skinner, appeared in *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1903. It tells of Walt's brief editorial connection with the Brooklyn *Times*, giving specimens of his editorial notes. His old editorial desk is now gone, says Skinner.

In 1904 there appeared in the little Beacon Biography Series of Boston (edited by DeWolfe Howe) Isaac Hull Platt's study of Whitman, an excellent and compact summary and popular introduction to the man and his work, with a fine and delicately reproduced portrait and a chronology. Dr. Platt was one of the most indefatigable public defenders of W. W. No Apache, however obscure and furtive, need think to take the war-

path for the bard's scalp and not meet Platt out gunning for him and raising the view-halloo.

Walt Whitman: Seer, is a brief study by Henry Wallace, London, Walter Scott, 1904.

In *Poet-Lore* for 1905 (No. 2, p. 61 *ff.*) Amelia von Ende compares the German poet Arno Holtz with Whitman. The resemblance is chiefly in the unconventionalism of form in each. Holtz is merely a poet's poet. He says of Whitman: "I shall never write the name 'Whitman' without taking off my hat to this American. [Do they write with their hats on in Germany?] He is one of the names dearest to me in the literature of the world."

Talks in a Library, by Lawrence Hutton, New York, Putnams, 1905. The caliber of this man may be known by his admission (p. 224) that he had for years possessed Whitman's works, but had never read them. The fellow evidently regarded him, as many did, as a curio. Yet he had Walt's hands in his collection of casts of the hands of famous men. Walt powerfully impressed him with his magnetic personality and "wonderful physical beauty" (p. 215).

In 1905, too, appeared in London (Methuen) Henry Bryan Binns's Life of Whitman. See review by Joseph Aynard in *Demain,* Lyons, France. Binns's Life is excellent for beyond-sea readers. It is richly illustrated with portraits. German translation by Johannes Schlaf.

A book that excited, in many newspapers, much protest from Whitmanites was Bliss Perry's Walt Whitman (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1906; new edition, 1906, with portraits and facsimiles). It is a pretty

good study for one who did not know W. W. personally, but is written with an eye on Mrs. Grundy and has a concealed hostile animus. I reviewed it in *Conservator,* February, 1907, remarking that it is a good stiff piece of book-making; shrewd, the fruit of much hard work, not hastily sharked up for the market. The great mass of Whitman literature is skilfully condensed (with some big lacunæ), and considerable new material interweaved. The ostensible marks of the veteran hand in the volume have led superficial readers, however, into jumping to the conclusion that Perry's book is the great book on Whitman. It is nothing of the kind. The author had too many disqualifications for his task. He lives in the stuffy air of libraries and the class-room. He is a spokesman of the genteel, conforming, half-baked middle class,—the fugleman of cambric-tea society, whose mediocrity is always much distressed by the apotheosis of genius.

For a typical specimen of many favorable reviews of Perry, see *Christian Register,* Boston, Dec. 27, 1906. In the March, 1907, *Conservator* I acquit Perry of disingenuousness in his book as to Warren's Lily and the Bee. The opening of the guns of the *Conservator* against Perry is first heard in November, 1906 (Traubel and Platt). Fire continued April, 1907 (Margaret Lacey and I. H. Platt); May (Louise C. Willcox); October and November, 1907 (Platt); in April, 1908, number Platt vigorously and cheerfully demolishes Perry, and pulls off his genial mask.

Mr. Charles A. Ames's discovery, imparted to Perry, of a Whitmanesque tinge in Warren's Lily and the Bee (Crystal-Palace-Exposition poem of 1851) is interesting. The resemblance extends only to two or three pas-

sages, but the apparent indebtedness of W. W. to it is helped out by the fact that some editions of the Lily and the Bee have the huge hanging-indention prose-like lines of Leaves of Grass, which I had always thought were original with Walt. It is solely in Whitman's weak Song of the Exposition (Walt told me once, however, that he "stood by it") that the parallelism can be seen, and in a few lines only. Warren's poem is ridiculous rot.

In 1905 New Zealand contributed a book styled Walt Whitman and Leaves of Grass: An Introduction, by W. H. Trimble (London, Watts & Co.). Mr. Trimble and his wife, Annie E. Trimble, accomplished the arduous four years' task of making a Whitman concordance, and a copy was deposited (1909) with Horace Traubel and Isaac Hull Platt in the United States of America. The story of its making is told by both Mr. and Mrs. Trimble, respectively, in breezy *causerie* style in the *Atlantic Monthly,* September, 1909, and in the *Conservator,* November, 1909. See also *Conservator,* April, 1907. Trimble says the concordance contains 13,447 words, of which 6,978 are hapax legomena (once used only). This is an astonishing fact, when one knows that Shakspere himself only used 7,538 hapax legomena words. I counted them by adding the figures for each play in the Irving Shakspere. Of course the fact that Whitman has nearly as many once used words as Shakspere does not make him as great an artist as that genius, but it shows him as a wonderfully industrious student and hiver-up of words and phrases.

Other references to foreign translations and recognition of W. W., besides those noticed in this section,

will be found in the Bibliography (Part III) and in Appendix I (near end). I am indebted to M. Léon Bazalgette for reference to an essay on Walt by M. Émile Blémont in his volume Beautés Étrangères, Paris, Lemerre, 1904 (first published in *La Renaissance Artistique et Littéraire,* July, 1872).

In 1906, Macmillan & Co. reprinted in book form Edward Carpenter's live personal notes on W. W. made some twenty-five and thirty-two years before during two visits by Carpenter to this country.

In 1906 Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston issued the first of a set of volumes by Horace Traubel, forming a record of his conversations with W. W., and entitled With Walt Whitman in Camden (containing, by the way, portraits of Dowden and Rudolf Schmidt). The second volume was published by D. Appleton & Co. in 1908. The first two volumes took immediate rank as classics on a par with Boswell's Johnson. Portions were first published in the *Century* and other magazines, as advance-sheet fliers. The work is much damaged by being too voluminous and too full of trivialities, but we should be profoundly grateful for it.

Traubel says he has left his record as it was originally written. Perhaps he has, but the personal bias appears in certain omissions, at any rate. Take one for an example: Traubel is a "Bakespearean." Now on page 240 of Volume I he omits a sensation-causing remark I addressed to Walt on the Baconian question during the evening conversation described. I told Walt he himself was a proof that a man of little scholarship could do great things, as Shakspeare did. Walt was nettled and embarrassed, as he showed by his reply,—"I

know you only want to draw me out." Nothing of all this appears in the otherwise complete report by Traubel. Ex pede Herculem. In common with John Burroughs I also profoundly doubt all the profanity attributed to Whitman in these conversations. Dr. Bucke and I never heard him swear in our lives (see Bucke's Whitman, p. 69). It is evident that the swearing is almost all Traubel's own. He himself swore in conversation habitually, as I know by hearing him. I do a good deal of swearing myself. But Walt was not a "tempery" man, and so had not often occasion for strong language.

See appreciations and critiques of Traubel's volumes in *Conservator,* July, September, October, December, 1908; January, 1909 (by Yone Noguchi, a Japanese).

For account of Léon Bazalgette's translations of Whitman into French see further back in this Part I.

In the *Nuova Antologia* (Rome) for June 16, 1908, the megalomaniac Giovanni Papini of Florence, an ardent Italian Whitmanite, appears with a weighty fifteen-page review of Luigi Gamberale's complete translation into Italian of Leaves of Grass, or Foglie di Erba, (Palermo, R. Sandron, 1908). Papini introduces his paper by a confession of faith in the form of a bit of personal history, telling how he first read our American bard in two little volumes of a cheap Biblioteca Universale (costing only five cents each), in which Gamberale years previous first published a part of his translations out of Leaves of Grass. This was before Papini was twenty, and he read and reread them with huge delight. Later he learned to read in English the poet (*il buon falciatore di foglie di erba,* as he prettily calls him). He finds Gamberale's version is by no means perfect, but "decent and read-

able." He calls Whitman a poet of the whole world, and thinks his too polished fellow-countrymen need the barbaric gold of his style and his cosmic breadth and *al fresco* strength.

George Rice Carpenter's Walt Whitman (1909) in Macmillan's English Men of Letters series is perhaps the best single biographical study of Whitman yet made,—sympathetic, yet temperate and judicial in tone, just what such a piece of work should be. Well reviewed by Traubel in *Conservator,* February, 1909.

ADDENDA TO PART I
(Not chronological)

William D. O'Connor's wife (now Mrs. Ellen M. Calder) gives some personal reminiscences of W. W. in the *Atlantic Monthly,* vol. 99, pp. 825*ff.*, and William Winter in Other Days (1906) and a succeeding volume delivers some Liliputian kicks at the giant's shins, precisely in his old style.

Two essays, Walt Whitman, the Man and the Poet, by James Thompson ("B-V") appeared in 1910 in London, with introduction by Bertram Dobell (and published by Dobell).

Portraits d'Hier (15 Sept., 1910) is a pamphlet on Whitman by Henri Guilbeaux, with portraits. I am indebted to M. Léon Bazalgette for a copy.

In the *Bookman,* January, 1911, a Russian writer and expatriate (Ivan Narodny) says: "For some three or four years Gorky and Walt Whitman were the objects of a literary cult in Russia. Their books were to

be seen on tables in private houses and in clubs, and their portraits were placed, like holy pictures, in places of honor in bookstores and in public halls."

A note on W. W.'s prosody (exceedingly keen and penetrating) appeared in the Journal of English and German Philosophy, vii, pp. 134-153 (quoted in the *Conservator,* September, 1910).

Whitman, the Poet-Liberator of Women, by Mabel McCoy Irwin (New York, 1905), is published by the author.

Elizabeth Leavitt Keller was Whitman's last nurse, and is a writer about him. *Putnam's Magazine,* June, 1909, has an article by her, Walt Whitman: The Last Phase. A lock of the bard's hair was procured from her and framed in oak, with an autograph check by him, and portrait (Powers Collection Cat., p. 125). She sued the Whitman estate, I understand, but Mr. Harned repudiated her claims.

Truman H. Bartlett (*Conservator,* March, 1912) chats about W. W.'s visit to Boston in 1881. Tells of visit to Longfellow, and how Whitman warmly defended John Brown against the milk-and-water talk about him by Longfellow.

Among other more recent writings on Whitman I note an essay by Mila Tupper Maynard, Chicago, Charles H. Kerr, 1903; An Approach to Walt Whitman, by Carleton Noyes, of Cambridge, Mass., published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910; a paper, Walt Whitman and the Germans, published in Philadelphia, 1906, by Richard Riethmüller, Ph.D., who promises other works on the poet; an essay by Richard H. Titherington, 1896;

an essay by Annie E. Trimble (Melbourne, 1911) on Mental Science and Walt Whitman (W. H. Trimble's Introduction has already been noticed); John Christie (Auckland, New Zealand, Bowring & Lusker, 1892) tries his hand on W. W.; Andrew McPhail writes of Whitman in his Essays in Puritanism (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); Bernard O'Dowd, of Melbourne, New Zealand, has published several lectures on Walt; R. Dimsdale Stocker in his Personal Ideals (London, L. W. Fowler & Co., 1909) writes on the Song of Myself; so does Leslie A. Toke, in Prophets of the Century (London, Ward, Locke & Co., 1908).

In the *North American Review* for September, 1919, appeared a superb article on Anne Gilchrist and Whitman by Edith Wyatt, with fine psychic analysis of the relation between these two remarkable persons. Everything is shown to have been finally harmonious and to have had a happy ending.

In his little volume "Four Americans—Roosevelt, Hawthorne, Emerson, Whitman" (New Haven, 1920), Prof. Henry A. Beers, semi-contemptuously relegates Whitman, by far the greatest of the four men, to four or five pages at the end of the book of ninety pages. Whitman and the academic Beers were temperamentally antagonistic. A single glance of Walt's penetrating and terrible eyes would probably have chilled the sensitive and delicate Beers to the marrow. It would have been like a plunge into the water of the ocean in winter. He is mistaken in saying that Whitman had not a particle of humor; he shows by that remark that he is not well read in Whitmaniana, and especially seems ignorant of

the "With Walt Whitman in Camden" books, and with Dr. Bucke's biography.

What is true of Professor Beers is true in the main of his confrere Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps of Yale, in a volume of essays on American authors published in 1924 by the Macmillans, though he admits that "Whitman was undoubtedly a great poet." Neither Beers nor Phelps shines in an attempt to wield the mighty blade required of one who would assail a giant like Whitman. They used a Davidean sling, but failed to hit the mark even with that.

ANECDOTAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

I have in my portfolio some interesting anecdotes and miscellaneous items about this poet which may as well appear in this place as anywhere. Here is a group of brief notes by early friends, some of them Pfaffians (compare my Whitman, pp. 69 and 70) :—

William Dean Howells writes thus of seeing Walt at Pfaff's in the autumn of 1860: "Whitman was often at Pfaff's, and the night of my visit he was the chief fact of my experience. I did not know he was there till I was on my way out, for he did not sit at the table under the pavement, but at the head of one farther in the room. There, as I passed, some friendly fellow stopped me and named me to him, and I remember how he leaned back in his chair, and reached out his great hand to me, as if he were going to give it to me for good and all. He had a fine head, with a cloud of Jovian hair upon it, and a branching beard and mustache, and gentle eyes that looked most kindly into mine, and seemed to wish the liking which I instantly gave him, though we

hardly passed a word, and our acquaintance was summed up in that glance and the grasp of his mighty fist upon my hand." (Clipping from the *Conservator.*) The gentle Howells afterwards met Whitman at the Hawthorne Rooms in Boston, in 1881. He says he always liked his prose better than his poems.

In *Harper's Monthly,* February, 1888, pp. 478, 479, Mr. Howells draws a comparison between W. W. and Tolstoi (answered in foolish and frothy style by Maurice Thompson in *Independent,* March 8). Tolstoi, by the way, read Walt Whitman, but was puzzled by him, he says.

Joaquin Miller, in a volume issued in 1898, says he was with W. W. once on the top of a Broadway omnibus when Whitman began writing on the edge of a newspaper, and kept it up for half an hour, "although his elbow was almost continually tangled up with that of the driver."

The actor James A. Herne wrote in 1899: "I have been an ardent appreciator of Walt Whitman since the first edition of Leaves of Grass was published. I read the ignorant criticisms of the book and of the attempts to suppress it. I bought it and brought it home. It is a proud memory with me that I so introduced Whitman into our little library."

Theodore Tilton, who was a Brooklyn fellow-townsman of Whitman, says he had frequent rambles with him. "Whitman never wanted to go to bed. He enjoyed, with Olympian relish, an owlish hobnob over a mug of beer."

Mr. W. H. Hutton said in a speech in 1898: "Many editors have been on the *Eagle* since I have been here,

but I well remember Walt Whitman, who always called for me to go and take a bath with him. He used to go to Graves's bath, where the Fulton Ferry now is. Every day we went there together. He was a very methodical man, and could not be hurried in anything he set out to do. He would come in early in the morning, write an editorial and put in every dot he wanted in it. When he had finished with his editorial, he would take a walk while it was being set up. He had a marvelous memory, and when he returned and looked over his copy, if any man had put one single dot where he had not placed it or left one out, he would hunt the man out and make him change it as it had been given to him. He was very eccentric, but interesting and a good friend." (*Conservator,* September, 1898.)

Lincoln and Walt Whitman

From Henry Bascom Rankin's Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, New York, 1916 (pp. 124-127)

While I knew Lincoln in office life then, every new book that appeared on the table had his attention, and was taken up by him on entering to glance through more or less thoroughly. I can say the same of the books in Bateman's office adjoining the law office [in Springfield]. Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, then just published, I recall as one of the few new books of poetry that interested him, and which, after reading aloud a dozen or more pages in his amusing way, he took home with him. He brought it back the next morning, laying it on Bateman's table and remarking in a grim way that he had "barely saved it from being purified in fire by the women."

Readers of this day hardly comprehend the shock Whitman's first book gave the public. Lincoln, from the first, appreciated Whitman's peculiar poetic genius, but he lamented his rude coarse naturalness. [I doubt this. See further on.] It may be worth while to relate the office scene when Lincoln first read Whitman's poetry. It was exceptional for Lincoln to read aloud in the office anything but a newspaper extract. Only books that had a peculiar and unusual charm for him in their ideas, or form of expression, tempted him to read aloud while in the office [Herndon says that Lincoln never read any other way than aloud in the office, greatly to Herndon's annoyance],—and this only when the office family alone were present. It was quite usual and expected by us at such times, when he would become absorbed in reading some favorite author, as Burns's poems, or one of Shakespeare's plays, for him to begin reading aloud, if some choice character or principle had appealed to him, and he would then continue on to the end of the act, and sometimes to the end of the play or poem.

When Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass was first published [he must refer to the 2d edition, for he was only in the Herndon-Lincoln office from 1856 to 1860, and the 1st edition came out in 1855], it was placed on the office table by Herndon. It had been read by several of us, and, one day, discussions hot and extreme had sprung up between office students and Mr. Herndon concerning its poetic merit, in which Dr. Bateman engaged with us, having entered from his adjoining office. Later, quite a surprise occurred when we found that the Whitman poetry and our discussions had been engaging Lincoln's silent attention. After the rest of us had finished our

criticism of some peculiar verses and of Whitman in general, as well as of each other's literary taste and morals in particular, and had resumed our usual duties or had departed, Lincoln, who during the criticisms had been apparently in the unapproachable depths of one of his glum moods of meditative silence, took up Leaves of Grass for his first reading of it. After half an hour or more devoted to it he turned back to the first pages, and, to our general surprise, began to read aloud. Other office work was discontinued by us all while he read with sympathetic emphasis verse after verse. His rendering revealed a charm of new life in Whitman's versification. Save for a few comments on some broad allusions that Lincoln suggested could have been veiled, or left out, he commended the new poet's verses for their virility, freshness, unconventional sentiments, and unique forms of expression, and claimed that Whitman gave promise of a new school of poetry.

At his request the book was left by Herndon on the office table. Time and again when Lincoln came in, or was leaving, he would pick it up as if to glance at it for only a moment, but instead he would often settle down in a chair and never stop without reading aloud such verses or pages as he fancied. His estimate of the poetry differed from any brought out in the office discussions. He foretold correctly the place the future would assign to Whitman's poems, and that Leaves of Grass would be followed by other and greater work.

Here ends the Rankin account.

Put the above with the often-quoted saying of Lincoln on Whitman, recorded by William D. O'Connor in his Good Gray Poet, how that Lincoln looking out of

an East Room window of the White House, and seeing Whitman slowly passing, said, "Well! HE looks like *a man*"—and you have about all that is known of the relation of the two men to each other. But it is enough.

Although Walt was a typesetter, his Leaves of Grass is rather peculiar in punctuation, and his omnipresent dashes would make the modern punctuator gasp. Yet it is all clear and consistent. He is very arbitrary in the omission of the *e* in the final *ed* of past participles, a device not adopted by him in the first three editions of Leaves of Grass. His omission of commas by the wholesale one gets to liking: it seems better to weld his thought. In his manuscripts he gave directions to the printer for such minute niceties in typography as would pass unnoticed by any one not a printer. In the manuscript of the piece called Of That Blithe Throat of Thine, published in *Harper's Monthly,* January, 1885 (given to me by Whitman, but stolen by a —— Scotch publisher of Glasgow), he gives directions for "a wider space than usual between the words 'thine' and 'from' in the first line," *—

"Of that blithe throat of thine from arctic bleak and blank,"

and in the magazine it so appears. To his delicate typographical sense a comma between the words would have been an interruption and slight marring of the thought.

Robert Buchanan dedicates to Whitman his poem White Rose and Red. Bohn's volume Poets of America has a frontispiece portrait of Walt and is dedicated to him, and Rossetti and R. M. Bucke dedicate each a volume to the American bard.

*Herbert Spencer has this device in the English edition of his First Principles (1862).

PARODIES

The author of Leaves of Grass has been much parodied. Burlesques of this kind appeared as early as 1860 in the *Saturday Press* (New York),—Yourn and Mine and Any Day and The Song of Dandelions (June 9). Richard Grant White has in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1883, what purports to be a parody, but is really an insulting caricature and venomous libel. Another by him appears in the Boston *Literary World,* June 28, 1884. Samuel J. Barrows (inimical to W. W.), in a parody in the *Christian Register,* August 12, 1886, needed to bring his Whitman lore up to date. The six pages of "lists" he complained of had long been rejected from the later editions of Leaves of Grass when he wrote. Moncure Conway says Whitman was parodied in England as early as 1867, *e.g.*—

"O three-legged stool! O towel, basin, pewter mug!
If I adore anything it is you, O coal-scuttle!" etc.

In the *Century* for November, 1882, pp. 157-159, appeared a parody of Whitman by Helen Gray Cone, a writer of verse of the current euphuistic, moon-baying sort. The infusion of wilful detraction and spite spoils the fun of this rather smart piece of literary bric-à-brac. It is entitled Narcissus in Camden, and is republished in its author's volume of poems. The persons of the dialogue are Paumanokides (Whitman) and Narcissus (Oscar Wilde).

By far the most amusing parody of Whitman I have seen is that of H. C. Bunner, in his Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere, pp. 69-72:—

"The mechanic's dark little third-story room, seen in a flash from the Elevated Railway train; the sewing-machine

in a corner; the small cook-stove; the whole family eating cabbage around a kerosene lamp; of the clatter and roar and groaning wail of the Elevated train unconscious; of the smell of the cabbage unconscious. . . .

"The French flat. . . .

The janitor and cook exchanging compliments up and down the elevator-shaft; the refusal to send up more coal, the solid splash of the water upon his head, the language he sends up the shaft, the triumphant laughter of the cook, to her kitchen retiring. . . .

"The best room of the house, on the Sabbath day only open'd; the smell of horse-hair furniture and mahogany varnish; the ornaments on the what-not in the corner; the wax fruit, dusty, sunken, sagged in, consumptive-looking, under a glass globe; the sealing wax imitation of coral; the cigar boxes with shells plastered over; the perforated cardboard motto."

In Walter Hamilton's Parodies (London, 1888, vol. v, pp. 256-262) appear extracts from about a dozen Whitman parodies, including one by Bayard Taylor. See also Lyra Bicyclica (Boston, 1885). In a Boston doggerel ballad of 1861, called The Ballad of the Abolition Blunder-buss (copy in Harvard College Library), Emerson is depicted by the artist riding an old crowbait of a Pegasus. "Pegasus is indulging in 'Leaves of Grass' by Walt Whitman."

Henry S. Saunders edited in 1923 a collection of parodies on Whitman (1857-1921), with a preface by Christopher Morley.

I think it was in a bundle of papers sent me by W. D. O'Connor that I found a curious circular letter sent to "Monsieur Whitman, aux soins de R. Gilder, Esq., éditeur de la Century Review," etc. It is nothing less

than the prospectus of a "Société Française des Amis de Rabelais,"—said society to hold an annual convention at Tours or Chinon, each session to be terminated by "un banquet pantagruélique." The general object of the society to increase interest in the study of "notre grand satirique." What affinity these Frenchmen imagined our religious prophet and preacher of purity had for Rabelais it is hard to conjecture.

On the 7th of June, 1886, Bangs & Co. of New York City sold by auction an autograph letter of Walt Whitman for $80. It was a single page, dated Camden, 1885, and was "supposed to derive its chief value from its references to the bibliography of Leaves of Grass." (*Critic*, July 3, 1886.)

Whitman's appeal to the ideal in man was responded to by confessions of him before men in the form of lectures delivered early in the '70's, at least. Professor Dowden records an address given in that decade by Professor Tyrrel, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin, and characterized by "strong, though discriminating admiration." I lectured on Whitman in Cambridge, Mass., in 1881. In the autumn of 1885 Ernest Rhys lectured on Walt, both in England and in America, a dozen times or more,—Concord and Boston, Mass., New York City, and Islington, London; while in the season of 1887-88 lectures were delivered by Mrs. A. K. Spaulding, of East Boston, Mass., and by A. Q. Keasby, then the leading lawyer of the Newark (New Jersey) bar. In the last decade of Whitman's life, and after, lectures about him were and have been extremely numerous.

The salutation of parting—"So long!"—was, I believe, until recent years, unintelligible to the majority of persons in America, especially in the interior, and to members of the middle and professional classes. I had never heard of it until I read it in Leaves of Grass, but since then have quite often heard it used by the laboring class and other classes in New England cities. Walt wrote to me, defining "so long" thus: "A salutation of departure, greatly used among sailors, sports, and prostitutes. The sense of it is 'Till we meet again,'—conveying an inference that somehow they will doubtless so meet, sooner or later." This is interesting as comment on his use of the phrase in his Songs of Parting, conveying an intimation of his belief in personal immortality. The phrase is said by the etymologists to be probably a corruption by sailors of the Oriental "Salaam" ("saluting," "wishing you peace"). It is evidently about equivalent to our "See you later." The phrase is reported as used by farm laborers near Banff, Scotland. In Canada it is frequently heard, "and its use is not entirely confined to the vulgar." It is in common use among the working classes of Liverpool and among sailors at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and in Dorsetshire. Compare American *Notes and Queries,* ii, p. 48, and iii, p. 210. The London *Globe* suggests that the expression is derived from the Norwegian "Saa laenge," a common form of "farewell," *au revoir.* If so, the phrase was picked up from the Norwegians in America, where "So long" first was heard. The expression is now (1923) often used by the literary and artistic classes.

Col. Richard Hinton and Dr. J. Johnston, of Bolton, England, each relates an excellent anecdote of Walt,

both of which I will here insert. Says Colonel Hinton: "I have never heard Walt's voice raised in tones of anger or even of aroused feeling. Once, perhaps, I felt in its sound a degree of intense contempt. It was in either 1866 or 1867, when a small newspaper clique were disposed to revile and slander him. One who had been especially offensive, making insinuations of a slanderous character, had the audacity to address him on a public way with a friendly greeting. Walt's hands, as common with him, were ensconced in the peculiar side pockets he always had made in his body coat or overcoat. He looked down under the broad brim of his hat, and simply replied to the greeting, 'You blackguard!' There was no bitterness, rather a touch of humor in the accent, but the expression of contempt was beyond description. The libeler walked on."

A Brooklyn ferry pilot, John Y. Baulsir, an old friend of Walt's, told Dr. Johnston the following incident which he witnessed: "Walter and I went one Sunday morning to Trinity Church, Brooklyn, and Whitman forgot to take off his hat [he was so used, as a Quaker, to wearing it at home]. One of the church officials requested him to remove it in such a low voice that he did not hear him, and, thinking that Walt was defying him, he deliberately knocked his hat off. Whereupon Whitman stooped down, picked it off the floor, and, twisting it into a kind of rope,—it was a soft felt,—he seized the man by the collar, and struck him with it on the side of the head three or four times, and then walked out, followed by the red-faced official, who vowed he would have him arrested."

The following story from the Brooklyn *Union,* relating to an incident in Walt Whitman's youth, is authenticated

by his brother George (In Re Walt Whitman, p. 35). He says:

"That fisherman story they tell about at such length is all true. Some one who was thoroughly informed must have written it up. . . . Walt was a muscular young man at that time—very strong." He, it seems, was fishing in a certain pond, and a boy named Carman was rowing about. Coming up near to the angler, he would disturb the waters with his oars and otherwise make a nuisance of himself. Walt pretended not to mind it, and engaged the boy in conversation until the boat got within reach of his fish-pole, when he belabored him in a most vigorous manner. He was arrested and tried before a jury, the foreman of which was an English farmer named Edwards, who was considerable of a fisherman himself. When the jury filed into court after deliberating, the justice said:—

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We 'av," said Edwards.

"What is it?"

"We find 'e didn't 'it 'm 'ard enough."

The justice told the jury that the verdict must be either guilty or not guilty. But no amount of expostulation would change them, and Whitman was consequently discharged.

The Prayer of Columbus poem was rewritten nearly twenty times, as the manuscript drafts found among Whitman's papers show.

The following illustrates one of Whitman's tenets: The ancient Mexicans had the idea that life is a dream, and death the passing into an awakening (Brinton, Religions of Primitive Peoples, p. 68).

Apropos of eidolons: In the mythology of the Vitians there is a heaven of cocoanuts and flies. Everything is immortal, has a soul (Brinton).

"The runaway sun" in Song of Myself seems to be a reminiscence of the runaway's eyes in Romeo and Juliet (applied to the sun by commentators).

Even the lapse of many years since Walt Whitman's death has scarcely dulled the poignancy of grief sufficiently to permit me to dwell on the last pathetic incidents and letters. But in my Whitman manuscript collection of some two hundred letters and postals from him I find the record of a little incident not before published, which I will share with others.

On April 30, 1891, the last year of his life, he wrote at the end of a letter to me:—

"I realize perfectly well that definition Epictetus gives of the living personality and body, 'a corpse dragging a soul hither and thither.' "

I dimly remember having quoted this sentence (in a review of his Good-bye my Fancy, perhaps). At any rate, he mulled it over in his mind, and sent me for the Boston *Evening Transcript,* on which paper I was then employed, a "jotting" embodying the sentiment. By May 27, or before, the fancy so pleased him that he had it printed on the margin of all the pieces of yellow paper on which he wrote his letters the last year of his life, dating it as "from the Boston *Evening Transcript* May 7, '91." One written on his sick-bed, dated Feb. 6, 1892, and addressed to Dr. Johnston, of Bolton, England, seven weeks prior to his death, was even facsimiled, I suppose to send to many friends about that time.

Bucke's Cosmic Consciousness (pp. 196-209) treats of Edward Carpenter biographically and spiritually, as does Ernest Crosby's brochure, Edward Carpenter, Poet and Prophet (the *Conservator* Publication Office, Philadelphia, 1901). Both give account of the genesis of Edward's Towards Democracy poems. I have seen the little sentinel-box, made by himself, in the bottom of his garden, beside a rivulet, where he wrote the poems. Dr. Bucke quotes from *The Labour Prophet,* May, 1894, Carpenter's account of the genesis of his poems and his disclaimer of imitating Whitman. "I met," says Carpenter, "with William Rossetti's little selection from Leaves of Grass in 1868 or 1869, and read that and the original editions continuously for ten years. I never met with any other book (with the exception, perhaps, of Beethoven's Sonatas) which I could read and reread as I could this one. I find it difficult to imagine what my life would have been without it. Leaves of Grass 'filtered and fiber'd my blood'; but I do not think I ever tried to imitate it or its style," etc.

The Boston Public Library Collection of Whitmaniana, though weak in Whitman's personal editions, is one of the best in the country, probably,—rich in portraits, prints on Japan paper, etc. Among its treasures are a few Whitman manuscripts and a copy of Mr. George M. Williamson's Catalogue of a Collection of Books, Letters, and Manuscripts Written by Walt Whitman. Mr. Williamson has in his collection a copy of every edition of Leaves of Grass, and his unpaged quarto volume is richly illustrated by facsimiles and transcriptions of title-pages, etc. Residence of author, "Grand View on Hudson." The book was printed by the Marion Press of Jamaica, Queensborough, New York. Published by

Dodd, Mead & Co. The frontispiece is from a good oil portrait by J. H. Littlefield. There were printed 127 copies, one of which is in the Boston Public Library. At the end is a facsimile of title-page of a Bible given by W. W. to Thomas Donaldson. Diagonally across this title-page is written, "Thomas Donaldson with everlasting life wishes f'm Walt Whitman, April 1890."

In 1911 appeared Whitman Photographs: Compiled by Henry S. Saunders, Toronto. Reproductions of eighty-five photographs. Dr. R. M. Bucke told me that he had some two hundred photos of W. W., all different.

The whirligig of time brings its revenges for Walt as for all. Away back in the '90's James Russell Lowell of the Harvard dons boomeranged himself in the eyes of posterity by omitting Whitman's name from the list of great men he was asked to select for inscription on the Public Library of Boston. But mark: by 1915, lines from the Calamus poems of W. W. had appeared on the façade of the magnificent arch of the Court of the Universe in the World Exposition of San Francisco, and my neighbor here in Belmont, Mass., the mural and portrait artist, Henry Oliver Walker, tells me he included Whitman's name in the list of great writers painted by him on the walls of the Hall of Fame in the Congressional Library at Washington. He drew up the list, consulting afterward with his neighbor in New York City, Edmund Clarence Stedman. (There were some heart*burns* over the omission of the name of Burns among the lyric poets, and a delegation of irate Scotchmen came to protest.) Whitman's name has not yet appeared in the Hall of Fame of the New York University, but probably will. They add only so many each year, and there is a long

waiting list, I am told. *Pazienza e speriamo.* No one wants New York disgraced by the omission of the name of her greatest son in such a list, and it must not be.

Let me here dispose of the incident of E. C. Stedman and the cat. It was reported of Stedman (have I mentioned this elsewhere?) in his own words that he was led to disbelieve in Walt's kind-heartedness (think of that in the case of a war nurse like Whitman!), because, forsooth, he knew that Walt once, annoyed by a cat, got up and dropped it out of the window of a house high up somewhere. Now it happened to me in Rome recently to receive full proof of the virtual impossibility of a cat receiving injury from a fall from the fourth story of a house. My landlady had a black cat, quite a pet of mine, as all house animal pets are. She told me that the cat had three times fallen from the back terrazza (a kind of garden-in-the-air in her house) four stories to the ground below (paved) without receiving the least injury. The fact is, a cat is covered with cushions. The bottoms of the feet have them (it is proverbial that they always land on their feet), and they cover all parts of the body, so that, I add, unless a cat, like the porcupine, gets a blow on the top of the nose, it is difficult to kill it ("the nine lives of a cat"). Whitman, who was country-bred, knew all about this, while Stedman, a man of the city pave, seems to have been ignorant of it. To a sensitive set of nerves loud and continuous noise is an almost insupportable evil. The courts recognize this and give redress. No one knew it better than my good friend Stedman, who once went as far as Venice to have quiet in which to do a piece of writing. Walt, like many persons, had no special fondness for cats and dogs. This I know from

often seeing him in the room with the coach dog that had been given him.* The dog and the man simply paid no attention to each other. The dog understood that the man was friendly and the two got along well together. The man was old and chair-bound and the animal understood the situation, that was all. This was a much saner thing than the frantic conduct of married women over their poodles, which take the place of babies in their lives.

The *American Mercury* for October, 1924, prints some more of the Traubelian left-over notes, showing Traubel in a not very polite way quizzing and terebrating Walt about his (Walt's) assertion to Emerson that the first edition of Leaves of Grass "readily sold." Backed against the wall Whitman admitted that he would not now say the book readily sold. Said he: "At that time I thought the books were selling; a lot of them were consigned right and left. But there were no sales, they came back."

During this conversation Walt said, "I miss a lot through not knowing German."

No one of his family, he said, not even his mother, understood or accepted his writings, though they loved himself. His brother George often asked him, "I say, Walt, what's the game you're up to, anyway?" George seems to have thought Leaves of Grass to be a funny book, and the Children of Adam pieces he thought obscene; couldn't understand how they could be Walt's.

"Uncle Dudley," the brilliant editorial writer of the Boston *Globe,* says, June 13, 1923, "Whitman has been adopted as the poet of the Youth Movement in Central Europe, named as poet laureate by Soviet Russia, ac-

* But compare on page 40.

claimed by conservative England, and praised by folk of all sorts of political belief up and down France and Italy. His poems are the text-book of democracy among the younger group in Japan."

In 1925 there was held in the large exhibition room of the New York Public Library a remarkable exhibition of Whitmaniana. It continued for several months, from November 1 on. The exhibition was sponsored by the American Authors Club, and the heavy task of collecting the material (shown in some twenty glass cases in the main exhibition room) was undertaken by Mr. Alfred F. Goldsmith. Those who lent material were: Prof. Emory Holloway, Dr. Clara Barrus, William W. Cohen, Milton I. D. Einstein, Frank Irving Fletcher, Mrs. Bernard F. Gimbel, Alfred F. Goldsmith, Henry Goldsmith, William S. Hall, Mrs. Carolyn Wells Houghton, Miss Bertha Johnston, Alfred M. Kahn, Oscar Lion, A. B. Spingarn, J. E. Spingarn, Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle," and the sculptors Alexander Finta, Louis Mayer, and Alexander Zeitlin.

From Professor Holloway's descriptive report of the exhibition one notes also the presence of a case of W. W. Bibliographies; eight cases of Editions of Leaves of Grass, including seven copies of the First Edition, and Mosher's reproduction in facsimile of this rare book (nearly one hundred and fifty volumes in all, with variant duplicates); forty volumes of Selections from the poet's works, some for use in schools and many daintily bound or illustrated; twenty-five volumes of Translations, including the Japanese version; two cases showing Entire Volumes of Biography and Criticism; six cases devoted to Whitman MSS., and four to the Anne Gilchrist Correspondence.

The collection also included the little elegantly printed "Passage to India," with the original MS. of this volumette.

Among other things lent were some of the little hospital note-books of W. W.; a lock of his hair shown by Mrs. Frank J. Sprague; one of the two large Sidney Morse busts of the bard. Other busts appeared here and there throughout the room. There were also a number of photographs, plaques and medals, including the oil paintings by Charles Hine and G. W. Waters; Alexander Finta's beautiful Authors Club Memorial Fund Medal, and a head of Whitman carved in wood by Krupka.

Professor Holloway wrote to a friend of mine that there were over 50,000 visitors to the exhibition.

In this same city of New York the idea was started in 1925 of erecting a statue to Whitman on the Battery, where he so often had studied "the hurried and sparkling tides" of the river. The plan was favorably considered (New York *Times,* June 21, 1925), and funds are being raised.

"Walt Whitman's Anomaly" is the title of one of those vile pathological estimates of the poet by men who take his sexual imagery literally. It is the work of W. C. Rivers, and is published by Geo. Allen & Co., London.

"In Walt Whitman's Neologisms" in the *American Mercury* for February, 1925, Louise Pound says things which should have a sedative effect on those critics of Walt who rage at his verbal eccentricities. Professor Pound shows him as using only, or mainly, words already in use by standard writers.

In the *Yale Review,* October, 1925, in her very valuable and fresh glimpses of Whitman and Burroughs in

Washington,—drawn from her (1925-26) Life of Burroughs, in two volumes, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Clara Barrus, Burroughs's biographer, quotes from one of his early notebooks the following on the Eyes of Whitman:—

"Notwithstanding the beauty and expressiveness of his eyes, I occasionally see something in them as he bends them upon me that almost makes me draw back. I cannot explain it—whether it is more or less than human. It is as if the earth looked at me—dumb, yearning, relentless, immodest, unhuman. If the impersonal elements and forces were concentrated in any eye, that would be it. It is not piercing, but absorbing and devouring,—the pupil expanded, the lid slightly drooping, and the eyes set and fixed. [All this is absolutely true to the life. There is much valuable Whitman material in the early chapters of this Life, taken from J. B.'s note-books.]

Final Notes (Not Chronological)

A new German edition of Leaves of Grass is spoken of 1920-21; copy seen in New York. It is illustrated and costs 900 marks, with the mark equal to 1.3 cents.

The New York *Times*, March 9, 1916, p. 16, contains some items about the sale of W. W. manuscripts.

In 1912 the irrepressibly enthusiastic bibliographical Whitmaniac, Henry S. Saunders of Toronto, Canada, bought with a friend a font of type, and they set up O'Connor's Good Gray Poet, and presumably published it.

Trimble's Concordance to Leaves of Grass, Henry S. Saunders announces, is still (1922) unpublished.

The Woolworth stores, says Mr. Saunders, were selling, in their Little Leather Library, Memories of President Lincoln, Drum-Taps, and Song of the Open Road at fifteen cents each. "Memories," etc. is now out of print.

E. E. Speight, professor in the Imperial University of Tokyo, writes in the Japan *Advertiser* of Dec. 17, 1923: "If I were asked to name those English authors in whom I have seen the deepest and most sincere interest here in Japan I think I should answer: Wordsworth, Blake, Shelley, Whitman, and Thomas Hardy. Of all these, as in France, Belgium, Bohemia, and the English-speaking world, Whitman is by far the most dynamic influence."

The *Bulletin of the Brooklyn Public Library,* June, 1919, has a very good thirteen-page Bibliographical Survey of Whitman.

The "Unanimistes," a school of present-day French poets, led by Jules Romains, have enthusiastically adopted Walt Whitman (New York *Times Magazine,* May 25, 1919).

A New York announcement for the spring of 1920 was: a sumptuous edition of the Song of Myself.

Walt Whitman Never Used Tobacco, title of letter by W. S. Kennedy in Boston *Evening Transcript,* Dec. 14, 1920, apropos of the false statement of an old printer that W. W. chewed tobacco (*Dio ci liberi!*). We have his own statement that he never used tobacco in any form.

One of the Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature is entitled American Literature in Spain, 1916. Many pages are given to "Whitman in Spain." Bazalgette's book on W. W. gave the impetus to the Spanish literati, and detailed accounts are given by the writer of the brochure, John De Lancey Ferguson, on the attempts, generally successful, of the Spaniards

to understand the portentous giant of the New World, beginning with Enrique G. Carrillo (1895) and going on to Jaime Brossa (1909) and Angel Guerra, and ending with the best of them all, the Catalan author Cebrià Montoliu, who not only translated over a hundred pages of Leaves of Grass (Fulles d'Herba, Barcelona, 1910; a copy sent to me), but later issued an extensive study of Walt Whitman.

J. C. Covert, consul des États-Unis à Lyon, has written some four pages, of no special value, in Quelques Poètes Américains (Lyons, 1903, illustrated).

Jane Helen Findlater, in her English book Stones from a Glass House (good title for a book of criticism), has some sensible talk on Walt, a whole chapter of it.

Whitman is also treated in books by Wyatt Edith Franklin, Prof. Edwin W. Bowen, and Mila Tupper Maynard (the latter dealing especially with Whitman's ideal of womanhood), and also in the book Great Writers of America, by W. P. Trent and John Erskine; the last two academic and straddling.

In 1917 appeared a new edition, with portraits, illustrations, and facsimiles, of Dr. J. Johnston's little classic (first issued in pamphlet form in Bolton, England, in 1890), entitled Visits to Walt Whitman.

In his Democracy and Poetry (Boston, 1911) Francis B. Gummere has a chapter Whitman and Taine. Gummere, while good at abstract comparisons, has but a fragmentary knowledge of the basic structure of Whitman's art and philosophy, it seems to me.

In a volume of 250 pages, called Walt Whitman, a Critical Study (London, 1914), Basil De Sélincourt has

made a weighty and scholarly work, an impartial philosophical study, but wearying in its long analyses, ever tearing the bird to pieces to see where the song comes from, and showing how it is not this and that conventional thing in poetry.

A work of great merit by an original thinker is Van Wyck Brooks's America Coming of Age (New York, B. W. Huebsch, 1915). The chapter headed The Precipitant is devoted to Whitman. He says Walt thundered into the presence of the bric-à-brac littérateurs of New York like "an inconvenient country uncle." "He laid the corner-stone of a national ideal." He hits Walt hard when he deprecates Traubel's work in showing him in his conversations as an intellectual authority. Whitman was too indolent to be strong on the cultural side. His perpetual brag about the American crowd won't go down with us now, says Van Wyck. Perhaps it ought not to, considering the composite immigrant nature of it at present. In Walt's day it was more homogeneously English and Dutch, was it not?

Jean Richepin, in a little book entitled L'Âme-Américaine, a series of lectures, discusses Whitman. The Latin genius is so fearful of formlessness that, as he says, he and his listeners shudder as he takes the fearful plunge of reading from Leaves of Grass! Yet Richepin is a member of the Academy. (Ernest Flammarion, éditeur, Paris, 1920.)

Walt Whitman, the Poet-Prophet, by R. D. Sawyer, is a little Boston-born book of seventy-six pages, a fairly good half-hour's introduction to W. W.,—a résumé of others' opinions, chiefly. At the beginning is given *Punch's* patronizing obituary verses on the Camden bard.

The Spirit of American Literature (by John Albert Macy, 1908, 1913. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York) contains a chapter (Walt Whitman) of excellent criticism (or, rather, interpretation), written in a spirit as broad and generous as Whitman's own. No better introduction to Leaves of Grass has appeared, of equal length.

James Gibbons Huneker exposes his little soul in a chapter on Walt Whitman in his book Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks (1915). Naturally, he finds nothing higher than himself in Whitman.

John Cowper Powys, with a soul as great as Whitman's, writes with distinction and originality of style, in his book Visions and Revisions (1915), some things on Walt that are suffused and deeply interfused with magnanimity and sympathy. He is an English university don.

The eccentric radical, Giovanni Papini, of Florence, is an enthusiastic lover of Whitman. He is cosmopolitan, is Papini. In his recent (1918) book (24 Cervelli) the closing fifty-page chapter is a reprint of the *Nuova Antologia* article described by me previously. He weaves in an enormous number of detached lines and phrases from Leaves of Grass. He says Italians are "troppo letterati e garbati e dilettanti, femminieri e ripuliti," and need something like Whitman to make them "un po' barbari" (p. 358).

I find among my books a neat little study, or introduction, to Whitman (no date) by Henry Bryan Binns. It is of a series edited by William Henry Hudson (the literatus and university man, *not* the eminent naturalist

lately deceased) (London, Geo. G. Harrap & Co.). An excellent piece of work.

Wendell Phillips wittily said of Leaves of Grass that it contained every leaf except the fig-leaf! (Emerson, Journal, vol. ix, p. 33.) I believe E. wrongly attributes this mot to E. P. Whipple, who only reported it.

Walt Whitman's Patriotic Poems have been issued in separate form by Doubleday, Page & Co. (Garden City, New York, 1918). They are among his most fascinating artistic creations, in my opinion.

The same firm publishes (1920) a translation into English by Ellen Fitz Gerald of Léon Bazalgette's Walt Whitman: The Man and his Work.

A rich and unique Whitman book is Charles N. Elliot's book of reproductions in facsimile script of letters written to him on the topic "Walt Whitman" by admirers of the bard (published by Badger, Boston, 1915).

The same library contains in typewritten manuscript sheets (34) a paper called Robert Browning and Walt Whitman: A Comparison (!) by Martha Baker Dunn. "Contrast" would have been a better word than "comparison."

The Boston Public Library also has in a glass case a bas-relief in plaster (bust and shoulders) of W. W. by Sidney H. Morse. Acquired by the library in 1902. Copyright. A piece of Sidney's Mickle Street work, of course.

The Lincoln Burial Hymn is "reprinted in love of the poet and admiration of the subject, among the great poems of the language, at the Essex house press [Lon-

don, England], under the care of C. R. Ashbee." Published by Edward Arnold, 37 Bedford Street, Strand, 1900. One hundred and twenty-five copies, all on vellum. Stamped on front cover is a rose, with the legend, "Soul is form." The booklet looks like an old missal with its innumerable illuminated initial letters, all different and hand-painted. (Copy in Harvard College Library.)

Thomas Kile Smith, a Pennsylvania man, wrote in Germany, for his doctor of philosophy thesis at Königsberg, a study of the style of Leaves of Grass (Königsberg, Von Karg und Manneck). Dry-as-dust performance, of course. Copy in Harvard Library.

Whitman as a Poet of Nature (1916) is by Norman Foerster in Modern Language Asso. Pub., vol. 31.

Frederick Shepherd Converse is author of The Mystic Trumpeter, Orchestral Fantasy, after the poem by Walt Whitman, Op. 19. New York, folio, pp. (4), 81.

I am indebted to my friend, Mrs. Frank J. Sprague, for these items regarding the Salut au Monde and Knut Hamsun:—

On May 14, 1922, the Salut of Whitman was the occasion of a musical festival, under the direction of Alice and Irene Lewissohn, in New York City, at the Neighborhood Playhouse of the Henry Street Settlement. Music specially composed for the poem and the occasion by Charles T. Griffes, who died lamented before the music was completely finished. Orchestration by Edmund Rickett, assisted by George Barrere and a large company of stage property specialists, chorus singers, and dancers.

As for Knut Hamsun, one may have charity for the asinine sophomoric criticisms of a young man, writing in Copenhagen in 1889. (See *Die Gesellschaft,* periodical, vol. 16, 1900-01, Dresden and Leipzig.) This young ignoramus says of Whitman: "Er hat wenig oder nichts gelesen, und er hat wenig oder nichts erlebt" (!) "Er kann nicht schreiben, aber er kann fühlen." He thinks Emerson's letter alone saved Whitman from annihilation.

Mrs. Sprague also calls my attention to an article, "Towards Walt Whitman," in the New Orleans *Double Dealer,* September, 1922, by Pierre Loving.

In the Letters (ii, p. 346) of H. H. Furness one reads: "I once went up to [Whitman] when I saw him on Chestnut Street, and said that I must personally thank him for being so handsome, adding that I hoped he didn't mind it. 'No, Horace,' he added, 'I like it,'—which was certainly delightfully honest."

A Plea for Shakespeare and Whitman, "some findings for persons who like to do their own thinking," by William Timothy Call (Brooklyn, New York, W. T. Call, 1914, 62 pp.).

Those who care to (if there be any such) can find innumerable articles and editorials in American papers (especially New York and Brooklyn) on Walt Whitman, on occasion of the celebration of his hundredth birthday, May 31, 1919.

Doubleday, Page & Co.'s catalogue for 1920 includes a new edition (revised) of Whitman's Complete Prose; also Complete Poems. They also issue the Letters of Anne Gilchrist to W. W. and Traubel's three volumes With Walt Whitman in Camden. I must say again that

these volumes of Traubel are of absolutely unique value, in spite of some blemishes. Mitchell Kennerley, publisher of New York, wrote me under date of Jan. 27, 1917, that the manuscript of the fourth volume of Traubel's With Walt Whitman in Camden was in his hands and would "go to the printer very shortly." But it has not done so. Portions have appeared from time to time in the magazines. Later: Harned writes me that all three of the volumes were issued at a loss, and that (1921) it was found impossible to get a publisher for Vol. IV.

Mr. Grainger has written a musical composition called Marching-song of Democracy (Boston newspaper, Sept. 29, 1911). Its dedication is "in loving admiration of Walt Whitman."

The Franklin Inn Club medal of Walt Whitman by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, a member of this club in Philadelphia, is evidently inspired by Eakins's oil portrait, which was much liked by Walt, yet not so much by others. But this medal out-Rabelaises Eakins, and to my mind is something of a caricature; at any rate, gives the impression of a bummer and hard drinker. The medal came out in 1919, the one hundredth Whitman anniversary year. The Eakins portrait, by the way, is owned by the Pennsylvania Academy.

Camden, New Jersey, although for many years Whitman's place of residence and containing thousands who loved him, yet contains a few of the wooden-headed race of librarians; for they decided in 1915 that Leaves of Grass should be debarred from the open shelves of their public library and withdrawn from distribution. It is rather late in the day even for village Solons to wag their long ears in this way. All the great city libraries got

over this measles long ago. (See Boston *Herald*, Dec. 22, 1915.) Camden has since built a hotel (1925) called "The Walt Whitman."

In November, 1923, on the occasion of the dedication of the Mickle Street home of Walt as a Whitman museum, a commission of the town authorities welcomed the pilgrims to Camden by an official reception. The city became part purchaser of the museum. Whitman's niece in St. Louis deeded to the town a three-quarter interest in the building. Harrison S. Morris and others spoke in the dedicatory exercises. Letters were read from President Coolidge and Woodrow Wilson.

The dramatic and painful scene at Horace Traubel's funeral in New York on Sept. 11, 1919, is reported in the New York and Boston papers of that date and the next day. A fire burned down the Church of the Messiah just as the hearse containing all that was left (the outward form) of this brave good friend of Walt had drawn up on the street in front. The body was later removed to Camden, New Jersey. A fine appreciative, though uncritical, article on Traubel, by Albert E. Stafford, appeared in the Toronto *Sunday World,* Sept. 21, 1919.

Christopher Morley, in his characteristically witty and genial volume Pipefuls (Doubleday, Page & Co., 1920), has a three-page chapter on Traubel as Whitman's biographer.

The late Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass., suggested to me that possibly the omission of specimens of Whitman's poems from Emerson's Parnassus was due to the influence of his daughters, who (I may add) were old-fashioned Unitarians, and have expressed great scorn of Leaves of Grass. This suggestion of Mr. San-

born seems more probable when illustrated by a fact for which I am also indebted to him. It appears that the biographical notice of Thoreau by Emerson, which introduces one of Thoreau's posthumous volumes, was read before a Concord audience previous to being printed. In the address he said, "Three persons had a supreme charm for Thoreau; namely, John Brown, an Indian guide in Maine, and—one whom I need not here name." Mr. Sanborn says that Mr. Emerson afterwards told him that Walt Whitman was the third person to whom he alluded, and that in the volume he had omitted the name of Whitman (which would otherwise have appeared in the biographical sketch) in deference to the wishes of Sophia Thoreau, the sister of the Walden recluse. Thoreau himself seems to have been the only wholly brave and manly person in Concord.

Constantine Balmont has translated Leaves of Grass into Russian. He was also the translator of Poe.

I must not forget to mention the two fine sonnets to the bard of Manahatta in Francis Howard Williams's volume The Flute Player and Other Poems (New York, 1894); nor the poem to Walt Whitman in Harrison S. Morris's Madonna and Other Poems (Philadelphia, 189..). Morris's Walt Whitman the Poet of Democracy was translated into Italian in 1920, with a Preface by Prof. Carlo Formichi (Florence, Bemporad).

Walt Whitman in New Orleans is the title of a paper in the Historical Society Publications of Louisiana (vol. 7) by William K. Dart (New Orleans, 1915).

The Rolling Earth. Outdoor Scenes and Thoughts from the Writings of Walt Whitman is compiled by

Waldo R. Browne, with an Introduction by John Burroughs (Boston, 1912).

Walt Whitman, by Stuart Merrill, is the title of an article originally published at Brussels, in *Le Masque,* Series II, Nos. 9 and 10, and in 1922 issued as a booklet of half a dozen or so of pages, by Henry S. Saunders, of Toronto, Canada. It is an account of Walt's delivery of his Lincoln lecture in New York, about 1886, and of Merrill's talk with him after the lecture. Limited edition of 150 copies. Bound by Mr. Saunders. Contains hitherto unpublished portrait by Brady. A handsome dainty little collector's curio is the book, and to collectors and Whitmanites worth the $2 charged for it, but hardly to others, it is so slight.

In a remarkable article in the New York *Post's* Literary Review, May 27, 1922, Edward Townsend Booth well says that Leaves of Grass is the first maturity of our Puritan culture. It is in the direct line from primitive Puritanism. Whitman is Emerson with an invigorating strain of Dutch blood transfusing the anæmia of his New England transcendentalism.

The James Waldo Fawcett Whitman Census, 1923

(From the *New York Times* Book Review, June 10, 1923.)

Mr. Fawcett happened to be reading in George E. Brown's Book of R. L. S., when he met with this foolish statement: "Whitman's ideal of a world democracy is much with us these days (1919), but Whitman is remembered by a very few." He thereupon wrote to a hundred representative men and women in Europe and America, and they wrote to others. He received over

two hundred answers. His request was for their opinion as to whether Whitman's Leaves of Grass had declined in popularity.

Out of two hundred answers received only three said yes!

George Bernard Shaw wrote: "Whitman is a classic, not a best seller. Curious that America should be the only country in which this is not as obvious as the sun in the heavens!"

The booksellers and the publishers of America and England all wrote that their books showed increases in Whitman sales.

The editor of *Scribner's Magazine* remarked that the first edition of Leaves of Grass, which a few years ago could be had for $50 or $60, now brings at least $150.

Havelock Ellis, psychologist and publicist, said: "Walt Whitman's fame is solidly based far above the waves of popular fashion and acknowledged throughout the civilized world.

"In every land are those who, when they think of America, say: Walt Whitman. America may well be thankful."

Austin Harrison, editor of the *English Review,* wrote: "Walt Whitman is surely seen to-day by all who have eyes to see as the supreme prophet of the generation; to-day he is the mystic trumpeter of all who died on the battlefields of Europe."

Will Hayes, author of Walt Whitman, the Prophet of the New Era, said: "The stars in their courses, the very laws of the universe, are working for the man who has seen the world as one and who has infected men of all countries with his own passionate love of comrades."

J. E. Perley, critic and essayist, said: "Walt Whitman stands with the giants, with Homer, Dante, and Shakspere. He belongs, with them, to the ages."

But it was reserved for a woman to say the strongest thing on the topic. The author, Miss M. P. Willcocks, wrote:

"In a literary sense Walt Whitman has passed from the pillory to the Pantheon. This means that, having recognized him as a great man, people conclude they may safely put him in a niche and forget his ideas. They have 'got shut of him.' That is one side of the picture. But there is hope, for he is not fully 'idealized,' in the Shavian sense. His sting is not really drawn, any more than is that of the other protagonists of courageous individualism who assaulted the hypocrisy of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Along with Ibsen, Nietzsche, Tolstoi, and Dostoievsky, he is still feared. Therefore, Walt's name seldom, if ever, appears on the lists of academic studies prepared for the stifling of the young intelligence by schools and colleges. He lives then, his explosive power not damped by a reputation as a great figure.

"In his joyous affirmation of the glory of manhood he is simpler than the other wreckers of his age, for these relied, after all, on thought and philosophy, even when they derided it. Walt Whitman is on the contrary, Stone Age man, as Stone Age man never was, a being all glorious with the vital urge of primitive life, yet full of that thrilling sense of the oneness of all life which is the garnered fruit of the ages that have passed since the time of the Neolith.

"This full-fraught manhood is the sole hope of the most distant age. Therefore Walt cannot die, for he is, so far, our completest expression of life. He is a great river, which appears with its life blood diminished, but only because it is irrigating by a thousand streamlets a whole continent. And, in the man's case, a whole world."

Partial Index of a Big Canvas-Covered Scrap-Book

(Containing some Two Hundred Letters and Postals from Walt Whitman to the Author, and a Miscellany of Other Whitman Material.)

This seems to be the appropriate place to index a part of the mass of bibliographical material in the above book.

1. The long venomous letter of T. W. Higginson in the New York *Evening Post,* March 28, 1892, accompanied by an unpublished article by W. S. Kennedy entitled Euphrasy and Rue for Higginson, and a private letter from Higginson to Kennedy on W. W.

2. A bunch of manuscripts and private letters anent the James Parton debt matter (now all cleared up in one of Traubel's With Walt Whitman in Camden books). Many letters from Mrs. Ethel Parton to me, one to me from Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, and long letters from Dr. Bucke and Thomas B. Harned anent the debt. Perhaps this should all have been burned, as being now superseded and Walt's character vindicated in the eyes of the law and by the customs of business.

3. Five copies of flier anent The Wound Dresser (Small, Maynard & Co.), with excellent copies of daguerreotype of Walt's dear old mother.

4. Two pages from *Harper's Monthly,* April, 1892, with J. W. Alexander's sketch of Whitman, and cut of Inness's "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

5. List of material in W. S. Kennedy's extra-illustrated set of the Putnam ten-volume de luxe edition of Whitman, once owned by Goodspeed (Boston publisher in 1905), which young gentleman took out much of the manuscript part and thus destroyed its historical value. Thirty-three pieces of W. W. manuscript and five of his proof-sheets, with some hundred other manuscripts and slips of various origin, were in the set.

6. Clipping from the Camden *Post,* July 3, 1885, an interview by W. H. Ballou with W. W., corrected and restored by me very extensively by an earlier version (the true one) in the Washington *Post* and Cleveland *Leader.* Walt did not like Ballou's piece exactly, although admitting its authenticity. In fact it was a stenographic report, and is very interesting. He seems more on his dignity than as represented in the memory-conversations of Traubel, that somehow got colored considerably by Traubel's personality. For his home paper, the Camden *Post,* Walt cut up the original Ballou piece savagely. I, innocent of who had wielded the axe on it, was going to include it, in corrected form, and restored, in my Whitman Reminiscences, when Walt returned it to me, asking me not to use it. I therefore used only a little of it there (pp. 13-15). The manuscript portions I restored are equal to the portion in print. And here, in my manuscript, I find the original remark of Whitman that I hunted in vain, for days, through all Whitman literature to find, where he says, "I only regret that I did not cultivate the use of tobacco and have a pipe as a companion and

solace for my old age." (No reformer fanaticism about Walt!)

7. Private letter (Jan. 5, 1898) to me from my old Yale instructor, Prof. Henry A. Beers. He finds he has not much admiration for Walt's style, "except on rare occasions when it catches fire." "He seems to me," says Beers, "like an impatient genius who will not learn to play on an instrument, and so breaks it in a pet, and tries a corn-fiddle instead. He is a great sloven." Perhaps he is, in some ways, but in others he was meticulously accurate and morosely industrious.

8. Two sheets, *Daily Graphic,* New York, Nov. 25, 1873, and Toronto *Saturday Night,* April 2, 1892, containing fine half-page portraits of W. W.

9. Article in Boston *Transcript,* Feb. 21, 1895, defending Walt against critics who bewailed his alleged egotism in building his own tomb. It seems a man may build his own house while living, but not his house of eternity!

10. Proof-sheet (with Traubel autograph note and signature) of Burroughs's paper on Whitman's Self-reliance.

11. Various newspaper articles (biographical, etc.) relating to the lamented genius William Douglas O'Connor; namely, article by Traubel in *Unity,* Chicago, June 29, 1889; Walt's preface to Mrs. O'Connor's edition of O'Connor's Tales, in form of proof-sheet, sent to me by W. W.; *Liberty,* Sept. 7, 1899; *Conservator,* October, 1896, by W. S. Kennedy, "To Keep Green the Memory of a Gallant Man."

12. Obituary notice of Walt's brother, Thomas Jefferson Whitman, the fine hearty engineer of St. Louis, whom I met one day at 328 Mickle Street. *Engineering Record,* New York, Dec. 13, 1890.
13. Interesting printed letter to Walt Whitman by Dr. R. M. Bucke, giving account of his (Bucke's) visit to Tennyson, Boston *Transcript,* Oct. 6, 1892. I put this into the *Transcript* from Dr. Bucke's manuscript letter, sent me by W. W., —about 1,000 words.
14. London, Ontario, Daily *News.* Bucke's own account of his adventures in the snows of the Nevadas, where his feet were frozen and afterwards amputated.
15. A charming affectionate letter from Dr. J. Johnston, of Bolton, England, to Walt. In the letter he says, "I received a copy of the New York *Tribune,* containing your poem, The Midnight Visitor." Walt has written in, in red ink, "wh is not mine at all, but by Henri Mürger, the Frenchman." See *ante* in this Handbook.
16. Page 38½ of Scrap-book, a proof-sheet, Foreign Criticism on an American Poet, by Walt himself. Undated; about 1886.
17. Extra plate (No. 3) from the *Critic* (New York), vol. iii, Nos. 53-54. Portrait of W. W. and facsimile of four autograph lines,—

    "Lo, where arise three peerless stars" etc.

18. Some Diary Notes at Random by W. W. Page from *Baldwin's Monthly.* No date. Given me by Walt.
19. Proof-sheet, two columns, A Memorandum at a Venture (by W. W.). Sent to me by him.

20. Two long copyrighted Philadelphia newspaper articles by W. W.; used later in his works.
21. Pages 41½-44 of the Scrap-book. Leader from Springfield *Republican,* Jan. 18, 1887, and articles from Philadelphia *Press,* Camden *Post,* 1885, Sept. 15, on the gift of the horse and phaëton.
22. Page 44½. Old article from Cincinnati *Commercial,* Feb. 25, 1873, on W. W., with Walt's autograph note to me, saying he *thinks* it is by John Swinton.
23. Walt Whitman in New Orleans in 1848. Long article from New Orleans *Picayune,* Jan. 25, 1887, by W. W. on his sojourn there.
24. An Indian Bureau Reminiscence, apparently in old letter-press type. From English periodical *To-day.* Later in Specimen Days.
25. O'Connor's The Carpenter: A Christmas Story. Sent to me by Walt, and marked in his hand: "*Putnam's Magazine* Jan. 1868. Incomplete." Walt's hand also on page 64 of this.
26. Proof-sheet sent me by W. W. On top of page he has written, "Corrected copy."
27. The *American Bookmaker,* August, 1888. Portrait of W. W. and autograph facsimile of a profound thought of his, though not specially new: "One might consider literature in its high sense—the best books—a second manifestation of the Creative Power, as Nature is the first."
28. Huge proof-sheet of my translation for Walt of Sarrazin's article on him in *Nouvelle Revue,* May 1, 1888. He had this translation set up in type in Camden.

29. House of Representatives Report, No. 3856, 49th Congress. H. B. Lovering's report on the Whitman pension bill.
30. New York *Sun*, April 15, 1887, account of the Westminster Hotel reception to W. W.
31. Page 58. A "tribute" from dear old Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol. of Boston, asking friends to contribute to the cottage fund, and eulogizing W. W. highly (Boston *Herald*, May 24, 1887).
32. Daily *Graphic* (New York). A big front page full of nothing but Whitman pictures.
33. Pages 113½-120. Death and burial of Whitman. Newspaper articles, etc.
34. Autograph letter of John Addington Symonds to me.
35. Letter from the Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, to W. S. K. on Whitman's sex-writings and his personal character in sex-matters.
36. Letter from Thomas B. Harned, Whitman's executor, on the dropping of Whitman's brain, after its being put into a jar in an anatomical museum, and its consequent breakage into innumerable pieces. But I was told by Dr. Isador H. Coriat, eminent neurologist of Boston and author of works on psychopathy, that this would be absolutely impossible, since the formaldehyde always used in such cases hardens the brain, so that it is like iron and can be thrown about *ad libitum* with no possibility of breaking. In the above Scrap-book (p. 125), the mystery is solved in an autograph letter to me by Prof. Herbert T. Harned, Tom Harned's son, of the University of Pennsylvania. He says: "The brain was de-

> stroyed either during the autopsy or while being conveyed to the jar, or in the jar before the hardening process by formaldehyde had been completed. Dr. Donaldson looked the matter up in the files of the Wister Institute, and told me that the records state quite definitely that the brain was accidentally broken to bits during the pickling process." This is a grewsome story! *

About the first week in June, 1919, in allusion to the fine whole-page Whitman centennial article of May 28 by Joseph E. Chamberlin in the Boston *Transcript,* I had something to say in the same journal on the word "yawp," at the end of Song of Myself in Leaves of Grass. (I can't give a nearer date, for I have a bad habit of occasionally neglecting to clip my own work from the newspapers.) I called attention to the beauty and accuracy of Walt's nature-note in that word, as describing the sound emitted by the night-hawk. I have heard the bird away up in the sky in the gloaming call down "yap" with great distinctness. Irving Bacheller in his "Eben Holden" shows he has studied the bird from life when he says, "The groan of a night-hawk fell out of the upper air with a sound like that of a stone striking the water." I think Walt's image was taken from the life. But, even if not, the word "yelp" (dialectical "yawp") was ready to his hand. Country people speak of the yawp, or yelp, of the wild turkey, for example. Thus the ridicule of ignoramuses recoils on their own heads. The enemy have considered that they had generally

* So the statement of that old darling and friend of Walt's, Horace Howard Furness (Letters, Vol. ii, p. 346), is belated. He says of W. W.: "Ach weh! lass rühen die Todten. His brain is in alcohol in the Wister Institute for future microscopic examination."

floored the great bard completely, in any conversation about him, by sarcastic allusion to his "yawps," whereas they have simply shown their own ignorance of the word, and of the splendid metaphor it forms in the only case in which he uses it,—when he compares his wild songs to the note of the night-hawk high up over the roofs of the world.

To the interesting book (1921), Seventy Years among Savages, of my friend Henry S. Salt, the English humanitarian and littérateur, I am indebted for one or two new Whitman items. He says that Swinburne's Whitman recantation was due to the enormous influence exercised over him by his friend Watts-Dunton, a second-rate English littérateur; also that Bertram Dobell, London bookseller, told him of a plan he (Dobell) had of rewriting Leaves of Grass in the Omar Khayyám stanza. No man of sound sense would dream of such folly.

Henry Louis Mencken closes one of the richest and keenest books of criticism written since Poe (Prejudices: First Series. New York, 1919, Alfred A. Knopf), as follows (he is speaking of James Harlan's dismissal of Whitman from his position in the Interior Office): "Let us repair once a year to our accustomed houses of worship and there give thanks to God that one day in 1865 brought together the greatest poet that America has ever produced and the damnedest ass."

The Answerer, a Novel from the Life of Walt Whitman, by Grant Overton (New York, 1921), is calculated to give one ignorant of Whitman the true atmosphere of the man and his life; is written by a man thoroughly filled with the Whitman spirit and well informed in Whitman

literature. The New Orleans episode is fictitious, but probably pretty near what did take place there in Walt's experience; while the episodes in the life of Whitman and Abraham Lincoln in Washington, although equally fictitious, are thoroughly interesting and powerfully ideated, worked out on lines indicated by such meager facts as we have. Reviewed in an appreciative way by Christopher Morley, a blasé, tobacconized, yet healthy nature, this reviewer, dashing himself to pieces against a moral giant. He wittily says that Walt's leaves of grass are quite frequently haystacks. But wouldn't he be proud if he could mow in Walt's hayfield, swing his Brobdingnagian scythe! I fear that this brilliant Morley is only another of those gay night moths that persist in scorching their little wings in the forty-thousand candle-power light of Walt's vast Schopenhauerian philosophy. Instead of regarding him for what he is—a prophet-bard, they will keep applying to him their ridiculous little professional mete-wands of conventional literature, and then, sadly shaking their heads, they fall dead in heaps around his Pharos tower.

Although I am far from being an admirer of Henry Cabot Lodge as a politician, I agree that he hits the white as a scholar in the following sentiment written for the Boston *Transcript,* Feb. 6, 1909:—

"For no better reason than that we have at times praised foolishly and extravagantly we are shy of praising rightly and justly. We shrank away from Walt Whitman until men like Symonds and Stevenson and Swinburne had spoken, and then we only slowly acknowledged that the Long Island carpenter was a great poet, and one who had become a real and original force in the splendid annals of English verse."

G. K. Chesterton recently said (1923):—

"Walt Whitman was your one real red-blooded man; . . . probably your greatest natural genius and artistic force." (What I Saw in America, p. 60.) "The American national poet" (do. pp. 118, 166).

For a poet so persistently though wrongly accused of lacking melody it is a fine answer to critics to cite again the fact that up to date (1926) some 160 of his poems have been set to music by 61 composers. Cf. p. 36.

In Hearst's *International Magazine* for October, 1922, Gerhart Hauptmann, the famous German dramatic poet, in an article styled "Germany Turns to Religion," says he has been a reader of Whitman for twenty-five years. "But," says he, "it is only just now that we have been given our best translation of his poems," namely that of Hans Reisiger.

A new edition of M. Bazalgette's translation of L. of G. was published by the *Mercure de France* in 1922. (See *L'Europe Nouvelle,* Aug. 19, 1922.) Pierre de Lanux, in the American *Bookman,* November, 1922, in comment, says: "Bazalgette's biography of the great old man is full of 'that atmosphere of freedom, of health, and of cordiality,' which was characteristic of Whitman's physical presence. . . . Bergson—Thucydides—Whitman these are 'great companions' indeed."

Barrett Wendell in his "A Literary History of America" (published by Scribners), pp. 465-479, discusses Whitman in the nerveless way of a man who, never having had contact with the life of the plain people and with outdoor life, totally fails of understanding Walt Whit-

man, of analyzing his style or assigning him his proper place in the development of thought.

Lafcadio Hearn, writing to O'Connor in 1883, when it was still martyrdom to confess Whitman before men, says:

"I have always *secretly* admired Walt Whitman, and would have liked on more than one occasion to express my opinion in public print. But in journalism this is not easy to do. [They accuse you of loving obscene literature if you do.]" "All Whitman's gold seems to me in the ore. . . . Yet Whitman lays a cyclopean foundation on which, I fancy, some wonderful architect will yet build." Hearn writes to Ernest Crosby: "It is a pleasure to read the brave good things sometimes uttered in prints like the *Conservator* or the *Whim;* but those papers are but the candlesticks in which free thought now makes its last flickering. . . . A man can still print his thoughts in a book, though not in any periodical of influence." (*Life and Letters,* passim.) This could not truthfully be said today, now that (forty-three years later) we have *The American Mercury* magazine.

That brilliant essayist, Prof. Stuart P. Sherman, of the University of Illinois, published in 1922, by Scribners, a volume of excellent essays, styled "Americans." One of his subjects is Whitman, sanely and adequately discussed. One understands by this paper how the time for flippant discussion of the American bard is passed forever. Such analysis as this makes even the howling mob shut their foolish mouths. Whitman lives, says Sherman, because he identified himself with all the deep and vital features of his race and times, and because of

the magnetic personality he infused into his books. He makes you feel that he is deeply interested in *you.*

[Professor Sherman has edited Whitman for the Modern Student's Library (Scribners), and is now editor of the literary weekly of the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune.*]

In 1924 Macmillans published a book by Bruce Weirick, of the University of Illinois, called "From Whitman to Sandburg." Weirick says of Whitman: "He *is* our greatest poet, and does indeed bestride this narrow world like a colossus." And, says Percy A. Hutchinson in reviewing Weirick (New York *Times* Book Review, March 2, 1924): "Here is the voice of a great poet speaking, as well as a great teacher; and that Walt was both should ever have been questioned is to us now incomprehensible." Well, we old fellows who almost began with the beginning of Whitman, may well rub our eyes, Rip-Van-Winkle-like, and wonder where we are. I can remember the time when a reputable firm like Macmillans, or a paper like the New York *Times,* would never have dreamed of publishing such opinion as is expressed in the two extracts I have quoted. And yet now they are but commonplace in both Europe and America.

"Whitman's book was a masterpiece, but his life was only half that good," says Vachel Lindsay in the *New Republic,* Dec. 5, 1923. The article is a really desperate attempt of an envious poetling to down the giant bard. (Will-o'-the-wisps flutter, but the eternal stars shine on.) He compares Whitman to "the King" in Huckleberry Finn. But this is disgusting libel and caricature, not criticism; a mere boomerang returning to wound the thrower. Whitman, like Hugo, was a man of vol-

canic passion, yet of sublime morality and chastity (unconventional).

Edwin Markham, the verse writer (or verse wright), and author of one poem which touched the heart of democratic America, has classified himself with the small literati who make the mistake of regarding Walt Whitman solely as artist and not as prophet-bard. This is a favorite thing to do with this class of people, for they imagine it gives them an easy victory. But Markham has not even studied Whitman as an artist to any purpose. In a Florida local paper, the Winter Park *Herald,* Feb. 28, 1924, after getting off his bid for gallery applause by the usual sneer at Walt's "barbaric yawp," he remarks to some awestruck juveniles of the local academy: "We can live by Wordsworth and Browning, and by a few pages even in Whitman, but we can't live by the main output of this insurgent poetry. It lacks introspection, lacks the power to elevate the soul."

On which I remark that if the later majestic chants of Walt Whitman can't elevate his soul, what kind of a soul is it? Compare the jingles and little asteroid swing of Markham with the vast Saturnian orbit of Whitman! "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."

In the Lenten season of 1924 "Rev." Mabel Irwin gave a series of seven Sunday morning talks on Walt Whitman in the sun-parlors of the Hotel Allerton, Lexington Ave. and 57th St., New York. Announced by Professor Bjerragaard, librarian of the New York Public Library. (Food for reflection here!)

Here is a bunch of minor works on Walt of various dates:

Walt Whitman, A Study and a Selection, by Gerald Bullett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1924. $7.50. Reviewed by Edwin Seaver.

Poems of Walt Whitman. Selections for Stirring Times. 16 pp. [1918?]. Boston: An Old South war leaflet. (No. 216).

Legler, Hen. Edward. Walt Whitman. Yesterday and To-day. Chicago: 1916. 76 pp. 600 copies.

Nonhuys, W[illem] *G*[erard] *van.* Walt Whitman, s'Gravenhage. T. Nighoff: 1895. 129 pp. port.

Arthur Rickett. The Vagabond in Literature. London: Dent. 220 pp. 1906. Among other "Vagabonds" are Thoreau, Stevenson and Whitman!

Ernest Boyd has a caricature-study of Walt Whitman in the *American Mercury,* Dec., 1925, called "The Father of Them All." He speaks of "Whitman's contempt for Tennyson." Now Walt and Tennyson were intimate friends and correspondents. At one of his birthday dinners Whitman proposes the health of Tennyson, calling him "the boss of us all."

Boyd says of Traubel, "Horace Traubel, the beloved disciple, assuredly has no claim to consideration, either as a poet or as a biographer,—a pseudo-Whitman and a pseudo-Boswell." This is the severe judgment of the indifferent world, and perhaps a bit too severe, especially as to the "pseudo-Boswell."

"The Spark" (D. Appleton and Co., 1925) is one of a series of four little volumes by Edith Wharton—stories of old New York. The scene of this rather flimsy sketch is laid in the Sixties. Toward the end of the book the fictitious narrator endeavors in vain to get into the brain of the hero (a well-groomed anthropoid of New York Society, with the intellectual equipment of Ben Gunn or a

bus driver) some idea of the poetic worth of Walt Whitman, who had once ministered to him as a wounded soldier in Washington. No wonder the fellow underrated him, for even Edith Wharton's later friend Henry James entirely missed at that time his significance and revolutionary art, and probably continued to do so all his life.

A pathetic and romantic-poetical sequel to the Harleigh Cemetery burial of Walt Whitman was the appearance afterwards every day for an entire year, rain or shine or snow, at the door of the tomb, of an unknown "heavily veiled" lady with flowers,—flowers doubtless often watered with her tears, as in Keats's poem "The Pot of Basil." At the end of a year the Veiled Lady suddenly ceased to come, the inference being that she had died. Since there is no clue to the identity of the woman I feeel safe in mentioning the incident in the belief that the literary digs and reporter Paul Pry's cannot desecrate the romance. It was told to me by a lady who, as a little blue-eyed girl, often sat on Whitman's knee before the evening fire at the house of her cousin, a friend of Walt's and correspondent of myself in the Eighties. This Philadelphia lady is entirely trustworthy. One of the directors of the cemetery, "Mr. Jones," she says, told her of the matter.

In Whitman's booklet "Good-Bye My Fancy" (1891), appeared two little poems that were not afterward repeated except in the prose works, final edition, 1891-92, pp. 484 and 500. One of these was four lines entitled "As in a Swoon." It was first printed in the two-volume Centennial edition of Leaves of Grass. Perhaps it was one of those pieces that Traubel says were left out of the final edition of L. of G. by mistake.

The second poem alluded to above is called For Queen Victoria's Birthday. (An American Arbutus bunch to be put in a little vase on the royal breakfast table, May 24th, 1890.") The poet felt profoundly grateful to the Queen for her firm refusal, as he at one time thought, to indorse or permit the arrogant missive prepared by her minister, Lord John Russell, to send to the United States, apropos of the Trent affair, as he explains in a long foot-note to the verses. He believed that her stand prevented war between Great Britain and us. But he was mistaken.

Sir Theodore Martin in his "Queen Victoria" (v. 416-27) shows that it was not Victoria but the dying Prince Albert who modified the severe despatch and so averted war. Strachey shows how Albert initiated every political move in the royal household at that time, and the doting wife was glad to follow his lead. Perhaps Walt got word of the true facts and so suppressed his poemet. It is a bit pathetic to see his delusion about the Queen—the monstrous formalism of her, and her awful prudishness, which would have rejected him and his Leaves with horror. In Mr. Strachey's relentless mirror she is reflected in her true colors as a right middle-class German frau, however fine in moral character and as a wife and mother worthy of the respect and love accorded her by the British race.

And so closes for the present the dramatic story of the long and stormy Columbus-voyage of this brave little ship, Leaves of Grass. As she now glides into quiet water amid the cheers of the people on the shores, with what deep emotion, were he alive, might her Captain, recalling many a terrible tempest, exclaim with Dante,

—"Venni dal martirio a questa pace."

PART II

READER'S VADE-MECUM OF AIDS

I

THE GROWTH OF LEAVES OF GRASS AS A WORK OF ART

I

The Growth of Leaves of Grass as a Work of Art

(Excisions, Additions, Verbal Changes)

THERE is not a single page of Whitman's *ante-bellum* productions but has undergone numerous emendations. In his complete works the total of changes is so enormous as to astonish one who discovers it for the first time. The verbal alterations are not only grammatical and rhetorical, but ethical. His work was a continual growth. J. T. Trowbridge told me that in Washington in the '60's he one day saw on Whitman's desk in a government building, a copy of the 1860 edition, in which the line about the *ya honk* of the wild gander, and the long episode "I understand the large hearts of heroes," in Song of Myself, as well as the Boston Ballad, had been marked for excision. Mr. Trowbridge argued him into saving all these things. They are not among the strongest specimens of his work, but they could ill be spared, perhaps. Fortunate in being his own printer and publisher for the greater part of his life, and always controlling his plates, he was enabled in successive editions to give his work the benefit of such improved statements as occurred to him.

Certain grammatical errors he corrected, and certain others he did not perceive. "Semitic" in Chants Democratic, I, in the 1860 edition, §§ 17 and 19, was changed to "seminal" in the 1881 to 1897 editions (see By Blue Ontario, § 6). "You was," occurring, *e.g.*, on p. 145

of the 1860 edition, is altered to "You were" in the late editions. "An habitué of the Alleghanies" (edition of 1860, p. 181) was, I think, a pure error of ignorance for "habitan" (small landed proprietor, farmer), which is substituted for it in late editions (p. 11). "In I myself" is retained unaltered. "Brava" and "bravo" are used indifferently. "Me imperturbe" is one of his oddities. "Imperturbable" is the adjective of the books and of speech, both in French and English. "Ye furious debouché," occurring in Fancies at Navesink, makes one wince: it is even worse than his "now finalè to the shore." "Santa spirita" was another error, but it turned out fortunately, for scholars thought he might have intended to wrest the grammar. "Santo Spirito" is good Italian. Whitman's error makes the Holy Ghost feminine, which is odd, but defensible, since that abstraction can't be said to have been thought of as possessing human sex, one way or the other.

There are some odd verbal creations of Whitman, which look like errors, but turn out not always to be such. "Exurge," or "exsurge," is good Latin, and is correctly used by Whitman. Such and such things exurge, spring forth, from you, he says. "Libertad"—Spanish for "liberty"—is of course legitimate, and is the poet's synonym for Columbia or Victoria, the goddess of liberty. Libertad is the personification of the democratic idea of freedom. "Presidentiad" is a capital word, and one is astonished that it did not at once gain universal acceptance. It will in time. The Greek word "Olympiad" was of course Whitman's model. "Harbinge," used as a verb, is his creation, and it is a good one. We have "harbinger," a verb, it is true, but it seems awkward, since we have also the noun "harbinger." "Ensemble"

is used by the author of Leaves of Grass to express the idea of the union, the togetherness, of the States composing his land. "Adhesiveness" is only the phrenological term for love and friendship (phrenology was in its prime in Whitman's youth in New York, the Fowler Brothers then and there flourishing).

Walt Whitman profited by the universal howl that was raised over his "lists," or "catalogues." Whole pages of them were struck out after 1860. For example, in By Blue Ontario's Shore he has reduced five pages of these enumerations to a little over one, and these are retained for a special philosophical purpose. Similar excisions will be found (1860 edition) in Song of Myself, § 255; Chants Democratic, I, § 17 (growths growing), §§ 29, 40; VI, §3.

In revising his work after the Civil War, Whitman rewrote a good many lines that the issue of the war had made anachronistic. Passages about slavery are reconstructed and the facts brought up to date, and here and there are intercalated brilliant passages reminiscent of the war and inspired by its strong passions. Here belong what I will call the superb war parentheses of By Blue Ontario's Shore, recurring like Wagnerian motifs. They were all written and inserted in the poem after the Civil War had closed. Such is the apostrophe to Liberty:—

"Lo, high toward heaven, this day,
Libertad, from the conqueress' field return'd,
I mark the new aureola around your head,
No more of soft astral, but dazzling and fierce,
With war's flames and the lambent lightnings playing,
And your port immovable where you stand,

With still the inextinguishable glance and the clinch'd and lifted fist,
And your foot on the neck of the menacing one, the scorner utterly crushed beneath you."

If the Varvakeion Athena is a true counterpart of the Athena of the Acropolis by Pheidias, I should say as great a genius here in America ought to far surpass him, taking the above Michelangelesque cartoon of Walt Whitman as his text. Then there are other parentheses in this wonderful poem of patriotism,—"Soul of love and tongue of fire." "Angry cloth I saw there leaping." "Mother with subtle sense severe," etc.

That Whitman studied words (the English language) with morose care all his life it was easy for any careful writer to perceive. But ocular proof of the fact was furnished after his death in the long lists of word-studies found among his papers. Dr. R. M. Bucke published a few of these in the *Conservator* for February, 1897, and more in Notes and Fragments; and Traubel published Walt's lecture on words (An American Primer). See the Bibliography.

Very rare indeed were corrections of fact needed, such as that about the she-whale and her calf, which in the first edition read "the she-whale swims with her *calves*." In general one may say that the greater part of the emendations of Leaves of Grass are a toning down of things, a moderating of extreme statements, removal of undue boastfulness, of capital and small capital letters, of screaming "O's," of grossness and indelicacy of expression, and of the commonplace, and the insertion of matter that gives an added richness and beauty to thought and diction.

The following piece of brag from the edition of 1860, p. 411, was discarded after appearing in the next edition only:—

"Of what I write from myself—As if that were not the résumé;
Of Histories—As if such, however complete, were not less complete than my poems;
As if the shreds, the records of nations, could possibly be as lasting as my poems;
As if here were not the amount of all nations, and of all the lives of heroes."

I think it probable that the lines called Solid Ironical Rolling Orb were omitted by Whitman on account of the egotism of the last line. In the edition of 1867, in the poem By Blue Ontario's Shore, § 4, appeared these invidious lines, with their implied egotism. They were afterwards deleted:—

"How dare these insects assume to write poems for America,
For our armies and the offspring following the armies?"

And at end of § 22 this has disappeared:—

"Bards towering like hills—(no more these dots, these pigmies, these little piping straws, these gnats, that fill the hour to pass for poets).

. . . . . .

Bards of pride! Bards tallying the ocean's roar, and the swooping eagle's scream!
You by my charm I invoke."

Then the towering pride of such sentences as the following from edition of 1860 did not find acceptance later: "I specifically announce that the real and permanent grandeur of These States must be their religion.

. . . O I see the following poems are indeed to drop in the earth the germs of a greater religion." (Proto-Leaf, §§ 28, 33.) Modified thus: *"I say* that the real," etc.; *"Know you, solely* to drop," etc. From Chants Democratic, III, this line has been dropped, as savoring of egotism:—

"Whom I have staid with once I have found longing for me ever afterward."

And this from X, p. 181:—

"Advancing to give the spirit and the traits of new Democratic ages, myself, personally,
(Let the future behold them all in me—Me, so puzzling and contradictory,—Me, a Manhattanese, the most loving and arrogant of men.)"

Calamus, 10, formerly began (edition of 1860) with this Shaksperean imitation:—

"You bards of ages hence! when you refer to me, mind not so much my poems,
Nor speak of me that I prophesied of The States, and led them the way of their glories."

Such passages as the foregoing were rightly removed. Much that remains may appear terribly egotistic to many. But listen to Whitman:—

"For the sake of him I typify, for the common average man's sake, your sake, if you are he."
(With Antecedents, § 3.)
"A man before all—myself, typical, before all."
(By Blue Ontario, § 14.)

The last paragraph of the Salut, as it appeared in the edition of 1860, was without the words "in America's

name" ("Toward you all in America's name, I raise high the perpendicular hand"). Yet it must be admitted that he has retained a curious piece of Cardinal Wolseyism (ego et rex meus) in his "Good will to you all—from me and America sént!" (Salut, § 11.)

Removal of lines for commonplaceness and dulness: see (edition of 1860) Song of Myself (then called Walt Whitman), §§ 251, 257; also pp. 146 and 211.

Changes for improved statement:—

"This is the meal equally set, this the meat for natural hunger."

(Song of Myself, § 19, line 1.)

In 1860 this read:—

"This is the meal pleasantly set,—this is the meat and drink for natural hunger."

A little thought shows that the new line is much stronger. The last line of From Pent-up Aching Rivers read in 1860, very weakly, "Celebrate you enfans prepared for"; but now it is, "Celebrate you, act divine, and you children prepared for." So at end of Song of the Open Road we had "mon enfant." "Mon cher" in To a Pupil reads now "dear friend." Numerous "O's" have been removed from the Proto-Leaf: see §§ 33, 37, 55, 61, 64.

In the long Apostroph of 1860 (now dropped entirely), out of some sixty-five lines all but four began with "O." Dozens of these crazy "O" exclamations have been removed from the Song of Joys. They have disappeared also from § 31 (1860 edition) of a Word Out of the Sea, and from Walt Whitman, § 153, where the removal of the naïve line "O I am so wonderful" is a blemish.

Whitman made slight concessions to the demand for

removal of gross expressions from his writings. He compromised a little, and himself shrank from the savage naturalism of his treatment of sex, in so far as to remove a few expressions that offended others, while not at all necessary to illustrate his theory of the perfect purity and nobility of the reproductive organs and functions. The lines removed, with perhaps one exception, are perfectly pure, morally; but their physiological plainness is unnecessarily offensive, and they form a discord. What, for instance, was the sense of thrusting upon us such a proof of his sex-theories as this line (the third) in A Word Out of the Sea (Out of the Cradle, etc.)?

"Out of the boy's mother's womb, and from the nipples of her breast."

Or this metaphor from the nursery in § 19 of Chants Democratic, I:—

"Have you sucked the nipples of the breasts of the mother of many children?" (*i.e.* the Union, the State personified.)

The other line (dealing with this same word, "nipple") to which I alluded as of immoral tendency, conventionally speaking, occurs in the Clef Poem of the 1856 edition and on p. 230 of the 1860 edition, now called On the Beach at Night Alone. By 1860 he had modified its offensiveness slightly, and later the passage was removed altogether.

The first three editions contained a line in the Song of Myself (or Walt Whitman) (the third of § 276, edition of 1860, and after "hucksters" in § 41 of the current issues) about the "seminal," or reproductive, fluid, which was so startling in its realism that it has been removed. The thought was of refreshing vigor, though. Speak-

ing of the priests and their explanations of the universe, he says, "The most they offer for mankind and eternity less than [one drop of the reproductive fluid]," with its divine inherencies and potencies; "a thousand onward years" enwrapped in this the gate of the soul; a curl of smoke, a hair on the back of one's hand, "just as curious as any revelation"; "God" present in every atom. In the piece (written in 1855), called now There Was a Child Went Forth, in the line beginning "His own parents" there has been a similar change of wording. And it seems a little curious, in view of these two passages, that in The Sleepers, § 7, p. 331, Whitman has left untouched one precisely similar. The early editions (*e.g.,* Walt Whitman, § 174, edition of 1860) contained a line the physiological plainness of which was stronger even than the above: its introduction was entirely gratuitous, and the thought repulsive and inartistic.

I find in the Centennial issue, vol. i, p. 98, near the beginning of From Pent-up Aching Rivers, this (now excised):—

"Singing what to the soul entirely redeem'd her, the faithful one, even the prostitute, who detain'd me when I went to the city;
Singing the song of prostitutes."

After "the Female I see" in the piece called I Sing the Body Electric, the first quarto read:—

"I see the bearer of the great fruit which is immortality—the good thereof is not tasted by roués and never can be."

Following what is now § 1 of The Sleepers were some metaphorical and esoteric lines which were not approved later:—

"The cloth laps a first sweet eating and drinking,
Laps life-swelling yolks—laps ear of rose-corn, milky and just ripened;
The white teeth stay, and the boss-tooth advances in darkness,
And liquor is spilled on lips and bosoms by touching glasses, and the best liquor afterward."

(Edition of 1860, § 24.)

To get the contrast between the delicacy of the old austere and veiled way of treating such a subject and the modern realistic method, compare this stanza from the Purgatorio of Dante (XXV, lines 43-46). He is speaking of the blood:—

"Ancor digesto, scende ov' è più bello
tacer che dire; e quindi poscia geme
sovr' altrui sangue in natural vasello."

And, now we are on this subject of esoteric writing, I will remark that the present § 28 of the Song of Myself ("Is this then a touch?") embodies one of the most astounding pieces of esoteric writing ever penned.

Passing on to note other traces of the file, the striking of the second heat upon the Muses' anvil, I observe that Whitman in his later editions, for the sake of typographical appearance, somewhat sacrificed his early one-line-one-sentence theory. Those tremendously long lines with their ugly hanging indentions and blank spaces have got reduced to two or three or more, greatly to the improvement of the look of the page. Compare §§ 49 and 50 of the Proto-Leaf (edition of 1860) with the same in Starting from Paumanok, § 13; or compare p. 120 of the 1860 edition with present § 13 of Blue Ontario; or p. 212 of the edition of 1860 with Song of Prudence, p. 290, editions of 1881 to 1897.

One of the things sure to puzzle those entering for the first time upon the bewildering maze of Whitman's various editions is the fact that he often "lifts" matter (as the printers say) from one place to another, either in the same poem or to a new one. Sections 11 and 12 of the Proto-Leaf, *e.g.*, have been transferred to the Song of Myself. The Song of Joys furnishes other examples within its own limits.

A much pleasanter phase of this study of the growth of Leaves of Grass is furnished by the additions (which are almost invariably betterments),—enrichments of thought or phrase, more vigorous statement, or a fuller or more melodious working out of the idea. For instance, the beautiful line (the last but one) at the end of Out of the Cradle—

"Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments, bending aside"—

was added after 1876. Again, the next to the last word of the last line of Chanting the Square Deific was at first "little,"—

"Breathe my breath also through these little songs,"—

which served as a dampener, an anti-climax, and completely spoiled the majestic effect of the whole preceding chant. A similar weak, superfluous word has been removed from line 1 of § 6 of Passage to India: it originally read, "Year at whose open wide-flung door I sing." "Open" was deleted.

The lyric in the Lincoln dirge, now nameless, but in the 1876 edition headed Death Carol, has been bettered in one or two respects since its first issue in 1865. The old reading of lines 7 and 13, respectively, was:—

"And for love, sweet love—But praise! O praise and praise."

"Approach encompassing Death—strong Deliveress."

In O Captain, stanza one, for "O the bleeding drops of red" we had "Leave you not the little spot." In stanza two, "This arm beneath your head," read, "This arm I push beneath you." In stanza three the last three lines once read,—

"But I with silent tread
Walk the spot my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead."

Toward the close of the main poem, beginning now, "Passing I leave thee," etc., the 1865 reading was:—

"Must I leave thee, lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
Must I leave thee there in the dooryard, blooming, returning with spring?

Must I pass from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west?" etc.

And the next line-group lacked the fine phrase "retrievements out of the night," simply beginning thus:—

"Yet each I keep and all,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird I keep."

Other variorum readings might be noted. What improvement in melody in the following line from a Calamus poem!—

"Roots and leaves unlike any but themselves."
(P. 359, edition of 1860.)

"Roots and leaves themselves alone are these."
(P. 103, editions of 1881 to 1897.)

And see the added beauty of phrase in the line, "Primeval my love for the woman I love" (p. 375, edition of 1860), as it now appears),

"Fast-anchor'd eternal O love! O woman I love!"

The beautiful dirge Ashes of Soldiers, under the inferior title Hymn of Dead Soldiers, was in Drum-Taps of 1865 a mere sketch to what it is now,—not so full of tender emotion and far less rich in phrasing and melody. So of the introductory lines of A Broadway Pageant as first published (edition of 1865):—

"Over sea, hither from Niphon
Courteous, the Princes of Asia, swart-cheek'd princes,
First-comers, guests, two-sworded princes,
Lesson-giving princes, leaning back in their open barouches,
bare-headed, impassive,
This day they ride through Manhattan."

Listen to the revised version, how it sings itself, how condensed:—

"Over the western sea hither from Niphon come,
Courteous, the swart-cheek'd two-sworded envoys,
Leaning back in their open barouches, bare-headed, impassive,
Ride today through Manhattan."

Cases of change manifestly *not* improvements occasionally occur. One is the rewriting of the proem to the Proto-Leaf. Again, the present § 33 of Song of Myself began thus in the first quarto:—

"Space and Time,
Swift Wind! Space! My Soul!
Now I know it is true," etc.

This is quite tame in the revision,—simply, "Space and Time! now I see," etc. In the same poem the fine audacity of "I cock my hat as I please, indoors or out" (§ 99, edition of 1860), we can ill spare for the tame "I wear my hat," etc. Again, in this poem we have in 1856 and 1860 an unmelodious line,—

"Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a Kosmos."

In 1867 this was made melodious,—

"Walt Whitman am I, of mighty Manhattan the son."

But, as if afraid of conformity and stock rhythmus (as indeed we know he was), he alters it finally to this form:—

"Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son."

The introductory lines to By Blue Ontario's Shore have lost, in the process of rewriting, their fine spontaneity and rhythm. The Phantom formerly sang as follows:—

"Chant me a poem, it said, of the range of the high Soul of Poets,
And chant of the welcome bards that breathe but my native air—invoke those bards."

Occasionally Whitman, for rhetorical reasons, deletes a word or two, but thereby obscures or weakens the thought as he first conceived it. In the following the italic words have been dropped:—

"Will it absorb into me as I absorb food, air, *nobility, meanness*—to appear again in my strength, gait, face?"
(Ed. 1860, p. 119, By Blue Ontario, § 12.)

"I take you to be mine, you *beautiful,* terrible, rude forms."
(Ed. 1860, p. 125, By Blue Ontario, § 18.)

"How beggarly appear *poems,* arguments, *orations,* before an electric [defiant] deed!"
(Ed. 1860, p. 133. Song of the Broad-Axe.)

There is a class of rejected lines that might be labeled, "Burked for bad taste." Take three or four from the first quarto (Song of Myself):—

§ 3, after "laugh, sing"—
"As God comes a loving bedfellow," etc.

§ 7, after "begetters of children"—
"Who need be afraid of the merge?"

§ 20, after "wallow and filth"—
"That life is a suck and a sell and nothing remains at the end but threadbare crape and tears."

§ 34, after "yet at Alamo" and at end—
"Hear now the tale of a jet-black sunrise."
"And that was a jet-black sunrise." *

§ 42, after "worms and fleas"—
"I acknowledge the duplicates of myself under all the scrape-lipped and pipe-legged concealments."

In crossing Brooklyn Ferry, § 9, after "beautiful hills of Brooklyn," I am sorry to say that our then immature poet exclaimed, *à la* Roosevelt:—

"Bully for you! You proud, friendly, free Manhattanese!"

* This was no worse, however, than Shakspere, who in The Tempest makes the clouds in a storm "pour down stinking pitch."

Finally, to end this ungracious task (undertaken for students of literature and for which, I hope, I shall be forgiven), I note certain alterations made for religious-philosophical reasons. At the close of Crossing Brooklyn Ferry the objects of the external world were apostrophized as "You beautiful dumb ministers, *you novices,*" —the last two words removed because conveying an idea which is evidently untrue. Matter (whatever it is in essence) is not a novice, but is as old as eternity.

In the 1865 edition of Drum-Taps, stanza two has, after "all-enclosing Charity," this line in parentheses:—

(Conqueror yet—for before me [Christ] all the armies and soldiers of the earth shall yet bow—and all the weapons of war become impotent.)

Probably deleted for theological reasons and because it was couched in Biblical language.

Section 33 (p. 58) of Song of Myself reads in 1855 edition (but not in 1860 or later),—

"I visit the orchards of God and look at the product."

So § 44 in edition of 1855 (but not in 1860 or later) read,—

"I waited unseen and always
And slept while God carried me through the lethargic mist."

This now reads:—

"And always,
And slept through the lethargic mist."

The close of that weird nightmare (with method in its madness) The Sleepers is rendered decidedly obscure to any but a careful and practised thinker in philosophy

by the omission in later editions of the following lines, found in the edition of 1855, which contain the doctrine of metempsychosis (a favorite one with Whitman) :—

"Not you will yield forth the dawn again more surely than you will yield forth me again;
Not the womb yields the babe in its time more surely than I shall be yielded from you in my time."

II

ELUCIDATIONS AND ANALYSES OF DIFFICULT POEMS IN LEAVES OF GRASS

II

Elucidations and Analyses of Difficult Poems in Leaves of Grass

As Consequent (Two Rivulets, ed. '76). The group-name (Autumn Rivulets) over this poem in the last edition of Leaves of Grass is a reminiscence or relic of the name the poem had in the Centennial, or 1876, edition, the term Two Rivulets deriving its pertinency from the curious combination of prose and poetry in the first section of volume two of that edition. The prose consists of a running talk on social and political topics at the foot of each page. At the bottom and at the top of each page is a waving rule, symbolizing rivulets of water, thus:—

Of course, when the booklet Two Rivulets was broken up and its poems scattered through the final edition, the two-rivulet scheme had to go. As a result, the first two poems of the booklet were fused into one (they were really one before), with excision of beautiful lines and new matter added. As the second half of the composite poem (beginning "Or from that sea of time") stood in the 1876 edition, it was a puzzle to a hasty reader,—a poem with no main verb in it, and beginning with an "or" that had no correlative, apparently.* But,

*In the final arrangement (of his last editions) this is cleared up by the addition of "collecting, vasting all, I bring," etc. (That verb "vasting" is Whitman's creation, and by it he means, I suppose, greatening the range of his topics, relating them to the vast all, showing their eternal relations.

taking the two pieces together in the old edition, all becomes clear. He says first that his two parallel streams of verse and prose (and they flow through you and me and all) are like stream-surges in the sea of time, the real and the ideal (the practical prose and the ideal verse), object and subject, both hurrying on to fall at last into the mystic ocean of eternity; *or,* second, they may be likened to spray blown by the wind or a double windrow drift of weeds and shells,—the seaweeds the prose (presumably), the shells the poetry: hold the little shells to your ear, and you will catch faint reverberations of the music of eternity, whence they came.

As I Ebb'd with the Ocean of Life. The elements contrasted in this mystic nature-threne are the material ocean of the globe and the ocean, or mystic realm, of death. With the sand and drift and débris of the visible ocean are compared the thoughts and speech of the poet,—a little drift washed up out of the ocean of soul. From above looks down the phantom, God. *Its* habitat is the unknown ocean of death-immortality, where the streams of life all empty, the shore dirged by the cries of the dying. The bard and the two oceans (the blue brine and the sleep that rounds our life with death) murmur alike reproachfully as not knowing the reason for their existence.

Boston Ballad, A. Called out by the arrest of Anthony Burns as a fugitive slave from Virginia, and his rendition to slavery on May 24, 1854. The heart of the spring, everything in nature joyous and liberated, full of new life, but "a jet-black sunrise" over Boston that day, and the profoundest gloom, united with fierce excitement, filling the hearts of lovers of freedom. Dur-

ing the trial, delegations of sympathizers (angry and determined) poured in from surrounding towns, a mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and an attempt at rescue, headed by T. W. Higginson, was made, the party attacking the hounds of the law at the court-house and killing one of them. Yet all was in vain, and Boston had the mortification to see the poor negro escorted down State Street between rows of armed soldiery to the place where he was to embark for the sweet land of slavery.

As I remarked before, Walt once marked this poem for excision, but it was saved, perhaps regretfully, by J. T. Trowbridge's intercession.

By Blue Ontario's Shore. We might call this the chief of three great poems of patriotism by Whitman, the other two being Thou Mother with thy Equal Brood and Song of the Banner at Daybreak. Here occur what I have called the war parentheses. The phantoms, gigantic, superb, introduced at the beginning and the end of this piece, are a favorite device of Whitman's. He was a man who saw visions and dreamed dreams. In Passage to India the sad shade, gigantic visionary, of Columbus emerges to view. In the Song of the Redwood Tree we have the death-hymn of the huge Saturnian wood-spirits and the mighty dryads of the sequoias. The phantoms occur again in the Lincoln dirge, in As I Ponder'd in Silence, and in As if a Phantom Caress'd Me. An allied group is that of the personifications of Liberty, or Columbia, in such poems as Pensive on Her Dead Gazing; in the personification Libertad (in By Blue Ontario and elsewhere; in Lo, Victress on the Peaks; the "fang'd and glittering one" in § 6 of Starting from Paumanok; Thou Mother with thy Equal Brood, etc. Then there is the

New World Muse in Song of the Exposition and the tutelary genius of New York City in First O Songs for a Prelude, and the visions of The Sleepers, Proud Music, and the Artilleryman.

The argument of the rather complex and loosely articulated chant By Blue Ontario's Shore is in brief as follows: In a great nation, a great democracy, we must have first of all great individuals; believe in yourself; see to it that you have a perfect body (§§ 1-3). A great nation is built up, not by pious conformers, but by dauntless rebels, pioneers, heroes (§ 4), who look not to the past for models, but build their fabric from original plans (§ 5). Then the successful democracy must have "bards to corroborate" (§ 6), poets who sing the future, and know that the republic is not finished in a day, but is the growth of ages (§ 8). The poet-seer (not the mere singer or rhymester) is the symmetrical man, the sanest man (§§ 9, 10). He chants the great idea,—the free and perfect individual (§§ 10, 11). He must have a long and severe novitiate, and his work must tally nature's in breadth and truth; he must draw his inspiration from a superb physique and from his own days and lands (§§ 12, 13). The proud claim made is that I, Walt Whitman (typical of you and all, singing for you), have qualifications not unworthy of a New World bard (§ 14). Once more, when all is said, the great thing is strong and robust personalities (§§ 15-18, inclusive). In this my rapt vision the phantoms of the great bards have passed before my eyes. But it was not to invoke them, but to call up the bards of the future, to form my coming republic, that I have sung so capricious and loud my savage song; and these by my charm I invoke (§§ 19, 20).

Calamus. Whitman in 1867 wrote to William M. Rossetti: "Calamus is the very large and aromatic grass, or rush, growing about water ponds in the valleys—spears about three feet high; often called Sweet Flag; grows all over the Northern and Middle States. The recherché or ethereal sense of the term, as used in my book, arises probably from the actual Calamus presenting the biggest and hardiest kind of spears of grass, and their fresh, aquatic, pungent *bouquet.*" (Rossetti's Selections, p. 307.)

Centenarian's Story, The. Apropos of the battle of Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776. The "General" of the poem is Washington. One may read an excellent account of the fight in Bancroft's fifth volume, chapter ii, and of the skilful retreat of Washington with all his troops across the East River by night. The blame for the defeat is generally laid on Gen. Israel Putnam's shoulders, perhaps unjustly, although it is true he gave a wild and foolish order that resulted disastrously for the Americans.

Come, Said my Soul (motto to Leaves of Grass). These lines first appeared as a motto to the 1876 edition, were dropped in the 1881 issue, and reappeared on title-page of the big volume of 1888. They have kept their place as a title-page motto since. In the *Conservator* for June, 1896, I had something to say on this curious bit of mystic verse, and gave transcripts of six preliminary drafts of it which I possessed in Whitman's handwriting, the first of these being dated March 25, 1875. I believe my exposition of it ran the lines too deep. Instead of there being, as I then thought, a triad of entities, there is only a duo,—in reality only a unit; for soul and body are avowed to be one. The *I's* of the verses are all the Soul's (*anima loquitur*), from first to last. This is proved by

one of the rough drafts below, in which the Soul speaks of writing "our name." The Soul-Body's name is Walt Whitman. This Soul-Body proposes to write some verses which in this or in other worlds it may look back on with pride ages hence, and, in case of a reincarnation, may take up again and continue in a similar vein.

But there is a stanza in Pioneers! O Pioneers! which authorizes us to sink the mystic plummet as deep as we please,—

"I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way," etc.

The triad here may be considered first as formed by soul and body and the distinct personality produced by blending the two into one. In a deeper sense, however, the "I" of the poet may be regarded as the underlying Will, or Absolute Being. The human psyche, or soul, is in organic connection with this Superconscious Substance, the living soul-tissue is continuous. So in the body, for the body is the real soul, the soul made visible,—the two forming an idea in the ocean of "God," and as an idea possessing uniqueness, personality, in a sense different from that by which two drops of water, for instance, join and form one whole. So that each one of us, though speaking, if we choose, out of the abysm of the Absolute, the Unconditioned, may yet justly also say "I" and "Me" in the finite sense.

Transcripts of the manuscript duplicate versions of Come, Said my Soul, are here appended. The first is a mere germ-idea. The other three, not presented here, have no variation of special interest:*—

* The portions in brackets are Whitman's, and are written by him, as alternatives or additions over the line.

"Come, said the Soul,
Such verses of the Body having written [here?]
That should we [I] after death invisibly return
We first here and now and first and last and all and each
Endorsing to the utmost
Endorsing all and each and to the last, as first here I now
Signing for Soul and Body, write my name."

"Come, said my Soul,
Such verses for my Body let us write, (for we are one,)
Such chants of both sign'd by my Name [signed by the Name, for both] in seed perennial scattering,
That should I after death invisibly return,
Or to some group of mates the lines resuming,
Ever, with pleased smile, I may repeat them—ever with murmuring rain,
Ever with tallying earth, air, daylight, sing,
As sign for Soul and Body, write our name."

"Come, said my Soul,
Such verses for the Body let us sing, (for we are [subtly] finally One.)
That should I after Death invisibly return,
Or long, long hence, in other spheres,
Or to some group of mates the chants resuming,
Ever with pleased smile I may repeat them,
(Tallying Earth's soil, waves, trees, winds, murmuring rain,)
Avowing to the last—as, first, I here and now,
Signing for Soul and Body, write my name
W. W."

Crossing Brooklyn Ferry. Such a tenacious grip on life had Whitman that in this lyric he actually resents the pity and kind of condescension of future generations who recur to him (and us) dead. Crossing and recrossing

the ferry, he thinks of the generations to come, and by the necromancy of the imagination shifts the slides of time, dismisses the present to the past, and out of his page speaks up to the faces of the men of the future (§§ 3-7, inclusive), telling them not to be too sure he is not present in the living air around them, and looking back with them at his old self that lived years ago. Then (§ 9) he returns to the present with the motif with which (in §§ 1 and 2) he began. The whole piece is a prose-chant variant of Tennyson's lyric Tears, Idle Tears. That sings of the poignant sadness born of simple retrospection: this chants of the pensive thought born of prospection-retrospection, the poet first imagining himself in the distant future and then as looking back to the time he first lived. Like Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night, it is a piece of almost pure emotion, but much longer sustained and more complex in its elements than that.

Dead Emperor, The (p. 402). In memory of Emperor William I, King of Prussia, as I mentioned before.

Eidólons. By this term Whitman means simply souls. It is an old psychological word. (Compare Poe's Eidolon [mispronounced] named Night On a Black Throne," and Lowell's "the eidolon of a man named James Haddock appeared to a man named Taverner.") But Whitman (following out German thought) gives it a wider philosophical application: he conceives of the great globes of space and all objects on them as being but emanations, or phantoms, projected by the Soul, the great eidólon. Eidólons are the real substratum underneath all objects. The whole living, working universe is forging but eternal eidólons, or souls, the real entities. The visible world is

only appearance,—a picture, many-colored, staining the blackness of eternity ("darkness and light are both alike to thee"). In ordinary parlance it is the eidólon that is the insubstantial thing, the immaterial spectre: with Whitman the eidólon is the real, the substantial, thing. That is the difference.

Who is the "seer" of the first stanza of Eidólons? Emerson? More likely Whitman himself, after he had been reading The Unseen Universe.

If we inquire where Walt Whitman got the germ-idea of his wonderful Eidólon poem, we shall soon discover that he did *not* get it from the ancients nor from Bacon. Epicurus, Empedocles, Democritus, Lucretius, held that all objects are continually giving off emanations, effluxes (called eidóla, or ἀπορροίαι), from their surfaces, by means of which we are enabled to apprehend their colors and other properties. Then from the old idea of ghosts wrapped up in the word *eidóla* came the meaning of *delusions* which is what Bacon means by his "idols." Shakspere and other Elizabethans use the word *idea* as meaning image, *idea* and *eidólon* having a common root, and with Plato ideai were the archetypal models, or images, of which created things are the imperfect antitypes. Still are we no nearer Whitman's model. The fact is that he is original in his application of the term *eidólon* to the class of ideas he connects with it. But he is certainly not original in the main thought of the poem. In reading it I at once recalled the work by Balfour Stewart and P. G. Tait, The Unseen Universe. This book was published in 1875. I remember the sensation it caused. I read it, while in college, with eager interest. Whitman's Eidólons was written just about this time, and published in 1876. There can be little doubt that he got his idea for

the poem from that remarkable and curious work, the central idea of which is this: *"Thought conceived to affect the matter of another universe simultaneously with this may explain a future state."* The authors' hypothesis is that each organic or inorganic object on the earth makes, in the process of its growth, a delicate facsimile register of itself on the living sensitive ether that lies immediately around it and bathes and interpenetrates its every atom. This facsimile register we can conceive of as a living and immortal part of the immortal Soul of the Universe. This is, after all, only Hegelianism in another form. If the material universe is the objectified thought of God, then all objects (viewed as thought) would leave permanent stamp upon their close-underlying source, the divine thought-substance. But Whitman takes the idea and expands it, applying it in detail, item by item, in a most startling and powerful manner:—

"The ostent * [is] evanescent,
The substance of an artist's mood or savan's † studies long,
Or warrior's, martyr's, hero's toils,
[Is] to fashion his eidólon.

"Of every human life
(The units gather'd, posted, not a thought, emotion, deed,
left out,)
The whole or large or small summ'd, added up,
In its eidólon."

The basic thought of Eidólons may also be found in Song of Prudence, Unnamed Lands and Assurances.

* That is, the phenomenal or manifested universe. "Ostent" is used in Shakspere's Merchant of Venice, ii, 8, 44, and thrice elsewhere in the plays. W. W. was a close student of Shakspere, and could recite whole passages by heart.

† Note the error in French. The word should be *savant;* the plural is written *savans,* but the "t" is never dropped in the singular.

In the preface to W. W.'s personal one-volume edition of his Complete Poems and Prose (1888) he thus speaks of the impalpable mental and moral resultants of certain phenomena or acts. "Of the best of events and facts, even the most important, there are finally not the events and facts only, but something flashing out and fluctuating like tuft-flames, or eidólons, from all."

Europe, the 72d and 73d Years of These States.

"Suddenly out of its stale and drowsy lair, the lair of slaves,
Like lightning it le'pt forth half startled at itself,
Its feet upon the ashes and the rags, its hands tight to the throats of kings."

Inspired by the revolution of 1848-49 and perhaps written when its events were fresh in Whitman's mind (published 1855): Louis Philippe forced to abdicate; Kossuth dictator in Hungary; a republic declared at Rome, Garibaldi and Mazzini leaders; constitutions obtained by the people of Prussia and Holland. But soon the tables are turned, the patriot leaders take to flight. France surrenders to Napoleon the Little, Hugo is exiled, Italy is in the power of the Pope and of Victor Emmanuel, and Hungary held by the throat by Francis Joseph of Austria.

Faces. In § 5 of this piece why are the three so suggestively beautiful lines about the Sabbath-day smoke introduced just where they are? Answer: It is an example of many Emersonian and Whitmanesque ellipses, —you must look for the connection, and, when you have found it, you have the pleased surprise of a discovery. The poet is about to describe the beautiful face of an old lady in Quaker cap, the justified mother of men, and the lines

"Lull'd and late is the smoke of the First-day morning,
It hangs low over the rows of trees by the fences,
It hangs thin by the sassafras and wild-cherry and cat-brier under them,"

are introduced as suggesting the calm peace of the life now nearing its sunset. No illustration could have been chosen more perfect for its purpose. Immediately after is another of these ellipses: "I heard," he says, "who sprang in crimson youth from the white froth and the water-blue." There he stops: you supply mentally, "But the Venus women are not to be compared to the honored mother of many children."

France the 18th Year of These States. One of a group of European liberty poems that should be read together. The others are O Star of France (p. 306), Spain, Europe, To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire. Compare also page 17 of Leaves of Grass,—"O latent right of insurrection: O quenchless, indispensable fire!"

Mystic Trumpeter, The. See my abstract of In Re Walt Whitman in Part I (year 1893) for an anecdote about this poem.

Outlines for a Tomb. In memory of the philanthropist George Peabody, whose millions bestowed on science, for the education of the negro, and for the dwellings of the poor in London, gave him fame. He died, Nov. 14, 1869, in London, but was buried in Massachusetts in February, 1870. The illustrated English and American papers of the time have cuts of the steamship that bore him to his native land and portraits of himself. In the Centennial issue of his poems, W. W. put a ☞ over the heading of this piece, and these words in parentheses: "(To any Hospital or School-Founder, or Public Beneficiary anywhere.)"

Passage to India. The theme of this cosmic chant is, first, the spanning of the globe by lines of intercommunication,—the Suez Canal and the Pacific railroads,—and then, by suggestion, the problems of God, Immortality, Destiny. A similar high prophetic strain appears in a Broadway Pageant,—the vision of the thousand blooming cities on the Pacific islands of the future. The first line of § 6 ("Year at whose wide-flung door I sing") shows that the poem was written either in the spring of 1869 (May 10 of that year having seen the driving of the last spike of the Pacific railroads, and November 17 the ceremonial opening of the Suez Canal) or else in January, 1870. These two stupendous works, with all they implied, fired the imagination of the American poet, and he alone in the world worthily sung them. The earth is girdled at last, the passage to India found, Columbus's dream come true. The first six sections present world-tableaux, *Weltanschauungen,* running back through all history. What in the Song of the Rolling Earth is called a divine ship is here a "vast Rondure, swimming in space." Smitten with the splendor of the gorgeous East,—India, teeming mother of life, of philosophies, of mighty sculptured temples,—(the Taj Mahal, the Boro Boedor of the "tender and junior Buddha"),—the shrines of Ceylon and Siam

("You lofty and dazzling towers, pinnacled, red as roses,
burnish'd with gold!
Towers of fables immortal fashion'd from mortal
dreams!")

—he uses it all as metaphor to express (§§ 8, 9) the infinitely richer wealth of the invisible spiritual world. In the lines now to be cited see how securely his Titanic

Hegelian philosophy buoys him up, with what sublime confidence he vaults from the finite to the infinite, and makes his own the strength of the stars, the immensity of space, remembering that his *soul,* his real existence, is an inseparable part of the Soul of the Universe:—

"Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee O Soul, thou actual Me,
And lo thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space."

Certain readers of Leaves of Grass, whose recollections do not cover the year 1869, will have to go to the records for details of the Pacific Railroad and the Suez Canal ceremonies. *Harper's Weekly* and the *Illustrated London News* furnish good accounts. In *Harper's* you have a double-page illustration of the joining of our first two transcontinental lines,—ocean steamship under full steam on the Pacific Ocean, emblems of commerce, and a procession of all the nations of the globe coming to congratulate Queen Victoria. The text of *Harper's* tells of Nevada's silver spike and of California's spike of gold, the last blow given to which, by a telegraphic device, told the news to the waiting East, the nimble Ariel flashing the news over the green bulge of the continent in a second of time. In New York the bells of Trinity spire were instantly rung, a salute fired in City Hall Park, and religious services held in Trinity Church. This last shows how men's minds were impressed, and is good commentary on the religious cast Whitman gave to his chant, and good commentary too, on the curious religion in business in America, tallied by the open-air prayer-meet-

ings held in Wall Street (!) during a certain financial panic in the last half of the last century. See Prof. Albert Schinz's Anti-Pragmatism, pp. 141-147, for the curiosity and amusement with which a foreigner regards such a thing.

The scene at the Suéz Canal the next autumn was equally inspiring,—the Empress Eugénie's presence, the innumerable ships, flag-draped and illūminated at night with thousands of lights, the then new electric light flashing from the light-house in the harbor, fireworks, speeches, and the roar of cannon.

Prayer of Columbus. Prefaced in the 1876 edition by the following prose paragraph:—

"It was near the close of his indomitable life—on his last voyage when nearly 70 years of age—that Columbus, to save his two remaining ships from foundering in the Caribbean sea in a terrible storm, had to run them ashore on the Island of Jamaica—where, laid up for a long and miserable year—1503—he was taken very sick, had several relapses, his men revolted, and death seem'd daily imminent; though he was eventually rescued, and sent home to Spain to die, unrecognized, neglected and in want. . . . It is only ask'd, as preparation and atmosphere for the following lines, that the bare authentic facts be recall'd and realized, and nothing contributed by the fancy. See the Antillean Island, with its florid skies and rich foliage and scenery, the waves beating the solitary sands, and the hulls of the ships in the distance. See the figure of the great Admiral, walking the beach, as a stage, in this sublimest tragedy—for what tragedy, what poem, so piteous and majestic as the real scene?—and hear him uttering (as his mystical and religious soul surely utter'd) the ideas following,—perhaps, in their equivalents, the very words."

Riddle Song, A. Try the words "the Ideal," and see if they do not answer for every line. It seems to me this is the key.

Roaming in Thought. (After reading Hegel.) The meliorism of these lines is duplicated again and again in Leaves of Grass, *e.g.*, in the beautiful Song of the Universal, p. 181, and in Song at Sunset, p. 376. In "The Rounded Catalogue Divine Complete" (p. 419) of his last years, where the devilish and the dark are asserted to be nineteen-twentieths (!) of nature, the poet of Camden, owing to the terrible sufferings he was experiencing, flatly contradicated his early utterances that came from a sound body. There is no possible reconcilement of the statement in Song at Sunset, "I do not see one imperfection in the universe," and the statement just quoted from "The Rounded Catalogue"; nor, for that matter, does the Song at Sunset sentiment chime with Democratic Vistas, nor even with the meliorism of the other pieces I have alluded to. But no matter. Optimism preponderates in his work as it did in his life. He was not anxious to be always accurately consistent. His affirmation in "The Rounded Catalogue" is of course wildly extravagant.

Salut au Monde. Again the central philosophic or mystic tenet emerges,—man one with God, the phenomenal objective universe only a many-colored phantom projection of the adamantine Reality, or Eidólon. Regarding the whole visible universe as projected thought, of course solar systems circle really within Walt Whitman or within you (§§ 1, 2, 13) in your soul or thought-substance; for you are an integral part of the whole Soul, and as if all of it.

Sea-Drift. Besides the eleven poems here grouped by Whitman there are no less than thirty-seven other poems or parts of poems forming sea-pictures, most of which could have been properly added to Sea-Drift. Eighteen of these come in the Annexes, showing how fondly he recurred to the sea and its imagery in his old age. The list of thirty-seven pieces is as follows: In Cabin'd Ships at Sea, p. 10; The Ship Starting, p. 16; Song of Myself, § 10, "The Yankee clipper . . . cuts the sparkle and scud"; § 22, "Cushion me soft," etc.; § 33, the Arctic Sea scene, and the skipper and the wreck; § 35, the old-time sea-fight; Song of Joys: the mackerel-taking and the whaleman's joys, pp. 144, 145; City of Ships, p. 230; Passage to India, p. 315 *passim;* The Sleepers, §§ 3, 4, p. 328, "I see a beautiful gigantic swimmer," etc. Thought ("As I sit"), p. 345, tableau of the sinking ship; Thou Mother, etc., § 4, p. 348; A Paumanok Picture, p. 351; As Consequent, p. 277 ("Or from that sea of time"); Fancies at Navesink, p. 389 (eight pieces); What Ship Puzzled, p. 343; Joy, Shipmate, Joy, p. 379; Now Finalè to the Shore, p. 380; Paumanok and From Montauk Point, p. 385; With Husky-Haughty Lips, p. 392; The Dismantled Ship, p. 403; Sail Out for Good, Eidólon Yacht, p. 409; Old Age's Ship, p. 412; Ship Ahoy! p. 28 of Good-Bye My Fancy.

Song of Myself. R. M. Bucke had the manuscript of one or two preliminary drafts of this poem, cast in a form afterwards unacceptable to the author. They appear in Notes and Fragments, edited by him. For an abstract of Bucke's illustration and comment on the episode of the skipper and the wreck and of the old-time sea-fight see Part I. In § 5 of the Song of Myself—

"I believe in you, my soul; the other I am must not abase itself to you,
And you must not be abased to the other"—

we have simply the duad of soul and body, as in the motto inscription, "Come, Said my Soul." It is a restatement once more of his cardinal Hegelian principle,—that for which he wrote his Leaves, mainly,—that the body is of equal rank and honor with the soul. He warns the soul that the body ("the other I am") must not be abased to it, that it is as good as the soul any day,—in fact, he elsewhere affirms that it *is* the soul.

§ 24. "If I worship anything," etc. Compare "Gods" (Leaves of Grass, p. 213).

§ 29. In § 28 he has been speaking in veiled metaphor of the fire that plays between the bodies of persons of the opposite sex when they touch each other. This suggests (§ 29) the reproductive act and its costly sacrifices and reparations ("Parting tracked by arriving," etc.). The lines,

"Sprouts take and accumulate; stand by the curb prolific and vital,
Landscapes [are] projected masculine, full-sized and golden,"

seem at first to be mere ravings. Not at all: they are closely connected with the preceding lines. The allusion, I take it, in the first of the two lines quoted is either to the lingam with its divine zoa,—the gate, avenue, curb, prolific and vital,—through which are carried forward all the precious results of civilization and art, or to the yoni, which is equally the gate of the soul. The second line is philosophical, and hints that the sexual apparatus of flowers or animals focuses the creative power of the

universe, the power that projects upon the screen of eternity the many-colored landscapes of the worlds of space.

§§ 31, 33. The Hegelian philosophy again,—the *I* that of the All, of which your soul and mine are regarded as inlets or indivisible parts; the whole universe the *Vorstellung,* or visible thought, of the Soul, for which time and space have no existence.

§ 34. The Fall of Alamo (pronounced ahl'amo) and the Massacre of the Four Hundred and Twelve Young Men. *Alamo* means poplar-tree in Spanish. "The Alamo" was an old Spanish mission, founded in 1718 at Bejar, or San Antonio, Texas, within the walls of the fort built four years previous. In 1836, the year of the massacre, the fortress was an irregular pile of buildings, with walls nearly three feet thick,—a chapel, barrack, and various stone houses. The Mexicans attacked two hours before day on the 6th of March. Using scaling-ladders, they succeeded in overcoming the exhausted garrison and storming the outer walls. Then the real struggle began, a series of bloody, desperate hand-to-hand encounters from room to room of the fortress,—cannon, guns, bayonets, swords, pistols, being the weapons. The Mexicans fell in heaps, but the gallant Texans also fell one by one. Of the 150 or 182 occupants of the garrison (accounts differ), only one boy and a woman and her child escaped. Full accounts, with ground plans and views, are given in the histories of Texas by Yoakum, Foote, and W. Kennedy, and in The Texas Scrap-book by D. W. C. Baker. A monument, made from stones of the fort, was erected to the heroes of the Alamo before the State House at Austin. One of

the inscriptions reads, "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none."

Three weeks after the taking of the Alamo the treachery and barbarity of the Mexicans (the old Spanish cruelty always in the blood) revealed itself in the barbarous act described so graphically by Walt Whitman. The story is one of the thrilling episodes of the struggle, under the leadership of Sam Houston, that resulted in the organization of Texas into an independent republic, and indirectly in her admission into the Union in 1845, though not without a second clash of arms with Mexico. From 1822 to 1830 some twenty thousand American pioneers had settled in Texas. The Mexican government in 1830 put these under military rule, and further hurt their sense of freedom by various governmental impositions. These things led to war, which was terminated April 21, 1836, by the surrender of Santa Anna. It was he who gave the order on March 27, 1836, for the murder of the four hundred * American rangers, then his prisoners. Their leader Colonel Fannin had been ordered by General Houston to abandon the fort at Goliad, or La Bahia (which is, like Bejar and the Alamo, on the San Antonio River, about a hundred and twenty miles from the present Mexican frontier), and fall back to Victoria. His delay of a few days for humanitarian reasons lost him and his gallant men their lives. When he did set out, he blew up Goliad, was overtaken by General Urrea with over two thousand men at the Coleta, and attacked behind his baggage entrenchments. They fought all night, locating each other by the flash of the guns. In the morning the little Ameri-

* Figures vary. Foote, one of the historians of Texas, makes the number shot 330; 27 escaped; and 8 physicians and their attendants were exempted by the enemy.

can band found themselves surrounded by a force so superior that they capitulated honorably as prisoners of war, marching back to Goliad, where they were kept in the old church eight days. Then came the order from Santa Anna to slaughter them all in cold blood. They were unsuspecting and in good spirits, and the evening before some of their number had been playing the flute and talking about being exchanged. At dawn on the 27th they were marched out, in four squads, being told various lies as to their destination. Each squad was led about a half-mile off, and in a different direction from the others. Presently shrieks and cries are heard, and it is seen that they are being shot down. When some three hundred and thirty had been killed and stripped, an ineffectual attempt was made to burn their bodies in heaps. Some two months after (June 3) the skeletons of the massacred men were collected by a force under Brigadier-general Thomas J. Rusk, and buried with all the honors of war, the survivors of the awful event being present.

§ 49. Cleave in faith to the living heart of the universe; look not at the reflected light of moons, but at the central sun.

§ 50. The unsayable thought is the thought of eternity, of the Living Universe without bounds. As one's friend awakes one with an embrace, so the creation awakes this Something to consciousness in man's soul. This mysterious entity and the thought we have of it, the consciousness we have of unity with it, and aspiration to forward its ideal ends, is the mystery alluded to, also, in A Song for Occupations, § 2, and in A Riddle Song, the two words of which are, I believe, "the Ideal," as I have before stated.

Song of the Broad-Axe. This is a chant of moral heroism, of great personalities, and their deeds, symbolized by the pioneer's axe and his work. The subject is introduced by a few lyric lines (wonderful for diction) of weird melody:—

> "Weapon shapely, naked, wan!
> Head from the mother's bowels drawn," etc.

Then, as if he had conceded enough to conventional poetry and feared the jingle disease was coming upon him, he changes the key to that of the unrhymed prose chant; hints that he is going to sing of "strong shapes," "masculine trades, sights and sounds," giving just a glimpse of each,—as the fingers of the organist skip staccato over the keys of the great organ (§ 1); salutes the lands (§ 2); the arrival of the pioneers, the felling of forests, building of houses, springing up of civilization (§ 3).

But then (he cries) remember (§§ 4-6, inclusive) that the show of the material life is only transitory: the thing that endures is a great personality, moral character, courage, health of body and mind. Before an electric deed, disputes cease, inert masses give way. "What is your money-making now?"

Heroism may appear under an unpromising exterior; but the real thing is there, and serves (§ 7).

The axe is the emblem of martyrdom, of the headsman. The crop of martyrs shall never run out, as long as tyranny lasts. But in America the blood is washed from the axe, and it becomes the emblem of peace and social joy (§ 8).

This brings us back again (§§ 9-11, inclusive) to pioneer work and the users of axes and all tools. In describing these, he described himself.

In the final section (much abridged and improved in late issues) the bard sees as in a vision the great democracies of the future.

Song for Occupations, A. This is an exhortation to the hand-toiler to think well of himself, for the divine and eternal elements are in him also (§ 7). I, the poet, bring you, you workman, the spiritual, a reminder of the mystic presence of the Eternal in you (§ 2). The grandeur of the whole Universe is no grander than you, because your soul is an inlet to the Universal Soul: in a sense you are an Infinite Being yourself (§§ 3, 4). Hegel's formula, that subject and object are one, Whitman expresses in the dictum, "Objects gross and the unseen soul are one." Then, partly to illustrate this and partly to win the sympathies of his hearers (supposed to be workingmen), he enumerates a list of trades and works (§ 5). Then once more the old refrain: believe in yourself; you are as good (in latent qualities) as anyone else. This last injunction, by the way (and it is a central thought of Emerson and the other Transcendentalists), is not one we cryingly need to have enforced at the moment the American people have now reached. The "damn you, I'm as good as you are," sentiment, the scorn of superiority, the absence of reverence in children and the people,—these form our peculiar national weaknesses. *Now* let someone chant, "Reverence your superiors!"

Song of the Rolling Earth, A. If the phenomenal world is but thought rendered visible, palpable, the *Idée* made vocal (Hegel), then air, soil, water, bodies, are a kind of words, the real words, the best words. The earth itself is a word, "the beautiful sister we know," who sits holding up her moon-mirror. The hours and days also are words (§ 1). Now, the divine ship, the earth, sailing

through space, sails especially for you, men and women, how humble so ever you are. So see to it that your word-deeds are worthy (§ 2). The earth is complete, and all that is is right (from the point of view of the Absolute Being), if we are only great enough to see it. The unspoken meanings of the earth are the greatest (§§ 3, 4).

Song of the Exposition. At the back of Roberts Bros. (Boston) edition (1871) of this chant of labor appears the following, which, I feel pretty sure, is by Walt Whitman himself, the "taffy" put in to disguise its origin: *—

(*From the Washington Chronicle, Sept. 11*)

A letter from New York, of September 9, contains the following:—

"Imagine yourself inside a huge barn-like edifice of a couple of acres, spanned by immense arches, like the ribs of some leviathan ship, (whose skeleton hull inverted the structure might be said to resemble,) and this building, crowded and crammed with incipient displays of goods and machinery—everything that grows and is made—and a thousand men actively at work, in their shirt-sleeves, putting the said goods and machinery in order—all with a noise, movement, and variety as if a good-sized city was in process of being built. In the middle of this, to an audience of perhaps two or three thousand people, with a fringe on the outside of five or six hundred partially-hushed workmen, carpenters, machinists, and the like, with saws, wrenches, or hammers in their hands, Walt Whitman, last Thursday, gave his already celebrated poem before the American Institute.

* In the early days he often had to write his own reviews; at any rate it is well known that he did so.

His manner was at first sight coldly quiet, but you soon felt a magnetism and felt stirred. His great figure was clothed in gray, with white vest, no necktie, and his beard was unshorn as ever. His voice is magnificent, and is to be mentioned with Nature's oceans and the music of forests and hills. His gestures are few, but significant. Sometimes he stands with his hands in his breast pockets; once or twice he walked a few steps to and fro. He did not mind the distant noises and the litter and machinery, but doubtless rather enjoyed them. He was perfectly self-possessed. His apostrophe to the Stars and Stripes which floated above him, describing them in far different scenes in battle, was most impassioned. Also, his 'Away with War itself!' and his scornful 'Away with novels, plots, and plays of foreign courts!' A few allusions of his poem were in a playful tone, but the main impression was markedly serious, animated, and earnest. He was applauded as he advanced to read, besides several times throughout, and at the close. He did not respond in the usual way by bowing. All the directors and officers of the Institute crowded around him and heartily thanked him. He extricated himself, regained his old Panama hat and stick, and, without waiting for the rest of the exercises, made a quiet exit by the steps at the back of the stand.

"The real audience of this chant of peace, invention, and labor, however, was to follow. Of the New York and Brooklyn evening and morning dailies, twelve out of seventeen published the poem in full the same evening or the next morning."

Song of the Banner at Daybreak. A chant of liberty, of the Ideal *vs.* the Material. The verse full of melodious word-pictures,—Wagnerian-Swinburnian music, not in measured feet, but with wild rough rhythmus, or swing, to the thought, a poem of chanted,

balanced periods. Unless we except The Centenarian's Story (which is of a slightly dramatic cast), The Song of the Banner is Whitman's only attempt at dramatic writing, the dramatis personæ being five—poet, father, child, banner, and pennant. Much abbreviated, it would be, one would think, a capital piece for school recitation on Flag Day, the parts to be taken by five good speakers, say three lads and two girls.

Song of the Answerer. Of the seer, the illuminated or emancipated man (§ 1). The prophet-bard is not and cannot be a mere jingler of rhymes, a singer (§ 2).

Song of Prudence. Repeats and enlarges on an Emersonian thought broached in the Song of the Rolling Earth. (They were both written and published in 1856.) The theme is that every deed of a man or a woman reacts on him or her, and affects them forever. "The interest will come round." This is the text, the whole essay only an exemplification of that. In his final arrangement of his volume, Whitman violently wrenches this piece from its chronological setting, placing it among the later productions, partly or wholly for the purpose of getting it by the side of Unnamed Lands, in which is the same central idea.

Song of the Open Road. An invitation to the emancipated philosophic life. He first speaks of the inspirations of the actual material roads, of the joys of walking (§§ 1-8). In the open air one thinks his deepest thoughts about life and death, nature and philosophy (§ 6). Now comes metaphor: Come walk with me in philosophy and life (§§ 9-11); walking with me, you go on my quest after the Great Companions, the swift majestic men (§ 12). Let us walk the grand roads of the Universe, which stretch on always, by mysterious ways, to the goal,

the Best (§ 13). Whoever you are, come forth from that loathed, imperfect, despairing life, though it be to poverty, spare diet, enemies, the struggle of battle (§ 13, last half, and § 14). The poem seems to have been suggested to Whitman by his favorite novel Consuelo, vol. i, chap. 3. Compare Countess of Rudolstadt, vol. ii, chap. 41.

Spain, 1873-74. When, in 1873, in disgust, Amadeus, second son of Victor Emmanuel, resigned the crown of Spain, a provisional republic was formed, with Emilio Castelar as president of the executive branch and the guiding spirit. But, unripe for self-government, Spain first showed some sympathy for the pretender Don Carlos, and afterwards (1874) gave the crown to Alfonso XII, young son of Isabella.

Starting from Paumanok (Proto-Leaf). As I have elsewhere stated, it seems to me that the original opening lines of this chant (in the edition of 1860) have been very much weakened by rewriting, the fresh savagery, the spontaneity, and rhythmic effect being supplanted by the mild respectability of cautious prose, with the exception of the two new lines about the Missouri River and the buffalo herds,—

"Aware of the fresh free giver the flowing Missouri, aware of mighty Niagara,
Aware of the buffalo herds grazing the plains, the hirsute and strong-breasted bull,"—

which are undeniably grand, though even they had marked melodic strength as first printed.

It may be well to remind new readers of Walt Whitman that in the first few lines of the Proto-Leaf, and often in other chants, he suddenly passes from statement of personal experience to mystical-philosophical state-

ments. For instance, it is a fact that he was born on Paumanok (Long Island), but, practically and popularly speaking, not a fact that he had roamed many lands or lived in a rude hut in Canada ("Kanuck woods"). These statements launch us at once into Whitman's idealistic philosophy: as a part of the Absolute Being, and essentially and indivisibly one with it, he had been born a thousand thousand times and had experienced all that had been experienced on earth, because the Absolute and Universal Being had experienced it, and he and his Father were one. Whitman, who wrote for posterity, felt that it was a trivial matter whether he had in his present body been to such and such spots. Saturated with his transcendental religious philosophy as he was all his life, a God-intoxicated man, he therefore ignored the bonds of the flesh, and looked solely to the artistic form, putting in such statements of his presence here and there over the face of the earth as suited his rhythm and his sense of poetic fitness. Besides, in so speaking, he was but uttering the voice of the race, of the average man; he was retired behind the screen (see So Long, near end) whence issued the voice of one speaking typically and not personally. It is sometimes pretty hard to tell whether Whitman is speaking as Absolute Being or *in propria persona* (typically), since he passes from one to another without warning.

That Music Always around Me. This was at first placed under the Calamus poems. It illustrated there the thought that friendship makes one eligible to nobler emotions, liberates and exalts the whole soul. To see how deficient much of Whitman's work is in the musical quality, compare this piece with some lines by the late poet Christopher P. Cranch, taken from his Satan, a

Libretto. Whitman gives us simply poetical prose, and Cranch pure music, as follows:—

"Had I, instead of unsonorous words,
The skill that moves in airy melodies,
And modulations of entrancing chords
Through mystic mazes of all harmonies, . . .
I would unloose the soul beneath the wings
Of every instrument;
I would enlist the deep-complaining strings
Of doubt and discontent;
The low, sad mutterings and entangled dreams
Of viols and bassoons,
Groping for light athwart the clouds and streams
That drown the laboring moons;
The tones of crude half-truth; the good within
The mysteries of evil and of sin;
The trumpet-cries of anger and despair;
The mournful marches of the muffled drums;
The bird-like flute-notes leaping into air—
Ere the great human-heavenly music comes,
Emerging from the dark with bursts of song
And hope and victory, delayed too long."

Thou Mother with thy Equal Brood. Read at Dartmouth College Commencement Exercises by Whitman, June 26, 1872. It is what may be called a sequel to By Blue Ontario, a vision and a prophecy (like the discarded Apostroph) of the grandeurs of the New World civilization, "like a limitless golden cloud, filling the western sky." Here occurs the fine triplet—

"Lo, where arise three peerless stars,
To be thy natal stars my country, Ensemble, Evolution, Freedom,
Set in the sky of Law."

Whitman's passionate love of country appears in a similar vision in Song of the Exposition. In Thou Mother and By Blue Ontario he deals with the same complex social themes as in his Democratic Vistas.

To a Common Prostitute. An elaborate defense and explanation of the poem is given in my Reminiscences of Walt Whitman, pp. 125-127. The idea is: others make criminal appointments with you, now *I* make an appointment with you. I do not hesitate to talk with you, not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you. Of this piece W. W. himself said, "It is nothing but the beautiful little idyl of the New Testament,"—about the woman taken in adultery.

III

INDEX OF DATES

COVERING ALL THE POEMS OF ALL THE EDITIONS OF LEAVES OF GRASS

III

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Covering All the Poems of All the Editions of Leaves of Grass *

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
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* Titles in parentheses (as well as many others of course) are those of the 1882-99 edition; those between brackets were supplied by William M. Rossetti for his volume of Selections from Leaves of Grass. The dates given are *chiefly* those of book publication, though many closer ones are given (see the Bibliography). Whenever puzzled by any title in this index, consult the table headed The Titles of Walt Whitman's Poems, and you will probably get light. The page references are to the Boston edition, 1897, and all the subsequent editions. (The paging after the 1881 Osgood edition inclusive was, and has been, unchanged by Whitman and his publishers.) Titles with no page reference are those of poems occurring in early American editions, which were later discarded, or of poems in Rossetti's edition. The page references will save much annoying waste of time to readers of the current edition of Leaves of Grass, for the four hundred poems of that book are (very culpably) not yet listed or indexed in alphabetical order; and most people give up in despair the attempt to find anything in the table of contents or by the table of first lines. (How many poems do we ever remember by their first lines?) *Later:* The very expensive de luxe Putnam edition, 1902 (limited to 500 copies), contains, in its tenth, or final, volume (pp. 279-290), an alphabetical list of the poems of the current editions. But no others do, so far as I know.

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	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
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I Hear America Singing	17	1860
I Hear It Was Charg'd	107	1860
In Cabin'd Ships at Sea	10	1871
In Clouds Descending (Old War Dreams)	367	1865
Indications, The (Song of the Answerer)	134	1855
In Former Songs	...	1876
In Midnight Sleep (Old War Dreams)	367	1865
In Paths Untrodden	95	1860
Inscription,—Small is the Theme, etc. (One's Self I Sing)	9	1867
Interpolation Sounds	413	1891
I Saw in Louisiana	105	1860
I Saw Old General at Bay	247	1865
I Sing the Body Electric	81	1855
I Sit and Look Out	215	1860
Italian Music in Dakota	309	1881
I Was Looking a Long While	300	1860
Joy, Shipmate, Joy	379	1871
Kosmos	303	1860
Last Invocation, The	346	1871
Last of Ebb	390	1888
Laws for Creations	299	1860
Leaf for Hand in Hand, A	109	1860

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
Leaf of Faces, A (Faces)	353	1855
Lesson Poem (Who Learns My Lesson)	304	1856
[Letter from Camp, A]	...	1865
Liberty Poem (To a Foil'd European, etc.)	287	1856
Life	396	1888
Life and Death	398	1888
Lingering Last Drops	409	1891
[Links]	...	1860
Locations and Times	218	1860
L. of G. (*sic*) (in booklet Good-Bye My Fancy)	...	1891
L. of G.'s [*sic*] Purport	420	1891
Long, Long Hence	412	1891
Long, Too Long, America	244	1865
Long, Too Long, O Land (Long, etc., America)	244	1865
Longings for Home (O Magnet South)	359	1860
Look Down Fair Moon	250	1865
[Love of Comrades]	...	1860
Lo, Victress	252	1865
Mannahatta	360	1860
Mannahatta (No. 2)	385	1888
[Manhattan Arming]	...	1865
Manhattan's Streets I Saunter'd (Song of Prudence)	289	1856
March in the Ranks, A	239	1865
Mediums	364	1860
[Meeting Again]	....	1860
Me Imperturbe (Chants Dem. 18)	16	1860
Memories	387	1888
Miracles	301	1856
Mirages	420	1891

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
Mother and Babe	217	1865
[Mother of All, The]	377	1865
[Music]	...	1865
My Canary Bird	386	1888
My Legacy	376	1872
My Picture-Gallery (Oct. 30)	310	1880
Myself and Mine	189	1860
Mystic Trumpeter, The	356	1872
My 71st Year	410	1891
Native Moments	94	1860
Nay, Tell Me Not To-day (written in 1873, Oct.)	426	1897
[Nearing Departure]	...	1860
[Night and Death]	...	1860
Night on the Prairies	344	1860
Night Poem (The Sleepers)	325	1855
Noiseless Patient Spider, A	343	1871
No Labor-Saving Machine	108	1860
Not Heat Flames Up	104	1860
Not Heaving	100	1860
Not Meagre, Latent, etc. (Nov.)	402	1887
Not My Enemies Ever Invade Me	...	1865
Not the Pilot	241	1860
Not Youth Pertains to Me	249	1865
Now Finalè to the Shore	380	1871
Now Lift Me Close	...	1860
Now List to My Morning's Romanza (Song of the Answerer)	134	1856
Now Precedent Songs Farewell	403	1888
O Captain, My Captain	262	1865
Offerings	218	1860
Of Him I Love	340	1860

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
Of That Blithe Throat (Jan.)	394	1885
Of the Terrible Doubt	101	1860
O Hastening Light	...	1860
O Hymen! O Hymenee!	93	1860
Old Age Echoes (group) (March)	425	1891
Old Age's Lambent Peaks (Sept.)	404	1888
Old Age's Ship	412	1891
Old Chants (March 19)	414	1891
Old Ireland	284	1865
Old Man's Thought of School, An	308	1876
Old Salt Kossabone	395	1888
Old War Dreams	367	1865
O Living Always	344	1860
O Magnet South	359	1860
O Me, O Life	215	1865
Once I Pass'd Through	94	1860
One's Self I Sing	9	1867
One Song, America (Thou Mother)	346	1872
One Hour to Madness and Joy	91	1860
On Journeys through the States	15	1860
On, on the Same	410	1891
On the Beach at Night Alone (Clef Poem)	207	1856
Orange Buds by Mail	401	1888
Or from That Sea of Time (As Consequent)	277	1876
Osceola (April)	417	1890
O Star of France (June)	306	1871
O Sun of Real Peace	...	1860
O Tan-Faced Prairie Boy	250	1865
[Other Friends]	...	1860
Others May Praise	304	1865
Our Old Feuillage	138	1860
Out from Behind this Mask	296	1876
Outlines for a Tomb	294	1871

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
Out of May's Shows Selected	388	1888
Out of the Rolling Ocean	92	1865
Out of the Cradle, etc.	196	1860
[Out of the Crowd]	...	1865
Over the Carnage	247	1865
O You Whom I Often	111	1860
Ox-Tamer, The	307	1876
Pallid Wreath, The (Jan. 10)	411	1891
[Parting Friends]	...	1860
Passage to India (written winter of 1869-70)	315	1871
[The Past-Present]	...	1860
Patrolling Barnegat (June)	208	1880
Paumanok	385	1888
Paumanok Picture, A	331	1881
Pensive and Faltering	346	1876
Pensive on Her Dead	377	1865
Perfections	214	1860
Persian Lesson, A	418	1891
Pilot in the Mist, The	389	1888
Pioneers! O Pioneers!	183	1865
Poem of a Few Greatnesses (Youth, Day, Old Age, etc.)	180	1855
Poem of Apparitions, etc. (A Boston Ballad)	209	1855
Poem of Faces (Faces)	353	1855
Poem of Joys (Song of Joys)	142	1860
Poem of Many in One (By Blue Ontario's Shore, in part)	264	1856
Poem of Perfect Miracles (Miracles)	301	1856
Poem of Procreation (A Woman Waits)	88	1856
Poem of Salutation (Salut au Monde)	112	1856
Poem of the Body (I Sing the Body)	81	1855
Poem of the Child That Went Forth (There Was a Child)	282	1855

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
Poem of the Daily Work, etc. (A Song for Occupations)	169	1856
Poem of the Dead Young Men (Europe the 72d)	211	1855
Poem of the Heart of the Son, etc. (Excelsior)	363	1856
Poem of the Last Explanation of Prudence (Song of Prudence)	289	1856
Poem of the Poet (Song of the Answerer)	134	1856
Poem of the Propositions of Nakedness (Reversals and Transpositions)	276, 332	1856
Poem of the Road (Song of the Open Road)	120	1856
Poem of the Sayers, etc. (Song of the Rolling Earth)	176	1856
Poem of the Singers, etc. (Song of the Answerer)	134	1855
Poem of Walt Whitman (Song of Myself)	29	1855
Poem of Women (Unfolded Out of the Folds)	302	1856
Poem of Wonder at the Resurrection of the Wheat (This Compost)	285	1856
Poem of You, Whoever You Are (To You, etc.)	186	1856
[Poet, The]	...	1855
Poets to Come	18	1856
Portals	379	1871
Prairie Grass Dividing, The	107	1860
Prairie States, The	310	1881
Prairie Sunset, A	400	1888
Prayer of Columbus (March)	323	1874
[President Lincoln's Funeral Hymn] When Lilacs, etc.	255	1865
Promise to California, A	108	1860

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
Proto-Leaf (Starting from Paumanok)	18	1860
Proudly the Flood Comes In	390	1888
Proud Music of the Storm	310	1869
[Pulse of My Life]	...	1860
Queries to My Seventieth Year	387	1888
[Questionable]	...	1865
Quicksand Years	342	1865
Race of Veterans	250	1865
[Realities]	...	1860
Reconciliation	250	1865
Recorders Ages Hence	102	1860
Red Jacket (Oct.)	393	1884
Respondez (Reversals and Transpositions)	276, 332	1856
Return of the Heroes, The (Sept.)	278	1867
Reversals	276	1856
Riddle Song, A	362	1880
Rise O Days	228	1865
Roaming in Thought	216	1881
Roots and Leaves Themselves	103	1860
Rounded Catalogue, etc	419	1891
Runner, The	217	1871
Sail Out for Good (March)	409	1891
Salut au Monde	112	1856
Savantism	16	1860
Says (group)	418	1860
Scented Herbage of My Breast	96	1860
Sea-Drift (group)	186	....
Shakspere-Bacon's Cipher	412	1891
[Ship, A]	205	1871
Ship Ahoy! (in the booklet Good-Bye My Fancy, p. 28) (March)	...	1891

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
Ship, The (The Ship Starting)	16	1865
Shut Not Your Doors	17	1865
Sight in Camp, A, etc.	240	1865
[Similitude]	...	1856
Singer in Prison, The (Dec. 25)	292	1869
[Singers and Poets]	...	1860
[Singing in Spring]	...	1860
Sleep-Chasings (The Sleepers)	325	1855
Sleepers, The	325	1855
Small the Theme	397	1867
Sobbing of the Bells, The (Sept.)	378	1881
Solid, Ironical, Rolling Orb (Drum-Taps, p. 68)	...	1865
So Long!	380	1860
Sometimes with One I Love	110	1860
Song, A	...	1860
Song at Sunset	374	1860
Song for All Seas	207	1876
Song for Occupations	169	1855
Song of Joys	142	1860
Song of Myself	29	1855
Song of Prudence	289	1856
Song of the Answerer	134(§1)	1855
Song of the Banner	223	1865
Song of the Broad-Axe	148	1856
Song of the Exposition	157	1871
Song of the Open Road	120	1856
Song of the Redwood Tree (Feb.)	165	1874
Song of the Rolling Earth	176	1856
Song of the Universal	181	1876
Songs of Parting (group)	376	1860
Soon Shall the Winter's Foil	399	1888
Sounds of the Winter (March)	415	1891

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
Souvenirs of Democracy (My Legacy)	376	1872
Spain, etc.	365	1876
Sparkles from the Wheel	301	1871
Spirit That Form'd	368	1881
Spirit Whose Work is Done	253	1865
Spontaneous Me	89	1856
[Square Deific, The]	...	1865
Starting from Paumanok	18	1860
Still though the One I Sing	17	1876
Stronger Lessons	400	1888
Suggestions (Says, No. 1; p. 418; also in 1876 ed.)	...	1860
Sundown Poem (Crossing Brooklyn Ferry)	129	1856
[Survivors]	...	1865
Tears	204	1876
Tests	305	1860
Thanks in Old Age	398	1888
That Music Always, etc	343	1860
That Shadow My Likeness	111	1860
Then Last of All	391	1888
There Was a Child	282	1855
These Carols	379	1871
These I Singing	99	1860
Thick-Sprinkled Bunting	367	1865
Think of the Soul	...	1860
This Compost	285	1856
This Day, O Soul	...	1865
This Dust was Once the Man	263	1871
This Moment Yearning	106	1860
Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood	346	1872
Thou Orb Aloft	352	1881
Thou Reader	18	1881

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
Thought of Columbus (Dec.)	429	1891
Thought (of equality)	218	1860
Thought (As They Draw to a Close)	379	1871
Thought (of obedience)	217	1860
Thought (As I Sit)	345	1860
Thought (of persons arrived)	300	1860
Thought (of Justice)	217	1860
Thoughts (of ownership)	214	1860
Thoughts (of these years)	373	1860
Thoughts (of public opinion)	364	1860
To a Cantatrice (To a Certain Cantatrice)	16	1860
To a Certain Civilian	252	1865
To a Common Prostitute	299	1860
To a Foil'd European, etc. (To a Foil'd Revolter)	287	1856
To a Historian	11	1860
To a Locomotive in Winter (the original MS., now in Boston Pub. Library, dated by W. W., Feb. 23, 1874)	388	1876
To a President	215	1860
To a Pupil	302	1860
To a Stranger	106	1860
To a Western Boy	110	1860
To-day and Thee	388	1888
To Foreign Lands	11	1860
To Get Betimes in Boston Town (A Boston Ballad)	209	1855
To Get the Final Lilt	394	1888
To Him That Was Crucified	298	1860
To Identify the 16th, etc.	218	1860
To My Soul (As the Time Draws Nigh)	370	1860
To Old Age	218	1860
To One Shortly to Die	344	1860

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
To Oratists (Vocalism, § 1)	297	1860
Torch, The	305	1865
To Other Lands (To Foreign Lands)	11	1860
To Rich Givers	216	1860
To the East and to the West	110	1860
To Thee Old Cause	11	1871
To the Garden, the World	79	1860
To the Leaven'd Soil	254	1865
To the Man-of-War-Bird	204	1881
To the Pending Year (Jan. 5)	412	1889
To the Sayers of Words (Song of the Rolling Earth)	176	1856
To the States	15	1860
To the States to Identify, etc.	...	1860
To the Sunset Breeze (Dec.)	414	1890
To the Year 1889 (To the Pending Year) (Jan. 5)	412	1889
To Think of Time	333	1855
To Those Who've Fail'd	385	1888
To Workingmen (A Song for Occupations)	169	1855
To You	18	1860
To You (whoever you are)	186	1856
Transpositions	332	1856
Trickle, Drops	104	1860
True Conquerors	397	1888
Turn O Libertad	254	1865
Twenty Years	401	1888
Twilight (Dec.)	401	1887
Twilight Song, A	416	1891
Two Rivulets (As Consequent)	277	1876
Unexpress'd, The (March)	421	1891
Unfolded Out of the Folds	302	1856

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
United States (The) to Old-World Critics..	398	1888
Unnamed Lands	288	1860
Unseen Buds	421	1891
Untold Want, The.....	379	1871
Uprising, The	228	1865
Veteran's Vision, The (The Artilleryman's Vision)	248	1865
Vigil Strange	238	1865
Virginia—the West	230	1872
[Visages]	...	1860
Visor'd	217	1860
Vocalism, § 1	297	1860
Voice from Death (June 7).....	417	1889
Voice of the Rain, The (Aug.).....	399	1885
Wallabout Martyrs	387	1888
Walt Whitman (Song of Myself).....	29	1855
Walt Whitman's Caution (To the States)...	15	1860
Wandering at Morn.....	308	1876
Warble for Lilac Time (May).....	293	1870
Washington's Monument	393	1888
[The Waters]	...	1860
Weave in, My Hardy Life.....	365	1865
We Two, How Long.....	93	1860
We Two Boys	108	1860
What am I after All.....	303	1860
What Best I See in Thee.....	368	1881
What Place is Besieged.....	17	1860
What Ship Puzzl'd	343	1860
What Think You I Take.....	110	1860
When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer.....	214	1865
When I Heard at the Close.....	102	1860

	Page Final Ed.	*First Published*
When I Peruse	107	1860
When I Read the Book	14	1871
When Lilacs Last	255	1865
When the Full-Grown Poet	416	1876
[Wherefore]	...	1865
While not the Past Forgetting	399	1888
Whispers of Heavenly Death (Oct.)	338	1868
Whoever You are Holding	97	1860
Who Learns My Lesson Complete	304	1855
[Whosoever]	...	1856
With All Thy Gifts	309	1876
With Antecedents	191	1860
With Husky-Haughty Lips (Feb. 16)	392	1883
Woman Waits for Me, A	88	1856
[Wonders]	...	1855
Word Out of the Sea, A (Out of the Cradle)	196	1860
World Below the Brine	206	1860
World Take Good Notice	250	1865
[Wounded, The]	...	1865
Wound-Dresser, The	241	1865
Year of Meteors	190	1865
Year That Trembled	241	1865
Years of the Unperform'd (Years of the Modern)	370	1865
Yet, Yet, Ye Downcast Hours	341	1860
Yonnondio (Nov. 26)	396	1887
You Felons on Trial	298	1860
You Lingering Sparse Leaves of Me (Nov.)	402	1887
Youth, Day, Old Age	180	1855
You Tides	389	1888

NOTE.—Rossetti's title, "1861," appears in W's final (the current) edition spelled out, "Eighteen Sixty-one," and begins "Arm'd year—year of the struggle."

IV

THE TITLES OF WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS

IV

THE TITLES OF WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS

(Showing their Frequent Changes and their Growth in Number and Beauty as the Years Rolled By)

"The countless clear and perfect phrases he invented . . . are hung, like golden medals of consummate workmanship and incised form, in rich clusters over every poem he produced."
John Addington Symonds, *A Study of Walt Whitman*, p. 150.

THE following list, made for the convenience of owners of old editions, covers every one of such editions. The Index of Dates, given a few pages back, is the converse of this one, giving in alphabetical order not only current headings, but the old titles (as well as those supplied by Rossetti for his Selections) and their equivalents in the current edition.

The 1860 edition had very few titles: hence only page references can be given to much of that work. Whitman seems at first to have had an antipathy to titles. The first four editions had scarcely any. After that they appear, and form a superb lyric feature of his work, haunting the memory with their rich and graphic diction.

Users of old editions, when in their reading they come across a reference to a poem the title of which does not occur in their volume, will probably find such title in the left-hand column below, with reference to the page or poem in their edition where the equivalent matter can be

found. The twelve poems in the first quarto were unnamed. Apart from all this the table affords an interesting study of the growth of Whitman's style in picturesque phrase. Here may properly be noticed the fact that the titles of certain *groups* of poems were dropped by Whitman not only when, in 1867, he broke up the old classification, but later also. They are such as the following: Debris, Says, Messenger Leaves, and Chants Democratic and Native American of the 1860 edition; and Marches Now the War is Over, Sea-Shore Memories, Songs of Insurrection, and Bathed in War's Perfume, edition of 1876.

Present Title	Former Titles
Ages and Ages Returning at Intervals	Ed. '60, p. 313
All is Truth	Ed. '60, p. 237
Among the Multitude	Ed. '60, p. 376
Are You the New Person Drawn toward Me?	Ed. '60, p. 358
Artilleryman's Vision, The	The Veteran's Vision, eds. '65 and '67
As Adam Early in the Morning	Ed. '60, p. 314
As if a Phantom Caressed Me	Ed. '60, p. 425
As I Walk These Broad Majestic Days	Ed. '60, p. 193 (in part) As I Walk Sole, Unattended, ed. '67
As I Ebb'd with the Ocean of Life	Ed. '60, p. 195 Bardic Symbols, ed. '67 Elemental Drifts, ed. '76, vol. ii, p. 78
As They Draw to a Close	Thought, ed. '76, vol. ii, p. 118
Assurances	Ed. '60, p. 217 Faith Poem, ed. '56
As Consequent, etc.	Or from That Sea of Time, ed. '76
As the Time Draws Nigh	To My Soul, ed. '60, p. 449 As Nearing Departure, ed. '67
Ashes of Soldiers	Hymn of Dead Soldiers, eds. '65 and '67

Present Title	Former Titles
Beautiful Women	Ed. '60, p. 423
Boston Ballad, A	In '55 ed. unnamed
	Poem of Apparitions in Boston, the 78th Year of These States, ed. '56
	A Boston Ballad, the 78th Year of These States, ed. '60
	To Get Betimes in Boston Town, ed. '67
By Blue Ontario's Shore	Poem of Many in One, ed. '56
	Chants Dem. 1, ed. '60, p. 108
	As I Sat Alone by Blue Ontario's Shore, '67
	As I Sat Alone by Blue Ontario's Shores, ed. '76
Children of Adam	Enfans d'Adam,* ed. '60
City of Orgies	Ed. '60, p. 363
Crossing Brooklyn Ferry	Sundown Poem, ed. '56
Death of General Grant	As One by One Withdraw, etc., *Harper's Weekly*, May 16, '85
Earth My Likeness	Ed. '60, p. 374
Election Day, November, 1884	If I should Need to Name O Western World (Philadelphia *Press*, Oct., '84)
Europe	In ed. '55 unnamed
	Poem of the Dead Young Men of Europe, the 72d and 73d Years of These States, ed. '56
Excelsior	Poem of the Heart of the Son of Manhattan Island, ed. '56
	Chants Dem. 15, ed. '60, p. 188
Faces	In '55 ed. unnamed
	Poem of Faces, ed. '56
	Leaf of Faces, ed. '60
Facing West from California's Shore	Ed. '60, p. 312
Fast Anchor'd Eternal O Love.	Ed. '60, p. 375
First O Songs for a Prelude	Drum-Taps, ed. '65
For You O Democracy	Ed. '60, p. 351
	A Song, eds. '67 and 76
From Pent-up Aching Rivers	Ed. '60, p. 288
Full of Life Now	Ed. '60, p. 378

* "Enfans" is old spelling of "enfants" (Lat. *infans*).

Present Title	Former Titles
Germs	Ed. '60, p. 238 Forms, Qualities, Lives, etc., ed. 67
Glimpse, A	Ed. '60, p. 371
Here the Frailest Leaves of Me.	Ed. '60, p. 377
I am He that Aches with Love..	Ed. '60, p. 314
I Dreamed in a Dream	Ed. '60, p. 373
I Hear It was Charged against Me	Ed. '60, p. 367
I Hear America Singing	Chants Dem. 20, ed. '60
In Paths Untrodden	Ed. '60, p. 341
I Saw in Louisiana a Live-Oak Growing	Ed. '60, p. 364
I Sing the Body Electric	In '55 ed. unnamed Poem of the Body, ed. '56 Ed. '60, p. 291
I Sit and Look Out	Ed. '60, p. 236
I Was Looking a Long While...	Chants Dem. 19, ed. '60
Laws for Creations	Chants Dem. 13, ed. '60
Leaf for Hand in Hand, A	Ed. '60, p. 375
Locations and Times	Ed. '60, p. 241
Long, too Long America	Long, too Long O Land, ed. '65 of Drum-taps
Me Imperturbe	Chants Dem. 18, ed. '60
Mediums	Chants Dem. 16, ed. '60
Miracles	Poem of Perfect Miracles, ed. '56 Ed. '60, p. 219
My Legacy	Souvenirs of Democracy, eds. '72 and '76
Myself and Mine	Ed. '60, p. 224 Ed. '67, p. 161
Native Moments	Ed. '60, p. 310
Night on the Prairies	Ed. '60, p. 234
Not Heat Flames up and Consumes	Ed. '60, p. 360
Not Heaving from My Ribb'd Breast Only	Ed. '60 p. 351
No Labor-Saving Machine	Ed. '60, p. 373
Not the Pilot	Ed. '60, p. 425

Present Title	Former Titles
Of Him I Love Day and Night.	Ed. '60, p. 362
Of the Terrible Doubt of Appearances	Ed. '60, p. 352
Offerings	Ed. '60, p. 422
O Hymen! O Hymenee!	Ed. '60, p. 313
Old War Dreams	In Clouds Descending, eds. '65 and '67 In Midnight Sleep, ed. '76, vol. ii
O Living Always, Always Dying	Ed. '60, p. 369
O Magnet South	Longings for Home, eds. '60 and '76
Once I Passed through a Populous City	Ed. '60, p. 311
One's Self I Sing (in part)	Inscription, ed. '67
One Hour to Madness and Joy	Ed. '60, p. 307
On Journeyings through the States	Chants Dem. 17, ed. '60
On the Beach at Night Alone	Clef poem, ed. '56 Ed. '60, p. 229
Our Old Feuillage	Chants Dem. 4, ed. '60 American Feuillage, eds. '67 and '76
Outlines for a Tomb	Brother of All with Generous Hand, ed. '71, '72
Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking	A Word Out of the Sea, ed. '60 (a sub-title is Reminiscence). As first published in *Saturday Press*, Dec. 24, '59, the title was A Child's Reminiscence.
Over the Carnage Rose Prophetic a Voice (in part)	Ed. '60, pp. 349-351
O You whom I Often and Silently Come	Ed. '60, p. 377
Prairie-Grass Dividing, The	Ed. '60, p. 368
Promise to California, A	Ed. '60, p. 371
Return of the Heroes, The	A Carol of Harvest for 1867, eds. '71 and '76
Reversals	A part of Poem of the Propositions of Nakedness, ed. '55 A part of Chants Dem. 5, ed. '60 A part of Respondez, ed. '76
Roots and Leaves Themselves Alone	Ed. '60, p. 359

Present Title	Former Titles
Salut au Monde	Poem of Salutation, ed. '56
Scented Herbage of My Breast	Ed. '60, p. 342
Ship Starting, The	The Ship, eds. '65 and '67
Sleepers, The	In '55 ed. unnamed
	Night Poem, ed. '56
	Sleep-Chasings, ed. '60
Sometimes with One I Love	Ed. '60, p. 375
Song at Sunset	Chants Dem. 8, ed. '60
Song for Occupations, A	In '55 ed. unnamed
	Poem of the Daily Work of the Workmen and Workwomen of These States, ed. '56
	Ed. '60, p. 143
	To Workingmen, ed. '67
	Carol of Occupations, ed. '76
Song of the Rolling Earth	Poem of the Sayers of the Words of the Earth, ed. '56
	To the Sayers of Words, eds. '60 and '67
	Carol of Words, ed. '76
Song of Prudence	Poem of the Last Explanation of Prudence, ed. '56
	Ed. '60, p. 211
	Manhattan's Streets I Sauntered Pondering, eds. '67 and '76
Song of the Open Road	Poem of the Road, eds. '56 and '60
Song of the Exposition	After All Not to Create Only, eds. '71 and '76
Song of Joys	Poem of Joys, eds. '60 and '76
Song of the Broad-Axe	Broad-Axe Poem, ed. '56
	Chants Dem. 2, ed. '60
Song of Myself	In '55 ed. unnamed
	Poem of Walt Whitman, an American, ed. '56
	Walt Whitman, ed. '60
Song of the Answerer, § 1	In '55 ed. unnamed
	Poem of the Singers and of the Words of Poems, ed. '56
	Ed. '60, p. 204
	Now List to My Morning's Romanza, ed. '71
	The Answerer, ed. '76
Song of the Answerer, § 2	In '55 ed. unnamed
	Ed. '60, pp. 215, 216
	The Indications, eds. '67 and '71

Present Title	Former Titles
Song of the Answerer (in part).	Poem of the Poet, ed. '56
Spontaneous Me	Bunch Poem, ed. '56 Ed. '60, p. 304
Starting from Paumanok	Proto-Leaf, ed. '60
That Music Always around Me.	Ed. '60, p. 365
That Shadow My Likeness	Ed. '60, p. 376
There Was a Child Went Forth	In '55 ed. unnamed Poem of the Child that Went Forth, and Always Goes Forth Forever and Forever, ed. '56 Ed. '60, p. 221
These I Singing in Spring	Ed. '60, p. 347
Thick-Sprinkled Bunting	Flag of Stars, Thick-Sprinkled Bunting, eds. '65 and '67
This Moment Yearning and Thoughtful	Ed. '60, p. 367
This Compost	Poem of Wonder at the Resurrection of the Wheat, ed. '56 Ed. '60, p. 208
Thought (as I sit, etc.)	Ed. '60, p. 410
Thought (of persons arrived, etc.)	Ed. '60, p. 409
Thoughts (of public opinion, etc.)	Thought, ed. '60, p. 286
Thoughts, § 1 (of these years, etc.)	Chants Dem. 9, ed. '60
Thoughts, § 2, (of seeds dropping, etc.)	Chants Dem. 11, ed. '60
Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood	As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free, ed. '72 One Song, America, Before I Go, ed. '72
To a Certain Cantatrice	To a Cantatrice, ed. '60
To a Certain Civilian	Did You Ask Dulcet Rhymes from Me? eds. '65 and '67
To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire	Liberty Poem for Asia, Africa, Europe, America, Australia, Cuba, and the Archipelagoes of the Sea, ed. '56 To a Foil'd Revolter or Revoltress, ed. '60 Ed. '67, pp. 193 and 394

Present Title	Former Titles
To a Historian	Chants Dem. 10, ed. '60
To a Stranger	Ed. '60, p. 366
To a Western Boy	Ed. '60, p. 377
To Foreign Lands	To Other Lands, eds. '60 and '67
To the East and to the West	Ed. '60, p. 374
To the Garden the World	Ed. '60, p. 287
To the Pending Year	To the Year 1889 (*Critic*, Jan. 5, '89)
To the States	Walt Whitman's Caution, ed. '60
To Think of Time	In '55 ed. unnamed Burial Poem, ed. '56 Burial, ed. '60
To You	Poem of You, Whoever You Are, ed. '56 Ed. '60, p. 391 Ed. '67, p. 165
Transpositions	A part of three poems: Poem of the Propositions of Nakedness, ed. '56; Chants. Dem. 5, ed. '60; Respondez, ed. '76
Trickle Drops	Ed. '60, p. 361
Unfolded Out of the Folds	Poem of Women, ed. '56 Ed. '60, p. 233
Visor'd	Ed. '60, p. 242
Vocalism, § 1	Chants Dem. 12, ed. '60, p. 183 To Oratists, ed. '76, p. 347
Vocalism, § 2	Ed. '60, p. 240, and ed. '76, p. 308 (Voices)
We Two Boys Together Clinging	Ed. '60, p. 369
We Two, How Long We were Fool'd	Ed. '60, p. 309
What am I after All	Ed. '60, p. 241
What Place is Besieged	Ed. '60, p. 372, § 2
What Ship Puzzl'd at Sea	Ed. '60, p. 372 Here Sailor, ed. '67 Passage to India, ed. '76, vol. ii, p. 68.
What Think You I Take My Pen in Hand	Ed. '60, p. 372
When I Heard at the Close of the Day	Ed. '60, p. 357

Present Title	Former Titles
When I Peruse the Conquer'd Fame	Ed. '60, p. 370
When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd	President Lincoln's Funeral Hymn, ed. '65 President Lincoln's Burial Hymn, ed. '76
With Antecedents	Chants Dem. 7, ed. '60
Whoever You Are Holding Me Now in Hand	Ed. '60, p. 344
Who Learns My Lesson Complete	In '55 ed. unnamed Lesson Poem, '56 Ed. '60, p. 226 Ed. '67, p. 163
Woman Waits for Me, A	Poem of Procreation, ed. '56 Enfans d'Adam, No. 4, ed. '60
World Below the Brine, The	Ed. '60, p. 235
Wound-Dresser, The	The Dresser, eds. '65 and '67
Years of the Modern	Years of the Unperform'd, eds. '65 and '67
Yet, Yet, Ye Downcast Hours	Ed. '60, p. 442 Despairing Cries, ed. '67
You Felons on Trial in Courts	Ed. '60, p. 231
Youth, Day, Old Age and Night	In '55 ed. unnamed Part of poem A Few Greatnesses, ed. '56 Ed. '60, p. 199 Great Are the Myths, ed. '76

Note.—The lines, O Sun of Real Peace, etc. (edition '76), were dropped altogether after that edition. In the edition of '60 they had been entitled Apostroph, and in that of '67 O Hastening Light.

The Poem of Remembrances for a Girl or Boy of These States was dropped from last editions.

PART III

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WALT WHITMAN'S WRITINGS

PART III

Bibliography

"What he is his works show most truly, to which, if you please, go on and examine him."—George Chapman.

Note.—For early magazine articles by Whitman see the first section, The Story of the Reception of Leaves of Grass by the World. There, too, will be found some illustrative matter relating to the early editions of Leaves of Grass.

The arrangement of matter in the bibliography might perhaps have been improved; but life is short, and I cannot now recast it. Here are the groupings:

1. All the complete editions of Leaves of Grass and anthologies of same;
2. The complete writings;
3. The complete prose and prose anthologies;
4. All smaller issues of parts of Whitman's writings, whether in prose or verse;
5. Separately published single poems and prose pieces.

Franklin Evans, or the Inebriate: A Tale of the Times. New York, November, 1842. Royal imperial. 8vo.

Published as an extra pam. of 132 pp. with the *New World,* Series No. 34. Price, 12½ cents. Very rare. Dr. R. M. Bucke owned a copy, and so does, or did, George M. Williamson, of New York. See Part I of this volume for details. Rev. L. M. Powers's copy sold for $32. The story is reprinted entire in Professor Holloway's work on Whitman.

Voices from the Press. A Collection of Sketches, Essays and Poems, by Practical Printers. Edited by James J. Brenton. New York, 1850, Charles B. Norton. 8vo.

By Walt Whitman, Bayard Taylor, Woodworth, Willis, and others. Walt's contribution is a prose piece called The Tomb-Blossoms, which had already appeared in the *Democratic Review,* Jan., 1842. For this entry I am indebted to P. K. Foley's American Authors, 1798-1895: a Bibliography of First and Notable Editions, Boston, 1897, and to George M. Williamson's Catalogue.

Leaves of Grass. Brooklyn, New York, 1855. Andrew H. Rome, Printer, 98 Cranberry Street, Brooklyn. Copyright, Walt Whitman, 1855.

This is the *first edition,* the famous quarto; issued in July; no name on title-page; partly set in type by Whitman himself. It is a thin quarto, bound in greenish-black, flower-ornamented cloth (some also in paper covers, pink-tinted, all of which paper-covered copies autographed by W. W.); 10⅞ by 7⅝ inches; English (or pica) type; advertised as for sale at Fowler & Wells's Phrenological Depot, Broadway, New York, and at Swayne's bookstore, in Fulton Street, Brooklyn. Price at first, $2, then $1; also "put on sale in Boston." Text, pp. i-xii, 13-95. The "shirt-sleeve portrait" of this edition now faces p. 29 of L. of G. This portrait is repulsive to me; but Walt says in a note to John Swinton that "it was a very faithful and characteristic likeness at the time" (George M. Williamson Catalogue). The book contains twelve poems, without captions. Owing to the extraordinary breadth of the page, almost all the lines fit in without overrunning. A curious feature is the use of points (thus, . . .) in place of dashes, to separate clauses and sentences. There are scores of turned *s*'s in the book, and a plentiful lack of hyphens; thus, passkey, bootsoles, loveroot, fisheggs, morningglories, darkcolored, etc. The 800 (or 1000) copies printed had all disappeared in some way in less than a year, says Burroughs (a very few sold), not a few going to England, and some American presentation copies "returned with insulting notes." Copy sold by auction in Boston, Mass., in 1886 for $22; and others have brought as much as $42.50 (£8 10*s*), so recorded in London Book Prices Current for 1896 and by Mr. J. H. Slater in the *Athenæum* for June, 1888. American Book Prices Current records sales at $13.50 and $12.75. The average market value in the '90's was about $22. M. Tyge Möller, of Europe, says a *première édition* of "Leaves off grass" (*sic*) sold in London for $100. Frank B. Sanborn was the owner of the copies once belonging to Emerson and Thoreau, Emerson's being one of the paper-covered copies. The Ridgeway Library, Philadelphia, owns a copy of this edition. In Theodore Parker's copy, in the Boston Public Library (shamefully abused by this library and its readers), nearly all the passages pencil-marked by Parker are of a religious or ethical nature. The copy owned by Thoreau's friend, H. G. O. Blake, was in the possession of Isaac Hull Platt. Some of the copies of this first edition have a page of press notices bound in with the sheets. Walt's own statement as to this quasi-second edition of the first quarto was written by him on the fly-leaf of a copy owned by H. L. Traubel, which contains alterations and additions for the

1856 ed. Whitman says on that fly-leaf: "2d and fullest version of original edition 1855-56 (The 1st edition consisted of the Poems alone. Some months afterwards the extracts etc. prefacing the text, as here, were added, making this edition)."

Portions of the preface to the '55 ed. were transferred afterwards to By Blue Ontario's Shore (§§ 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13), to the Song of the Answerer, Song of Prudence, and To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire, leaving the rest to appear in Specimen Days (1881, pp. 263-275). Triggs's Selections (Boston, 1898) contains an exact reprint of the preface, and it was also republished by Trübner & Co. in 1881, and later by Mosher in Portland, Maine. Mr. Triggs mentions a French version that appeared in *Le Magazin International,* No. 5, 1896.

The well-known book collector, McKie, of New York, bought some time in the '50's ten of a lot of fifty of this edition at ten cents each, giving them away to his friends. Mr. P. K. Foley, of Boston, has had a copy from which the owner had torn out many leaves containing what to him were objectionable passages. This copy, further, was one of a few in which the portrait was printed on India paper.

"You have asked me," said Whitman to Horace Traubel, "about the manuscript of the first edition. It was burned. Rome kept it several years; but one day by accident it got away from us entirely—was used to kindle the fire or to feed the rag-man." (With Walt Whitman in Camden.)

In the George M. Williamson collection of Whitmaniana there is one of the paper-covered copies in which the portrait is printed on India paper pasted on plate paper (the cloth copies have simply plate paper). The title was printed on the cover of this pink copy in very large long-primer-like letters (Leaves of Grass), of which Mr. Williamson gives a facsimile.

In November, 1912, a copy of the first edition, with proof-slips of early reviews of it, was priced in Merwin's Catalogue (New York) at $100. In 1924 the value among booksellers was $150.

Mosher, of Portland, Maine, issued the '55 quarto in facsimile (400 copies); 250 copies were in the dark green cloth of the original and stamped to match that. A copy is in the Congressional Library, Washington, where I saw it.

Leaves of Grass. Brooklyn, New York, 1856. Copyright by Walt Whitman, 1856. [New York City, Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway.] Small 16mo, pp. i-iv, 5-384.

Issued in the autumn of 1856; practically *the second edition;* a chunky little vol. in green cloth, figured with leaves; author's name not on title-page, although in an advertisement at end of book is a notice to this effect: "The Poems of Leaves of Grass, published

by the author, may be ordered at any bookstore or newspaper depot or especially of Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, New York. Their place of business is the principal agency for the work," etc. (Terribly cautious, that firm!) Same portrait as the quarto; at the bottom of the cover (back), where publisher's name usually comes, are the words, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career, R. W. Emerson." Just above these words are a leaf of clover and a blade of sorrel. The words "Walt Whitman" also appear on the back. Each of the 32 pieces is headed "Poem," etc.; as, "Poem of Wonder at the Resurrection of the Wheat." Emerson's letter of congratulation appears in the Appendix, with a long letter of 12 pp. in reply by W. W., dated August, 1856. There follow 39 pp. of "Leaves Droppings"—reviews and criticisms of L. of G. from the *Leader, Critic, Examiner* (all of London), etc. With a few older readers of Walt this is still the favorite edition, and has brought at auction as much as $16.50. Such an outcry was raised over it that (although arrangements had been made to put it on sale in London, Paris, and Brussels), after a certain number of copies had been sold, the publishers threw up their contract; they had never had their imprint on the book, anyway. The poet Longfellow's copy is in the Harvard College Library. There is no evidence that it is a presentation copy, and looks as clean as if no one had ever done more than peep into it. Some copies of the '56 ed. have "Brooklyn, N. Y.," on title-page, indicating that after Fowler & Wells, of New York City, gave up the book, W. W. had a new title-page made, with the date 1857.

Leaves of Grass. Boston, Thayer and Eldridge, Year 85 of The States. (1860-61.) Copyright, Walt Whitman, 1860. Price $1.25, plus 29 cents for postage. 12mo, pp. i-iv, 456.

Third edition; a handsome book bound in reddish imitation leather; no name on title-page; issued in May, at 116 Washington Street; on sale also in New York, D. W. Evans & Co., 677 Broadway. Thayer and Eldridge were young men who had recently published Redpath's John Brown, and given it a large sale. The late Col. Richard J. Hinton wrote me from Bay Ridge, Sept. 26, 1894, that it was he who suggested to them the issue of Leaves of Grass: "The Thayer and Eldridge edition was made through me." Moncure D. Conway in his Cincinnati *Dial* said, in reviewing it, "We confidently announce that Walt Whitman has set the pulses of America to music." From 4000 to 5000 copies were eventually sold (Burroughs). 122 new poems (157 in all), the Children of Adam and the Calamus groups being the most im-

portant. The frontispiece portrait, showing the rich flush of perfect health, has appeared in this edition only. It is a steel engraving by S. A. Schoff, from an oil painting (1859) by Charles Hine, the painting having been later in the possession of John H. Johnston, diamond merchant, of New York City. In most copies the portrait is on an irregularly shaped patch, printed by a tint block and looking like a fox-mark or stain. On front cover is stamped the western hemisphere; on back cover, the sun rising over the sea. Cover-title and title-page in script. Among the vignettes is a butterfly on the index finger of a hand (W. W.'s favorite emblem). The plates were afterwards owned by the Whitman executors. There are curious peculiarities in the running titles, and some errors (in the Enfans d'Adam group).

Charles Sumner's copy of this edition—as well as his copy of Democratic Vistas—is in the Harvard College Library; also James Russell Lowell's copy. Whitman came on (spring and early summer of 1860) to supervise the printing. After the failure of the publishers in 1861, the plates fell into the hands of an unscrupulous person,—the New York publisher, R. Worthington. The surreptitious copies (10,000 in ten years) put upon the market defrauded W. W. of several hundred dollars. The difference between the genuine and the fraudulent editions is this: On the back of the title-page, immediately under the certificate of copyright, in the genuine edition, appear the words, "Electrotyped at the Boston Stereotype Foundry. Printed by George C. Rand & Avery"; in the fraudulent copies these words are of course lacking (see the *Critic,* June 2, 1888). In the *Conservator,* May, 1896, one of the original publishers, Mr. Charles W. Eldridge, has an interesting chapter of reminiscences about the genesis of the book and of the visits of Whitman and Emerson at this time, E. calling at the office for W. W., etc.* Thayer & Eldridge, be it said in passing, announced in an advertisement in William D. O'Connor's novel Harrington (1860) a proposed book by Walt Whitman as "in preparation." It was to be called Banner at Day-Break, 200 pp. Contents: Banner at Day-Break, Washington's First Battle, Errand-Bearers, Pictures, Quadrel, The Ox-Tamer, Poemet, Manahatta, Sonnets, etc. The book never appeared, but the material was of course used in succeeding editions of L. of G. There were two issues of this 1860 edition of L. of G. in Boston, and 3500 to 4000 copies were printed before the publishers failed. The '60 edition has been reprinted by Crowell (1902). In this edition, as if to hint his Quaker ancestry or for the reason that he saw no reason why we should be indebted to the Romans in the matter, he changed the names of the months in his "poems," adopting the Quaker method (first month, third month, etc.)

* Compare Bucke's Whitman, Part II, chap. i, which contains an excellent history of the various editions.

The Whitman executors possessed the very copy of this edition in which Whitman did much of the work of revision for the edition of 1867. It was this interleaved and annotated copy of the '60 edition that Secretary Harlan furtively took from the poet's desk in the Interior Department, read, and thereupon discharged the author from his department. Mr. Traubel announced in the autumn of 1902, in his *Conservator,* a proposal by him to publish by subscription, at $10 each, this copy in facsimile; *i.e.* to use the original plates and facsimile upon these impressions of the varicolored pencil-notes and ink-notes of Walt Whitman. The plan fell through, only about 132 copies having been subscribed for.

Leaves of Grass. New York, 1867-68. [*Fourth edition.*] 12mo, pp. i-iv, 5-338; i-iv, 5-72; 1-24; 1-36. Total, 470 pp. Three annexes (Drum-Taps; Sequel to Drum-Taps, including When Lilacs Last, Songs before Parting). The first issues, without these annexes, contained only 338 pp.

In this edition the poems were classified or grouped about as they were finally left. No name on title-page; no portrait; 236 poems in all; the cheapest-looking of the editions, printed on very poor paper; did not pay expenses. This edition has on a fly-leaf some lines (new) called Inscription, dropped afterwards for a while, but later included, with changes, in November Boughs, 1888. It begins, "Small the theme of the following chant." Besides this, the Drum-Taps and Sequel, and the lines at the end (Now lift me close, etc.), there are eight new poems. The use of the file is apparent in the phraseology of this '67 ed. W. W. also now, like Tennyson, drops for the first time the *e* in past participles in *ed.* In 1867, probably having copies of Drum-Taps on hand, he did not bind them in with the Leaves; but in 1868 he did so use about 235 copies of the Taps, separately paged (72 pp.). This makes, therefore, two varieties of the fourth edition. The Sequel to the Taps is also separately paged (24 pp.). Then follows Songs before Parting, 36 pp. The first and longest poem in this last cluster is As I Sat Alone by Blue Ontario's Shore. The only indication of titles to the greater part of the pieces are the quotation-marks, in the table of contents, around fragments of the first lines of each, most of the poems themselves in the body of the book having none. In succeeding editions these fragments stand at the head of the various poems as ordinary titles. Mr. William Rossetti, who used the '67 edition for his Selections, gave to the poems titles of his own, mostly very weak. Walt gave a copy of the '67 American edition to Thomas Nast (the Powers Collection, 116 pp).

Poems by Walt Whitman. Selected and Edited by William Michael Rossetti, London. J. C. Hotten & Co. [Feb.], 1868. 8vo, 450 pp. Preface of 22 pp. by the editor.

The collection contains less than half of Whitman's poems, as now issued, but is pretty, typographically. There is a dedicatory letter to William Bell Scott, and a postscript dated 1868. The title that W. W. sent over for his Lincoln dirge was President Lincoln's Funeral Hymn. This is the first of the castrated editions prepared for the English. To this day (this I wrote in 1899) they have no complete edition issued by an English publisher, but have to send to this country for copies containing the Song of Myself, Children of Adam, etc. A second edition, much handsomer, with new introductory note by the editor, came out in 1886 (London: Chatto & Windus, 8vo.) on hand-made paper, with the steel-plate portrait of the first quarto, and on p. 50, a bit of Walt's autograph writing. A third edition appeared in 1910.

Leaves of Grass. Washington, D. C., 1871-72. [*Fifth edition.*] Copyright by Walt Whitman, 1871. Portrait by Linton. 12mo, 384 pp.

Printed on good thick white paper from new plates; some copies bound in green cloth, and some with green glazed paper covers; $2.50; of the copies with "green paper wrappers" one is catalogued in 1910 at $26. I count 28 new poems, 249 in all; nine Inscriptions (nearly all new) first appear at the portal of the book; old poems carefully revised. Passage to India (75 cents) and Democratic Vistas ($1) were published separately—same type—and bound also in green glazed paper. (I gave copies of these last two to Harvard College Library.) The several issues announced as for sale in Washington, New York, Boston, and London (Trübner), did not pay expenses. In 1872 a number of copies of Leaves of Grass, bound in green cloth, were issued for the American market, and bound up with them were Passage to India, and (in some copies) "After All Not to Create Only." A copy of this variety of the '71 edition was immediately reprinted, "as near like it as he could make it," by Rossetti's publisher, John Camden Hotten, and an edition issued there in London. One of the curious things about this '71-'72 edition is that only two or three times throughout the whole does any title of a poem form more than one line. Since many of the titles are long, this necessitates the use of different-sized types, so that frequently there are three or four titles on one page set in different sizes of type. Yet the general effect is never bad. Ruskin would not find his "deathly symmetry" here. But where will you find a printer other than Whitman not bitten by the symmetry mania?

Leaves of Grass. Author's edition (with portraits from life). Camden, New Jersey, 1876. 2 volumes, 8vo. Vol. I (Leaves of Grass), pp. i-vi, 7-384; Vol. II (Two Rivulets), pp. 1-32, 1-84, 1-18, i-x, 1-16, 1-68, 1-120. 348 pp. in all. [*Sixth, or Centennial edition.*] Vol. II copyrighted by Walt Whitman in 1875; Vol. I in 1876.

There are two issues of the first volume of this edition. The type of the title-pages is different. Further, on the first issue we read "with portraits from life," while on the second it is "with Portraits and Intercalations." The intercalated poems vary in different copies. In George M. Williamson's copy they are four, and are pasted in on slips at pp. 207, 247, 359 and 369, being As in a Swoon, The Beauty of the Ship, When the Full-grown Poet Came, After an Interval. I have a note of another copy of Vol. I in which are pasted (intercalated) The Man-of-War-Bird and A Death-Sonnet for Custer. The Two Rivulets volume should have Whitman's actual autograph (not facsimiled) on the frontispiece portrait. But a few remainders are in existence that are without portraits or with the portrait unsigned. There are 297 pieces in all. Also called the first autograph and portrait edition; original price $10, the bard's autograph signature appears in each volume. He never in his life printed his name on the title-page of any personally issued edition of Leaves of Grass, but after this always added it in script. When issued, this was the handsomest edition of all up to that date, bound with white leather corners and backs. The plates of the Washington '71 edition used for Vol. I with no change except a new title-page (with Come, said my Soul, etc., on it for first time) and portraits bound in. The Washington plates were also used for Passage to India (with the new poem To You) and Democratic Vistas in Vol. II, the cover caption of which is simply Two Rivulets, Prose and Verse. At top of title-page, between two rippling lines, are these words:—

"For the Eternal Ocean bound,
These ripples, passing surges, streams of death and life."

The other poems of the Two Rivulets volume were set up in type with his own hands, by Whitman in Camden. The three portraits of the edition are the '55 steel plate, the woodcut by Linton, and in Vol. II a frontispiece photograph taken in 1872 and showing marks of suffering and sorrow, yet latent power. It is signed in autograph.

Sidney Morse, the sculptor, owned a copy of the Two Rivulets volume which was handled by W. W. in 1876. On the fly-leaf are

two autograph motto-lines in parentheses, evidently intended for a succeeding edition, but never used:

("Thou, Reader, rambling hither,
My living hand I hereby clasp in thine.")

They are similar in sentiment to other rejected lines which appeared in the '76 edition only, on a fly-leaf of that portion of the Two Rivulets volume called "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free." They form a portion of a little introductory poem, there called Souvenirs of Democracy, but in the '82-'92 editions styled "My Legacy":—

"To You, whoever you are (bathing, leavening this leaf especially with my breath—pressing on it a moment with my own hands;
Here! feel how the pulse beats in my wrists!—how my heart's-blood is swelling, contracting!),
I will You, in all, Myself, with promise to never desert you,
To which I sign my name [autograph signature]."

Leaves of Grass. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1881-82. [*Seventh edition.*] Copyright by Walt Whitman, 1881. One vol. 12mo, 382 pp.

Issued early in November; 317 poems in all; McRae's portrait; text thoroughly revised, arrangement and grouping vastly improved, Whitman himself coming on and taking a room in the printing-office to supervise every word and line; on the lemon-colored cover a spray of grass and the old symbol of the hand and the butterfly. In the spring of 1882 Osgood, under the menace of the priesthood, threw up the sponge, and the edition was practically suppressed. Later in 1882 Whitman had the copies that were turned over to him furnished with a new title-page and bound in green cloth. As usual with his personal editions, they were each signed on the title-page with his autograph signature; on the cover appeared the words, "Author's Edition." This Leaves of Grass formed Vol. I of an issue of the complete works of Whitman, Vol. II being the now first issued prose work, Specimen Days and Collect (q.v.); see also next entry.

In the *Conservator* for December, 1895, and January, 1896, Thomas B. Harned, with the MS. letters of Osgood and Whitman before him, gives the story of the edition from start to finish. It seems that Osgood was an old acquaintance of Walt's in the Pfaffian days, and the firm broached the subject of publication to him through John Boyle O'Reilly. W. W. warns Osgood that the "sexuality odes" (his words) must stand as they were. Terms accepted. Up to April 13 some 1600 copies had been sold in America, and a goodly edition sold in England by Bogue. The

pirated 1860 plates continue troublesome; Walt allowed to sell copies from time to time of the one hundred or so copies of 1876 edition he had on hand; Osgood opens negotiations for publishing prose works, Bucke offering them first his book on W. W.; the Episcopalian preacher Baylies Allen gives his atrabilious and pious agent Leaves of Grass to eat, and it has upon him the effect the loco weed has upon cattle. He rages and imagines a vain thing, *i.e.* that W. W. can be made to expunge; but his list is "whole and severally rejected"; Walt will have an edition *ne varietur* or none. Mr. Harned ends by saying that "probably the real power, or man, back of the whole business will never be known." It is natural that it should be mysterious to him at a distance; but he had, he says, read my Whitman and it is supposed that he read the *Conservator*. In both I stated how I interviewed the vice society's agent, the district attorney, and the secretary of the society, and received from all the admission that it was said secretary of the vice society, the Rev. Baylies Allen, who instigated the movement. Allen admitted it to me in his own parlor, and gave me the reason.

All subsequent editions of Leaves of Grass proper, down to the 1902 edition de luxe and after, were printed from the Osgood plates, with practically no change except additions of new poems at end of volume. Whitman sold to Osgood the McRae shirt-sleeve portrait for $50 and 20 copies of the book, saying, "The portrait is required in the text to face page 29—in fact is involved as part of the poem." It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that this repulsive, loaferish portrait, with its sensual mouth, can be dropped from future editions, or be accompanied by other and better ones that show the mature man, and not merely the defiant young revolter of thirty-seven, with a very large chip on his shoulder, no suspenders to his trousers, and his hat very much on one side.

Leaves of Grass. London, David Bogue, 1881. New edition, in 1884. It is deemed that Bogue bought sheets of Osgood, as the English and the American issues seem exactly alike and came out same year.

Leaves of Grass. *Author's edition.* Camden, New Jersey, 1882.

From the Osgood plates; not strictly a new edition (see previous entry); first edition sold the day issued (in September). "Includes several touches and additions, minor but significant, not in any previous issue" (Bucke). In 1884 David McKay's imprint appears on title-page, and in 1888 the poems Sands at Seventy

are tacked on at the end as a supplement. The motto, "Come, said my Soul," appears on title-page as in 1876 edition (it was omitted in the Osgood issue as it required an autograph signature, and the Boston edition was not an autograph edition.)

Leaves of Grass. Glasgow, Wilson, 1883.

This Wilson is the man who kept the manuscript of the first draft of my Reminiscences of Walt Whitman, together with a partial concordance, a rare photo of Walt, and the manuscript of one of his poems, he refusing to surrender the property on repeated demands. This was about 1887.

Leaves of Grass. The Poems of Walt Whitman. Selected. With Introduction by Ernest Rhys. London, Walter Scott, 1886.

A pretty pocket volume of 318 pp., the fullest of the anthologies, unless it be Triggs's.

Canti Scelti. By Luigi Gamberale. Milano, E. Sonzogno, 1887. 103 pp.

The first Italian anthology of Whitman. See end of Part I for Gamberale's complete translation of the poems.

Grashalme. Walt Whitman's Gedichte in Auswahl. Uebersetzt von Karl Knortz und T. W. Rolleston. Zürich, J. Schabelitz, 1889. 181 pp.

A fine selection and admirably rendered,—Song of Myself (73 pp.), Salut, Crossing Brooklyn Ferry, Song of the Open Road, Mystic Trumpeter, Passage to India, etc. Preface by Knortz and Introduction by Rolleston, both in German. Most of the translations are by Rolleston. The latter gives in German a quotation from a letter to him by W. W. I append a translation of this back into English, not having Walt's own words to offer:—

"I approve of your attempt to translate certain of my poems into the German tongue. Indeed, arrogant as the statement may seem, I had more than my own native land in view when I was composing Leaves of Grass. I wished to take the first step toward calling into existence a cycle of international poems. The chief reason for being of the United States of America is to bring about the common goodwill of all mankind, the solidarity of the world. What is still lacking in this respect can perhaps be accomplished by the art of poetry, through songs radiating from all the lands of the globe. I had also in mind, as one of my objects, to

send a hearty greeting to these lands in America's name. And glad, very glad, should I be to gain entrance and audience among the Germanic peoples."

Leaves of Grass, with Sands at Seventy & A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads. [Six] Portraits from Life. Autograph. *Special edition* [1889]. (300 copies only printed—$5 each.) No new copyright. 12mo, pp. 422.

Out in May; by 1893 selling at $10; bound in green morocco, pocket-book style, a certain number with lap-over tongue and pocket for MS. notes; each with autograph, signed as usual with pen and ink. The title-page has this note: "May 31, 1889. To-day, finishing my 70th year, the fancy comes for celebrating it by a special, complete, final utterance, in one handy volume, of L. of G. with their Annex, and Backward Glance—and for stamping and sprinkling all with portraits and facial photos, such as they actually were, taken from life, different stages. Doubtless, anyhow, the volume is more a person than a book. And for testimony to all, (and good measure,) I here with pen and ink append my name: Walt Whitman."

Gems from Walt Whitman. By Elizabeth Porter Gould. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1889.

A brief anthology, published by Whitman's permission, the proceeds of the sale to go to him. Well received by the daily papers and the literary weeklies, though it does not amount to much.

Autobiographia, or the Story of a Life. By Walt Whitman. Selected from his Prose Writings. [Edited by Arthur Stedman, a son of E. C. Stedman.] New York, Charles L. Webster & Co., 1892. (Mark Twain, an admirer of Walt Whitman, was, as everybody knows, a member of this unfortunate firm.)

Leaves of Grass. Including Sands at Seventy . . . 1st Annex, Good-Bye My Fancy . . . 2nd Annex, A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads, and Portrait from Life. [Then motto and signature.] Philadelphia, David McKay, Publisher, 23 South Ninth Street, 1891-92. [*Ninth edition.*] A companion to this is a Complete Prose Works issued at same time.

This I call the death-bed edition. In his last illness, Walt sent to some of us copies of the Leaves volume of this edition, bound in soft Quaker gray paper with printed yellow label on back. On copyright page is a list of all his copyrights to date and a note (reprinted in Boston 1897 edition and in Camden 1902 ten-vol. ed., vol. x, p. 173) recommending this edition for future printing. There are 413 poems in all. The bulk of the edition bound in green cloth; on back of cover, "Leaves of Grass. Complete, 1892, Walt Whitman." A paper-covered bunch of this edition issued in 1892 by McKay at 50 cents. He stocked the market with a thousand copies of the book in 1897 also.

Selected Poems. By Walt Whitman. (Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series.) Charles L. Webster & Co., 1892.

Made by Mr. Whitman's permission, though reluctantly given. An excellent culling out of the more strictly lyrical poems, most of the philosophical and defiant works omitted. Even Col. T. W. Higginson enjoyed this purged edition (he said)!

Poems by Walt Whitman. (The Penny Poets, XXVII.) The Masterpiece Library. Review of Reviews Office, London [1895]. Price one penny. Edited by W. T. Stead. (See p. ii. of its advertisements.)

A selection useful among the "less-havers" of England; introductions by the editor; half of its 60 pp. from the Song of Myself. Over 200,000 copies of Macaulay's Lays sold in this series, and more than 150,000 of Scott's Marmion. The Whitman volumettes, bound in reddish imitation leather paper, therefore probably sold by the thousand.

Leaves of Grass. Including Sands at Seventy, Good-Bye My Fancy, Old Age Echoes, and A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads. By Walt Whitman. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co., 1897. [*Tenth edition.*] Facsimile of author's autograph. Copyright 1897 by Whitman's literary executors. Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Still the old 1882 plates used; the back of cover decorated with long conventionalized grass stems (gilt). It is a companion volume to a new edition of the prose. The Old Age Echoes are posthumous poems. The paging of the whole book is continuous, and the half-titles have been made uniform; an index of first lines is appended; 90 copies on hand-made paper, with four extra illustrations, were printed; at p. 404 facsimile of Walt's So Loth to De-

part, two portraits (the Gutekunst and that of the first quarto). From the same plates has been issued a complete popular edition in paper covers at 50 cents, minus portraits and facsimile; new title-page with "London G. P. Putnam's Sons" added. The first copies of this cheap edition were also minus the index of first lines. Small, Maynard & Co. issued in 1902 $1 editions in cloth of the poems and prose respectively. D. Appleton & Co. were (in 1910) the authorized publishers of Whitman's Works, and in 1912 reissued the Small, Maynard 1897 ed., as Doubleday, Page & Co. are now doing (1923).

Leaves of Grass. In Everyman's Library. Edited by Ernest Rhys. Appeared in 1912. Vol. I of L. of G.; reprinted 1914 and 1916. It includes Democratic Vistas. London, J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; New York, E. P. Dutton.

The preface by Horace Traubel is excellent, with new first-hand anecdotes and talk by this volunteer secretary of W. W. When Traubel was a small boy, he says, the bourgeois Camdenites went to his mother and protested against his association with "the lecherous old man." "They wondered if it was safe to invite him into their homes."

Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman. Edited by Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph.D. (University of Chicago). Boston, Small, Maynard & Co., 1898.

An excellent introduction precedes, and a rather brief though choice bibliography is appended. Frontispiece portrait. This is the best of the anthologies, by far. Prof. Triggs in his studies of Walt Whitman has investigated all the material with a German minuteness of research, then swept away the chips and litter, and left us the essential and luminous facts.

Leaves of Grass. Philadelphia, David McKay, 1900. Preface and 496 pp. "Including a Facsimile Autobiography, Variorum Readings of the Poems, and a Department of Gathered Leaves," says the title-page.

These last occupy 25 pp. at end. This edition does not include all of Whitman's poems, but only those out of copyright (all previous to 1872). There are four portraits. "Davy" talked a whole afternoon with me in Boston about publishing the present Hand-Book, looking it over, then went off and made his edition, embodying my scheme entire. Said he could do the work himself. Wow, Scotia!

Leaves of Grass. (King's Treasury Series.) With portrait. London, G. G. Harrap & Co., 1900.

Twenty selected poems. A trifling fancy affair for girls, apparently. Reprinted by Dean and Son, London, in same year, in Remarque Literary Classics. Also issued by George Routledge about same time in the Broadway Booklets Series.

A Little Book of Nature Thoughts. Portland, Mosher, 1906. Prose selections from Whitman by Mrs. Anne Montgomerie Traubel, wife of Horace Traubel.

In 1912 Mosher published "Memories of President Lincoln," 300 copies. Copy in Congressional Library.

Poems of Walt Whitman (Leaves of Grass). With Biographical Introduction by John Burroughs. New York, T. Y. Crowell, 1902.

A reprint of the 1860 edition, in Crowell's cheap "gilt-edge" or "red-line" edition. Some copies of this edition have the imprint Kerr. Notice by Traubel, *Conservator,* June, 1904.

Leaves of Grass. (Selections.) New York and Boston, H. M. Caldwell Co., 1902.

A thin square volumette (almost of vest-pocket size), the selections excellently chosen. The frontispiece is very diverting,—a little bucolic young-ladies'-annual style of picture showing an old fellow under a tree, reading a book. The hat and collar alone show that it is intended for Whitman.

Selected Poems of Walt Whitman. Edited by Julian Abernathy, Ph.D. New York, 1904.

Selections from Leaves of Grass, with preface by Harry Roberts. London, Treherne & Co., 1904. (Vol. I of the Vagabonds' Library.)

Grashalme. Eine Auswahl übersetzt von Karl Federn. With portrait. Minden, J. G. C. Bruns, 1904.

Grashalme. In Auswahl übertragen von Johannes Schlaf. Leipzig, Reclam, 1907. Portrait. 239 pp. (In Universal Bibliotek.)

Leaves of Grass. (The People's Library.) London, Cassell & Co., 1909. Complete Leaves of Grass as it was up to 1888.

A volume of **Selections from Leaves of Grass** was published in London, England, by Charles H. Kelley in 1914. Edited by John Telford, which gentleman announces that "everything is omitted that would offend the reader's taste." I can hear Walt's genial roar of laughter at this. He might have exclaimed: "Here it is, then, at last—the Bowdlerized Whitman. We have been expecting it." However, the Rossetti edition and many others in England have been practically Bowdlerized.

Walt Whitman: Œuvres Choisies; poèmes et prose, traduits par Jules Laforgue, and others, including François Vielé-Griffin. Précédés d'une étude par Valery Larbaud. Paris, éditions de la *Nouvelle Revue Française,* 1918.

Walt Whitman: Calamus; Poèmes. Version nouvelle de Léon Bazalgette, avec 10 bois hors-texte, dessinés et gravés par Frans Masereel. (Génève, Sablier, 1919.) Preface of 6 pp. by Bazalgette. (The cubist illustrations are enough to make a horse laugh.) This is as good a place as any to quote, apropos of Calamus, a sane comment by Basil de Selincourt: "Calamus is the praise of pure sexless love, the celebration of the ideal relationship of soul to soul. The idea of shyness and shame enter, because love runs the risk of misunderstanding and humiliation." (Let the miserable psychopaths chew on that; but they will never understand it.)

Poems from Leaves of Grass. London and New York, Dent and Dutton, respectively, 19—.

Contains 24 colored plates by Margaret C. Cook. I have not seen it.

WALT WHITMAN'S COMPLETE WRITINGS *

Complete Poems & Prose of Walt Whitman. 1855 . . . 1888. Authenticated & Personal Book (handled by W. W.) . . . Portraits from Life . . . Autograph.

Issued in mid-December; simply the old plates of poetry and prose volumes; no new copyright; November Boughs with its poems Sands at Seventy bound in at end; a stout volume of 900 pp.; quarto, wide margins; paper label on back; a new prefatory Note at Beginning and Note at End, all the words of the title-page (unique in style and designed by Whitman's own hand) run straight across a weird and ghostly portrait of the author, of whom there are three other portraits given and one of Elias Hicks. The motto, "Come, said my Soul," continued from 1882 edition. Six hundred copies of this $6 volume put forth, of which one hundred and fifty were for gift copies, without McKay's imprint. By 1893 it was selling at $12.

The Complete Writings of Walt Whitman. Issued under the editorial supervision of his Literary Executors, Richard Maurice Bucke, Thomas B. Harned, and Horace L. Traubel. With additional bibliographical and critical material prepared by Oscar Lovell Triggs, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, The Knickerbocker Press, 1902-03. On fly-leaf: "This edition is issued under arrangement with Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, the publishers of the authorized editions of the Writings of Walt Whitman."

This sumptuous edition in ten volumes is the *first edition de luxe* of Whitman, and is called The Book-Lover's Camden Edition, limited to 500 signed and numbered sets, with 40 illustrations reproduced in photogravure on Japan vellum. Sold to subscribers only. It is in large leaded type, printed on old Stratford linen paper. The new matter consists of the Introductory Life, in vigorous English; variorum readings, pedantically voluminous and most of them superfluously dug up from their merited oblivion; a group of letters from Whitman to his mother; three chapters by Thomas B. Harned on Walt Whitman and Oratory,

* For Whitman's conversations see With Walt Whitman in Camden, noticed in Part I under 1906.

Walt Whitman and Physique, and Walt Whitman and his Second Boston Publishers; an excellent essay on the Growth of Leaves of Grass and A Complete Bibliography, both by Oscar L. Triggs; an alphabetical list of the titles of Leaves of Grass poems, embodied in the very full index to the ten volumes. The stock portraits of Tom, Dick and Harry thrust into these volumes should have been omitted. They are partly good, but have no business where they are. Two sets of a special "double binding" of this edition were sold for $1000 each. The regular prices ranged from $60 to $200 according to binding. But the publishers issued sets (probably to order) at $2000 (!) full levant, printed on Japan vellum. Estes & Lauriat of Boston offered a set of this $2000 issue on April 1910 at $300. Shay, in his fine little Whitman bibliography, says that of this 10-volume de luxe issue there were several editions, three of which appeared simultaneously: the autograph ed., with MS. inserted (32 sets); Paumanok edition, colored plates (300 sets); Camden edition (300 sets). Shay says that the Lamb Publishing Company later issued from the same plates 1000 copies, called the National Edition.

WALT WHITMAN'S PROSE WRITINGS

Specimen Days and Collect. By Walt Whitman, Author of Leaves of Grass. Rees Welsh & Co., Philadelphia, 1882-'83. 12mo, pp. i-vi, 7-374. Copyright by Walt Whitman, 1882.

Chief prose works to date; uniform in style and color of binding, with eighth (Boston) edition of Leaves of Grass; portrait, Whitman with butterfly on forefinger; first edition published late in afternoon of September 17; by the morning of the 19th every copy sold (result of the Osgood row). Professor Dowden said of the nature-notes: "In the main, these 'Notes of a Half-Paralytic' are sweet and sane and nourishing, more perhaps than the writer knows or can know. No diary of an invalid is wholesomer reading than this." (The Academy Nov. 18, 1882.) Early in 1883 the business of Rees Welsh & Co. passed to David McKay, who remained Whitman's publisher until his death and after. Some copies of this edition have McKay's imprint. Karl Federn, in *Neue Freie Presse,* Wien, 12 Aug. 1896, reviews the war notes (Aus Amerikanischen Kriegeszeiten. Walt Whitman's Tagebuch).

I notice that the nature-notes from Specimen Days have been translated, in whole or in part, in Natuurleven, Vertaald door Maurits Wagenvoort, Haarlem, Bohn, 1898, pp. xi, 178, portrait,

8vo. (Copy in the Boston Public Library.) That the poems (Leaves) and much of the prose of Whitman have been translated into the tongue of his mother's ancestors is not strange. His writings breathe the same dauntless spirit of liberty of which the Hollander stands as the type. In reading Whitman, they are reading their own countryman and spokesman.

Complete Prose Works. Walt Whitman [his autograph]. Philadelphia, David McKay, publisher, 1892.

The old Specimen Days and Collect plates (no new copyright) with addition, at end of the prose portion, of November Boughs and Good-Bye My Fancy, and miscellaneous matter under head Some Laggards Yet. On pp. 484 and 500 were wedged in six poemets, belated on account of unexpired rights, which should have appeared in the Good-Bye My Fancy group, 9th edition of L. of G., but which did, however, get into the Good-Bye, etc., volume (mingled prose and verse).

Complete Prose Works. Specimen Days and Collect, November Boughs, and Good-Bye My Fancy. By Walt Whitman. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co., 1898.

A typographically much improved new edition from new plates; portrait of author and one of Elias Hicks, and three views, with facsimile of handwriting; uniform with firm's Leaves of Grass.

SMALLER ISSUES OF SEPARATE PIECES AND GROUPS

Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps. New York, 1865 [December]. 12mo, 96 pp.

J. T. Trowbridge told me that he tried in vain to get a publisher for this in Boston. Think of that! It is a pretty little volume, bound in cloth, and printed with great typographical nicety: Taps, 72 pp.; Sequel, 24 pp., including When Lilacs and O Captain, Chanting the Square Deific and Lo, Victress. The Sequel was issued separately in Washington. Title-page of Sequel: "Sequel to Drum-Taps (Since the preceding came from the Press). WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOOR-YARD BLOOM'D, and Other Pieces. Washington, 1865-'6." The words in small capitals, as just indicated, are in form of a woodcut of rustic design (letters formed of little logs of wood). This duplex volume formed two annexes in the 1867 edition of L. of G. In 1871, however, they

appear in the body of the book. When Lilacs Last, etc., was reprinted, as before mentioned, at Essex House Press (edition 125 copies), illustrations by C. R. Ashbee.

Mr. George M. Williamson's Catalogue (of Whitmaniana) contains a full-page facsimile (reduced) of a poster for Drum-Taps made by Whitman himself, partly in printed letters and partly in script.

For fuller information on Drum-Taps, see Part I.

Democratic Vistas. (The title-page is: Memoranda. Democratic Vistas.) Washington, D. C., 1871. New York, J. S. Redfield, 140 Fulton Street. Price 75 cents.

Bound in green glazed paper. In his last edition, Walt Whitman added a few foot-notes and what is now the first paragraph. Harvard College has Sumner's copy, with this autograph on fly-leaf: "Chas Sumner with Respects of Walt Whitman, Feb. 1871."

After All Not to Create Only. Recited by Walt Whitman on Invitation of Managers of American Institute, on Opening their Fortieth Annual Exhibition, New York, noon, Sept. 7, 1871. Boston, Roberts Bros., 1871. (Press of John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.)

Two varieties of binding. The original first edition "to be sold at the Exhibition," is in flexible purple covers, the other in boards. Three pages of introductory matter relate to the occasion which drew forth the poem. (See Part III, second section.) "Had no sale at all" (Bucke). I remember how Niles (Roberts Brothers' manager) glared angrily, in the old den on Washington Street in 1880, when I alluded to this venture. I judged from this that they had "got stuck" on the booklet.

Proofs (unbound) of a superbly printed impression, in pica type, of this poem, on eleven large square quarto sheets, are marked "Proofs—Office American Institute, New York." They were printed by Pearson in Washington, and evidently Walt had them struck off to read from at the exhibition and as a "sugared sonnet" for his personal friends. Charles Sumner, Jan. 6, 1872, gave a set of these proofs to Harvard College Library. P. K. Foley in 1922 had a set, cut from an old scrap-book of William T. Rossetti.

The original MS. of this poem, now called Song of the Exposition, consisting of 29 quarto pages was given to me by Walt Whitman in 1885. It has a good many erasures and over-pastings.

As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free And Other Poems. Washington, D. C., 1872. Copyright by Walt Whitman, 1872. Printed in New York. Pages 1-68.

The main piece is the commencement poem read at Dartmouth College by Walt Whitman in 1872 (see Bliss Perry's Whitman), now called Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood. "No sale at all' (Bucke); includes O Star of France, By Broad Potomac, Mystic Trumpeter, etc. Bound into the Centennial edition.

Walt Whitman's Memoranda of the War. Written on the Spot in 1863-65. [So far the cover. The title-page reads as in the '76 ed.] Memoranda during the War, by Walt Whitman. Author's Publication [*sic*]. Camden, New Jersey, 1875-76. Copyright by Walt Whitman, 1875.

Bound in mulberry cloth, from the type of the Centennial (or '76) edition, with a new title. Very scarce. Two portraits. These memoranda are now included in Specimen Days.

Specimen Days in America. (The Camelot Classics, edited by Ernest Rhys.) Newly revised by the Author, with fresh Preface and additional Note. London, Walter Scott, 1887.

The "Preface to the Reader in the British Islands" closes as follows: "In [this] volume, as below any page of mine, anywhere, ever remains, for seen or unseen basis-phrase, Good-Will Between The Common People of All Nations." This was also Whitman's death-bed thought, his swan song, written five years later with trembling hand to Dr. J. Johnston, of Bolton, England, date of Feb. 6, 1892.

November Boughs. By Walt Whitman. Philadelphia, David McKay, 23 South Ninth Street, 1888. Copyright by Walt Whitman, 1888. pp. 140.

A new volume of prose and poetry, bound in flexible covers, purple cloth; on the cover, "Walt Whitman's November Boughs." All the poems new, except Small the Theme of My Chant (from '67 edition) and Stronger Lessons (from '60 edition, p. 421, where it has one more line). The rustic letters of the title-page are Whitman's designing. Issued about Nov. 1, 1888, though my copy is dated Oct. 7. Sands at Seventy forms the poetical portion; frontispiece, W. W. seated in a woodland scene. An exec-

utor's edition was issued after the poet's death. You Lingering Sparse Leaves of Me, Going Somewhere, After the Supper and Talk, Not Meagre, Latent Boughs Alone, had been published in *Lippincott's Magazine,* November, 1887. On page 762 of same number of *Lippincott's* is an item to the effect that some one had played a practical joke on Walt by announcing him as umpire in a game of baseball to be held in Camden! Many of the smaller four or five line poems in this volume had been written for the New York *Herald* in the winter and spring of 1888, Whitman being paid at the rate of $5 each, I understand. They are corrected and revised in the book. The series was preceded by a note from him, Jan. 26th. Then followed: To Those Who Have Failed, 27th; Halcyon Days, 29th; After the Dazzle of Day, Feb. 3d; America, 11th; True Conquerors, 15th; Winter's Foil, 21st; The Dismantled Ship, 23d; Old Salt Kossabone, 25th; Manahatta, 27th; Paumanok, 29th; From Montauk Point, March 1st; My Canary Bird, 2d; A Prairie Sunset, 9th; The Dead Emperor, 10th; The First Dandelion, 12th; Wallabout Martyrs, 16th; The Bravest Soldiers, 18th; Orange Buds by Mail, 19th; Continuities, 20th; Broadway, April 10th; Life, 15th; The Final Lilt, 16th; On Matthew Arnold, 18th; To-day and Thee, 23d; Queries to My Seventieth Year, May 2d; The United States to Old World Cities, 8th; Out of May's Shows, 10th; As I Sit Writing, 14th; A Carol Closing, 21st; Life and Death, 23d; The Calming Thought of All, 27th; Walt Whitman's Tribute, Aug. 8th; Over and Through, 12th. I call that a splendid feat for an old man! We did not know before what a poet could do in a steady pull, under inspiration of pay.

Democratic Vistas and Other Papers. London, Walter Scott, 1888. (Camelot Classics.)

"Published by arrangement with the author"; a brief new preface by W. W., and at end a letter of his in response to a request for his indorsement of a proposed translation of his poems into Russian.

Good-Bye My Fancy. 2d Annex to Leaves of Grass. Philadelphia, David McKay, Publisher, 1891. Copyright by Walt Whitman, 1891. 8vo, pp. 66.

Mingled prose and verse; the poetical pieces (31) afterwards incorporated in the ninth (1891) edition, except half a dozen belated through copyright claims. These, however, were tucked into the Complete Prose (1892 edition), and afterwards appear in the Boston edition (tenth), 1897, of Leaves of Grass. The

frontispiece is a reproduction of one of Sidney Morse's busts made there in Mickle Street at end of the '80's.

Calamus. A Series of Letters Written During the Years 1868-1880 by Walt Whitman to a Young Friend (Peter Doyle). Copyright by Laurens Maynard, 1897. Edited with an Introduction by Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D., one of Whitman's Literary Executors. Published by Laurens Maynard at 287 Congress Street in Boston, MDCCCXCVII. 12mo, pp. i-viii, 1-172.

Portrait of Whitman and Doyle together, by Harry D. Young (the lamented Boston artist lost at sea), from 1868 photograph; page facsimile of autograph MS.; 35 copies of a limited edition also issued. These Doyle letters excited much interest in Henry James (who wrote in warm commendation of them) and others. They are an indispensable commentary and key to much in Leaves of Grass and in Walt Whitman's life. The book is preceded by a table of main events in his life, chronologically arranged. The letters cover the years 1868-80. Reviewed by Edward Dowden in the *Academy,* Autumn, 1897.

The Wound Dresser. A Series of Letters Written from the Hospitals in Washington during the War of the Rebellion by Walt Whitman. Edited by Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D., one of Whitman's Literary Executors. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co., 1898. 12mo, pp. i-viii, 201.

Letters by Walt Whitman to his mother, with three of his war newspaper articles, and preface and appended note by the editor. The frontispiece portrait is a superb one, from life, 1863. Sixty copies (limited) of the first edition on Japan paper.

Notes and Fragments: Left by Walt Whitman and now edited by Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, one of his Literary Executors. Printed for private distribution only, 1899 [In London, Canada]. Pages 211.

A large sumptuous quarto, printed from the type, limited to 225 copies (though 250 seem to have been printed); consists of 44 pages of first drafts and rejected lines and passages of Leaves of Grass; notes by Walt Whitman on the meaning and intention of that book; passages from his note-books, showing his reading and thinking in preparation for the work, and other literary litter (6

parts in all). The volume is extremely interesting in parts. The size, style of type, binding, etc., closely imitated from the first quarto of L. of G. As supplementary to the preface (v-vi), Dr. B. wrote me as to the very numerous and abrupt breakings-off at end of items: "Each numbered piece in the book is a distinct and separate MS. I have simply given every word of each one. Sometimes the piece was left a fragment; other times it was an odd leaf or two or three odd leaves, sometimes the paper was torn and part lost, etc. I *never* mean anything [by the points, or leaders] but to give all I have of Walt Whitman himself. And I make *no* selections, give it *all* for better or worse."

Walt Whitman's Diary in Canada. With Extracts from Other of his Diaries and Literary Note-books. Edited by William Sloane Kennedy [from Whitman's MSS.]. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co., 1904. Portrait. First edition limited to 500 copies.

"Some of the copies bound in blue cloth; some without portraits" (Shay). I got a loan of the manuscript from Dr. Bucke's son. The material not very important, but pleasant reading.

An American Primer. By Walt Whitman. With facsimiles of the original manuscript. Edited by Horace Traubel. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co., 1904. Portrait.

A companion volume to the preceding.

An interesting and important piece, originally intended as a lecture. The buff, gray, and green facsimiles are historically curious, being copies from the MS. itself, parts of which were written on covers of the paper-covered copies of the 1855 edition of L. of G.

SEPARATELY PUBLISHED SINGLE POEMS AND PROSE PIECES

Whitman's Song of Myself. Bound in soft leather; with Portrait. East Aurora, New York, the Roycrofters, 1904.

Lafayette in Brooklyn. By Walt Whitman. Introduction by John Burroughs. Published by Geo. D. Smith, New York, 1905.

Portrait of Walt Whitman by Cox and of Lafayette by S. F. B. Morse, with a facsimile of Walt's handwriting on vellum.

The Book of Heavenly Death. Compiled from Leaves of Grass by Horace Traubel. Portrait, facsimile. Mosher, Portland, Maine. 1905. Pages xxiii, 103.

Memories of President Lincoln; and Other Lyrics of the War with Introduction by Horace Traubel. Mosher, Portland, 1906.

First issued in Mosher's Bibelot, 1904.

Walt Whitman and his Poems. *United States Review,* 1855.

By Walt Whitman himself, and now included in In Re Walt Whitman.

Anent Leaves of Grass. Brooklyn *Times,* Sept. 29, 1855.

By Walt Whitman. Given in part in Bucke's Whitman; also in the '56 edition of Leaves of Grass, p. 360; also in In Re Walt Whitman. The following portion of the self-drawn portrait is omitted by Dr. Bucke, perhaps at W's suggestion:

"No dilletant democrat—a man who is art and part with the commonalty, and with immediate life—loves the streets—loves the docks—loves the free rasping talk of men—likes to be called by his given name, and nobody at all need *Mr.* him—can laugh with laughers—likes the cheap ways of laborers—is not prejudiced one mite against the Irish—talks readily with them—talks readily with niggers . . . eats cheap fare—likes the strong-flavored coffee of the coffee-stands in the market, at sunrise—likes a supper of oysters fresh from the oyster-smack."

Tom Donaldson should have read that "Nobody need *Mr.* him," for he mister's him to death in his book—never speaks of him without that inappropriate handle.

About Leaves of Grass. *American Phrenological Journal,* Brooklyn, N. Y. 1856.

By W. W. Seems to be the same article as that headed "An English and an American Poet," in the In Re book.

A Child's Reminiscence. [Now Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking.] *Saturday Press* (New York), Dec. 24, 1859.

On Leaves of Grass Imprints. Brooklyn *News,* Oct. 10, 1860.

The Great Army of the Sick. New York *Times,* Feb. 26, 1863; also Oct. 4 (Washington letter).

Life among Fifty Thousand Sick Soldiers. Brooklyn *Eagle,* March 19, 1863.

Hospital Visits. New York *Times,* Dec. 11, 1864.

A Carol of Harvest. *Galaxy,* New York, September, 1867.

Reprinted in *Tinsley's Magazine* (London), from advance sheets sent on by Mr. Church of the *Galaxy.*

Democracy. *Galaxy,* December, 1867.

Article afterwards used, in whole or in part, in the Collect volume.

Personalism. *Galaxy,* May, 1868.

Whispers of Heavenly Death. *Broadway* (London), October, 1868.

The Singer in the Prison. *Saturday Evening Visitor* (Washington), Dec. 25, 1869.

Brother of All with Generous Hand. *Galaxy,* January, 1870.

Warble for Lilac Time. *Galaxy,* May, 1870.

O Star of France! *Galaxy,* June, 1871.

After All Not to Create Only. New York *Evening Post,* Sept. 7, 1871.

The Mystic Trumpeter. *Kansas Magazine* (Topeka), February, 1872.

Halls of Gold and Lilac. *Graphic* (New York), Nov. 24, 1873.

Silver and Salmon Tint. *Graphic* (New York), Nov. 29, 1873.

Prayer of Columbus. *Harper's Monthly,* March, 1874.

Death of a Fireman. *New Republic* (Camden), Nov. 14, 1874.

The American War. *Examiner* (London), March 18, 1876.

Thomas Paine. New York *Tribune,* Jan. 29, 1877.

An address delivered before the Philadelphia Liberal Society in 1877, on the occasion of the celebrating of Thomas Paine's birthday.

Gathering the Corn. New York *Tribune,* Oct. 24, 1878.

Timber Creek notes,—half-column. Reprinted in Good-Bye My Fancy.

A Poet's Recreation. New York *Tribune,* July 4, 1878.

Two columns. Mostly reproduced in Specimen Days.

Broadway Revisited. New York *Tribune,* May 10, 1879.

Reminiscences of the Battery and Park Theatres of New York thirty years ago. Not used in Specimen Days, so far as I can discover.

Only Crossing the Delaware. *Progress* (Philadelphia), April 5, 1879.

His friend Colonel Forney's journal. Used in Specimen Days.

Real Summer Openings. New York *Tribune,* May 17, 1879.

Two columns. Mostly used again.

These May Afternoons. New York *Tribune,* May 24, 1879.

Dr. Bucke's big folio says 27th. The article consists of notes on New York, some of them not reprinted.

Winter Sunshine. *Times* (Philadelphia), Jan. 26, 1879.

First Spring Day. *Progress* (Philadelphia), March 8, 1879.

Three Young Men's Deaths. *Cope's Tobacco Plant,* Liverpool, April, 1879.

Dalliance of the Eagles. *Cope's Tobacco Plant,* Liverpool, November, 1880.

It appears from Miss Barrus's Life of Burroughs that it was he who told Walt the incident on which he based this pretty poemet.

Italian Music. *Progress* (Philadelphia), April 5, 1879.

Emerson's Books (The Shadows of Them). *Literary World* (Boston), May 22, 1880.

Used again in Specimen Days.

A Riddle Song [Poem]. *Sunnyside Press,* 1880.

The Prairie States. *Art Autograph* (New York), March 16, 1880.

Summer Days in Canada. London (Canada) *Advertiser,* June 22, 1880.

For a letter by W. W. describing his Saguenay River trip, with Dr. Bucke, see same for Aug. 26, 1880. Also my "Walt Whitman's Diary in Canada," Boston, 1904.

The Poetry of the Future. *North American Review,* February, 1881.

My Picture-Gallery [Poem]. The *American* (Philadelphia), Oct. 30, 1880.

Now on p. 310 of L. of G. I was on the staff of this just-started weekly, edited by W. R. Balch, and sent it regularly to Walt across the Delaware, interesting him in it. Hence this contribution.

How I Get Round at Sixty and Take Notes. *Critic* (New York), Jan. 19, April 9, May 7, July 26, Dec. 3, 1881; July 15, 1882.

Used again in Specimen Days.

The Dead Carlyle. *Critic,* Feb. 12, 1882.

Used again.

The Poetry of the Future. *North American Review,* February, 1881.

Used again.

Patrolling Barnegat [Poem]. *Harper's Monthly,* April, 1881.

First put in type, privately, by W. W. in Camden, June, 1880.

Bumble Bees and Bird Music. The weekly *American* (Philadelphia), May 14, 1881.

Prose article, now in Specimen Days.

A Week at West Hills. New York *Tribune,* Aug. 4, 1881.

City Notes in August. New York *Tribune,* Aug. 15, 1881.

The Sobbing of the Bells. Boston *Globe,* Sept. 27, 1881.

A poem on Garfield's death. Written at Hotel Bulfinch, Boston. (See *New England Magazine,* August, 1892.)

Starting a Paper. Camden *Courier,* June 1, 1882.

Edgar Poe's Significance. *Critic,* June 3, 1882.

By Emerson's Grave. *Critic,* May 6, 1882.

A Memorandum at a Venture. *North American Review,* June, 1882.

Walt Whitman and his Several Ventures. New York *World,* June 11, 1882.

Robert Burns. *Critic,* December, 1882.

The Bible as Poetry. *Critic,* Feb. 3, 1883.

Our Eminent Visitors. *Critic,* Nov. 11, 1883.

Old Age's Lambent Peaks. *Century,* September, 1888.

A Backward Glance on My Own Road. *Critic,* Jan. 5, 1884.

Now appendix to current editions of L. of G. (The "letter from Boston" referred to is one I sent him.)

The Dead Tenor. *Critic and Good Literature,* Nov. 8, 1884.

Written on the occasion of the death of his old friend Brignoli.

Red Jacket from Aloft [Poem]. Philadelphia *Press,* October, 1884.

This poem also appeared in the Transactions Buffalo Historical Society, vol. iii, 1885.

If I should Need to Name, O Western World [Poem]. Philadelphia *Press,* October, 1884.

With Husky-Haughty Lips, O Sea. *Harper's Monthly,* March, 1884.

Written on the beach in (October or November) 1884, says John Burroughs in his Signs and Seasons, p. 176. Dr. Bucke's big folio bibliography says it was printed in *Daily Graphic* on Feb. 16, 1883. As in the case of Patrolling Barnegat, it seems to have been published twice, first in imperfect form (?). I had a slip of it sent me by Walt at the time it appeared in *Harper's Monthly,* March.

What Lurks behind Shakspere's Historical Plays. *Critic,* Sept. 27, 1884.

Indian Bureau Reminiscence. *To-day,* May, 1884 [English Socialist magazine].

First published in *Baldwin's Monthly* (Brooklyn, N. Y.), February, 1884, where also appeared (December, 1885) Some Diary Notes at Random.

The Old Bowery. Philadelphia *Press,* August, 1885.

Reminiscences of the elder Booth and other actors of New York forty or fifty years previous.

The Voice of the Rain. *Outing,* August, 1885.

This was a Boston magazine, Sylvester Baxter, editor.

Of That Blithe Throat of Thine. *Harper's Monthly,* January, 1885.

Fancies at Navesink. *Nineteenth Century* (London), August, 1885.

Slang in America. *North American Review,* November, 1885.

As One by One Withdraw the Lofty Actors. *Harper's Weekly,* May 16, 1885; also the *Critic,* Aug. 15, 1885.

Walt Whitman at Home. By Himself. *Critic* Pamphlet, No. 2, 28 pp., on hand-made paper. New York, The Critic Company, 1898.

This may be called a brief autobiography written in the third person. It appeared in the *Critic,* Feb. 28, 1885, and is therefore included here in 1885 pieces. Facsimiles of the first page of Walt Whitman's MS. of this piece and of his poem Spirit That Form'd

This Scene are given, as well as an unimportant account of a visit to him, Nov. 28, 1891, by Jeanette Gilder, editor of the *Critic*. One hardly knows which was the more cheeky,—the writing of this thing by Whitman and signing it "George Selwyn," or the betraying of his secret to the world after his death by the editor of the *Critic*. He had a good many half-friends, and there were people who regarded him as a curio, though, really, one should not say this of the three Gilders, who were loyal to him.

How I Made a Book. Some Embryonic Facts of Leaves of Grass. Philadelphia *Press,* Sunday, July 11, 1886.

Two columns. Parts of this now in A Backward Glance, etc.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. By Distinguished Men of his Time. Collected and edited by Allan Thorndike Rice. North American Publishing Company, New York, 1886.

One of the papers is by Walt Whitman. Rice was the editor of the *North American Review,* and friendly to him.

A Thought on Shakspere. *Critic,* Aug. 14, 1886.

Army Hospitals and Cases. *Century,* October, 1888.

Written in summer of 1886, and accepted and "handsomely paid for," Walt wrote me in August of same year.

Robert Burns as Poet and Person. *North American Review,* November, 1886.

Some War Memoranda. *North American Review,* January, 1887.

A Word about Tennyson. *Critic,* Jan. 1, 1887.

Apropos of Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.

My Book and I. *Lippincott's,* January, 1887.

New Orleans in 1848. The New Orleans *Picayune,* Jan. 25, 1887.

Extracts from one of Whitman's early note-books,—rather commonplace, no trace of his later diction. Describes his sojourn in the Crescent City and trip home. Gives a little pen-picture of Zachary Taylor, and has grateful reminiscence of the French

markets, of the exquisite wines, the "perfect and mild French brandy," and certain "cobblers, with strawberries and snow on top of the large tumblers." (Makes one's mouth water in these dry times, 1923.)

Father Taylor and Oratory. *Century,* February, 1887.

Afterwards included in a Life of Father Taylor, Boston, 1904.

Five Thousand Poems. *Critic,* April 16, 1887.

Republished in English Camelot Series and in November Boughs.

The Dying Veteran. (A Long Island Incident Early Part of This Century.) Springfield *Republican,* July 11, 1887.

Poem published by a New York newspaper syndicate.

Twilight. *Century,* December, 1887.

A three-line poem. Price paid $10, Whitman wrote me.

Yonnondio [Poem]. *Critic,* Nov. 26, 1887.

In same (Dec. 17) a note showing that Whitman had been misled as to meaning of Yonnondio.

As the Greek's Signal Flame. New York *Herald,* Dec. 15, 1887.

America's Poet. *Critic,* Nov. 24, 1887.

Twenty Years [Poem]. *Magazine of Art* (London), September, 1888.

To the Year 1889. *Critic,* Jan. 5, 1889.

A Voice from Death. New York *World,* June 7, 1889.

Bravo, Paris Exposition. *Harper's Weekly,* Sept. 28, 1889.

Shakspere for America. *Poet Lore,* Sept. 15, 1890. [One page.]

Walt Whitman Tuesday Night. Boston *Transcript,* April 19, 1890.

Sent to us at *Transcript* office by W. W. in his own MS., with request to me to return the MS., which I did. It is an account of his Lincoln lecture in Philadelphia, and is now included in the complete prose works.

A Death Bouquet. Philadelphia *Press,* Feb. 2, 1890.

Osceola [Poem]. *Munyon's* (Philadelphia), April, 1890.

Queen Victoria's Birthday [Poem]. Philadelphia *Ledger,* May 22, 1890.

To the Sunset Breeze. *Lippincott's,* December, 1890.

Thomas Jefferson Whitman. New York *Engineering Record,* Dec. 13, 1890.

Old Brooklyn Days. *Morning Journal,* Aug. 3, 1890.

An Old Man's Rejoinder. *Critic,* Aug. 16, 1890.

Preface to William D. O'Connor's Three Tales. (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1890.)

The Human Voice. *Munyon's,* October, 1890.

Old Poets. *North American Review,* November, 1890.

Memorial article on his dear brother Jeff.

Some Personal and Old Age Memoranda. *Lippincott's,* March, 1891.

This number also contains a group of poems by W. W., styled Old Age Echoes; namely, Sounds of the Winter, The Unexpress'd, Sail Out for Good, Eidólon Yacht, and After the Argument.

The Pallid Wreath. *Critic,* Jan. 10, 1891.

Have We a National Literature? *North American Review,* March, 1891.

The Commonplace. [In facsimile MS. form.] *Munyon's,* March, 1891.

Ship Ahoy! *Youth's Companion* (Boston), March, 1891.

The only piece he ever had in that fussy little juvenile. On account of the copyright he wrote me insistently two or three times to let him know if it had actually appeared, and finally got it tucked into the Good-Bye My Fancy volume at page 28. But with a few other inferior and commonplace lines in that volume it was apparently considered not good enough to be included in Leaves of Grass. (Later: it now appears in the 1902 de luxe edition (Putnam's) vol. vi, p. 296.) This remark does not apply, however, to As in a Swoon and For Queen Victoria's Birthday.

Old Chants [Poem]. New York *Truth,* March 19, 1891.

Walt Whitman's Last. *Lippincott's,* August, 1891.

The title, alas! contained virtually a true prophecy, though the little piece, A Thought of Columbus, was *written* in December, 1891.

How Leaves of Grass was Made.* *Frank Leslie's,* June, 1892.

A Thought of Columbus * [Poem]. *Once a Week* (New York), July 2, 1892.

The Tomb-Blossoms.* Philadelphia *Press,* Oct. 23, 1892.

Is this a reprint of his early prose piece in *Democratic Review?*

Familiar Letters.* *Century,* October, 1893.

Death's Valley.* *Harper's Monthly,* April, 1892.

Written to accompany a picture in the same number. See Leaves of Grass, latest edition, p. 428.

Nay, Tell Me Not To-day the Publish'd Shame.* *Conservator,* October, 1896.

Found, printed, among Walt Whitman's papers. A sub-line refers the date of the topics treated in it to 1873-78, "Congress in session." Further details in *Conservator,* as above.

Some Unpublished Letters of Walt Whitman.* Written to a Soldier Boy. Edited by F. H. Miller, in *Overland Monthly,* New Series, vol. 43, pp. 61 ff.

Note.—Translations of portions of Leaves of Grass into certain Asiatic languages (Sanskrit and Hindoostanee, I believe) were made by Walt's friend, Sir Edwin Arnold.

* The asterisk denotes posthumous pieces.

APPENDIX I

Index to Certain Whitman Articles in the "Conservator"

1890

May. *Leaves of Grass and Modern Science,* R. M. Bucke.

July. *The Quaker Traits of Walt Whitman, W. S.* Kennedy. The data authenticated by W. W. Reprinted in my Whitman, pp. 85, 86, and In Re W. W.

Aug. A word of love from John Boyle O'Reilly on W. W., p. 45.

Oct. *The Case of Walt Whitman and Col. Ingersoll,* R. M. Bucke. Whitman has not conformed: so he is anathema. "Shall I reach heaven?" said Voltaire's Omri. "No," said the devotee Babalec, "you have practised all the virtues; but your case is hopeless, for you have not done as I have,—put nails *dans votre cul.*" *Self-Bilking Bigotry,* John H. Clifford. Epigrammatic sentences of rebuke on the same topic (bigotry),—the refusal of a Philadelphia hall for the Ingersoll lecture on Walt Whitman.

1891

Feb. *Dutch Traits of Walt Whitman,* W. S. Kennedy. W. W added to this the sub-head, "Is not his maternal line the chief one?" and three or four paragraphs are from his pen, the longest being that beginning, "Whitman, as his friends know," which is reprinted (p. 88), with the rest of the

article, in my Reminiscences of W. W. and In Re W. W.

April. *Mr. Stedman's Lectures on Poetry* (at Johns Hopkins), Harrison S. Morris. "Stedman spoke of the Good Gray Poet as the 'finest word-painter of open nature who has ever lived.'"

1894

May. J. W. Wallace writes, "As one inly sworn till death to Whitman's cause and to the cause of democracy, I send you a Comrade's challenge and pledge" (for the celebration of W. W.'s birthday at Reisser's).

Nov. *A Visit to West Hills,* Daniel G. Brinton.

1895

Jan. *Suppressing a Poet,* W. S. Kennedy. An account of the Boston persecution of Leaves of Grass and the ferreting out of its instigators by the writer.

April. *Walt Whitman and Science,* Daniel G. Brinton. Walt W. had not much scientific reading or tendency: he viewed nature as the artist does. *Passage to India: A Discussion.* Alfred Norton, of Arlington, Mass., a gay young octogenarian, whose physique and cheery soul made him a typical Waltian (he is not the only one who has used L. of G. as a bible on occasions of sorrow and death), tells of his visit in 1855 or 1856 to W. W. in Brooklyn. W. W.'s mother told him how Walt would give away money to persons in distress whom he met on the street. A sea-captain told Norton how W. W. kept coming and coming to him to learn details of whale-hunting. Professor Fay, of Tufts College, said that, when he was in college (Tufts), their literary society

invited W. W. to read a poem. He agreed, but failed to appear, the poem being sent on, however. This was the Song of the Universal, and the time was June 17, 1874 (see '76 ed., vol. ii, p. 15 of Centennial Songs). See pp. 27 and 30. John Trevor in *Labour Prophet,* England, says: "I owe Whitman a great debt. Brought up in a Puritan school, . . . he helped me to see how clean and noble the body is."

June. (Birthday number.) *Was Whitman Mad?* R. M. Bucke. In *Walt Whitman at Pfaff's* William D. Howells tells how he first met W. W. there, of his cordial hand grasp and kindly glance into his eyes, of how this benign and winning nature impressed him when he met him at the Hawthorne Rooms in Boston in 1881. He doesn't care so much for Whitman's poems, but says, "I like his prose, if there is a difference, much better: there he is of a genial and comforting quality, very rich and cordial, such as I felt him to be when I met him in person." This item is a doublet, but *n'importe.*

Oct. *Walt Whitman Again,* John Burroughs. More ripe criticism, this time called out by Edgar Fawcett's confession in last number: "To the impeccable minor poet, with whom delicate fancies, pretty feigning, faultless verse, etc., are all in all, what a shock Whitman must be! It were like taking a man where he lies languishing in a warm and perfumed bath and tossing him into the surf."

The Notes on p. 126 tell of a lecture on W. W. in Leeds, England, by Miss Carolyn Martyn, and record that the favorite book of Whitman (according to his own statement) was Rousseau's Confessions,—as it was also of Emerson and George Eliot.

Dec. *Walt Whitman and his Boston Publishers,* I, Thomas B. Harned. See the Bibliography, edition of Leaves of Grass 1881. *Walt Whitman in England* (from Glasgow *Herald*), apropos of the abortive design of Richard Le Gallienne (who had recently been to America) to edit Leaves of Grass for English readers. Le Gallienne is warned by the *Herald* not to Bowdlerize, for the world has grown liberal.

Jan. *Walt Whitman and his Boston Publishers,* II, by Thomas B. Harned.

March. *Who were Walt Whitman's Boston Publishers?* Charles W. Eldridge. *Whitman Inspired and Uninspired, and his Eroticism,* J. T. Trowbridge. An old friend of W. W., who details most pleasantly his personal relations and attitude. Whitman came out in 1860 from Boston, and spent the day with Trowbridge in Somerville, where T. then lived. "I felt that a large new friendship had shed its glow upon my life," he says. He thinks W. W. should have excised A Woman Waits for Me; but what does he mean by affirming that it appeared in 1856 "with a still more startling title"? The 1856 title in the copy I saw was simply Poem of Procreation. I don't see anything "startling" in that.

May. *A Woman Waits for Me: The Personal Relations of Emerson and Whitman,* Charles Wesley Eldridge. Mr. E. gives details of the friendly association of Emerson and Walt Whitman during W.'s 1860 visit to Boston. Emerson's chief arguments against retaining certain of the sex-poems were that they would injure the circulation of the book and hinder W.'s recognition as a poet. Such temporal considerations seemed unworthy

of E., said W. W. *Shelley and Whitman,* H. S. Salt. *Walt Whitman: His Relation to Science and Philosophy,* Oscar Lovell Triggs. This is comment on a paper by William Gay, the Australasian poet, an accepter of W. W. It is a heavy philosophical paper.

June. *A Peep into Walt Whitman's Manuscripts,* W. S. Kennedy. Six studies from W. W.'s MSS. for the title-page motto of the final and present edition of Leaves of Grass,—"Come, said my Soul," etc. The Proto-Leaf as it appears in the 1860 edition is given. *A Few Impressions of Walt Whitman,* David Edward Cronin, who saw W. W. at Pfaff's, W. W. being there as an occasional and dignified visitor. Cronin first read Leaves of Grass at Camp Stoneman in the winter of 1861, having found the first quarto in his tent, left there by the former occupier. *Notes on the Text of Leaves of Grass,* II, R. M. Bucke. This time on the thesis, "Was Walt Whitman a French Scholar?" See W. W.'s own statement that he was not, in Part I (Mürger matter), under *Poet-Lore,* 1894. He had a slight smattering of French, but, as Bucke did not need to be told, could not read a page correctly after he was sixty years old. *Whitman's Sexual Imagery,* Daniel G. Brinton.

July. *Walt Whitman and the Younger Writers.* An Interview with John Burroughs by Walter Blackburn Harte. Quotes Havelock Ellis: "Whitman in his own domain made the most earnest, thorough, and successful attempt of modern times to bring the Greek spirit into art. The Greek spirit is the simple, natural, beautiful interpretation of the life of the artist's own age and people

under his own sky." Harte says well that "it is simply ruinous for any writer to imitate Whitman's style. . . . His mannerisms are too easy to catch." *Whitman as He Appeared to Dante Rossetti and Allingham.* That Dante G. Rossetti was a fool in literature, whatever he was in painting, may certainly be known by this immortal deliverance (1857): "I've read Leaves of Grass and found it rather pleasant, but little new or original."

Sept. *Another Recovered Chapter in the History of Leaves of Grass,* William Douglas O'Connor. Posthumous paper. On Postmaster Tobey ("the sleek, sanctimonous, and oleaginous") and his attempt to exclude George Chainey's lecture on Whitman, and the Common Prostitute poem, from the mails,—an attempt overruled by the Postmaster-General. *Whitman's Lack of Humor,* Oscar Lovell Triggs.

Oct. *To Keep Green the Memory of a Gallant Man,* W. S. Kennedy. On William D. O'Connor and his writings on Walt Whitman, his idealization of W. W. in The Carpenter, remarks on Hugo, etc. *Whitman's Large and Substantial Thoughts: His Beautiful Rhythms,* H. L. T. (Horace L. Traubel).

Nov. *Julian Hawthorne's Several Opinions on Whitman,* H. L. Traubel. Compare Part I of this Handbook.

Dec. *Sursum Corda, Comrades,* W. S. Kennedy, who says Stedman told him he had to threaten J. G. Holland with something dire in order to get his article on W. W. into *Scribner's* (now the *Century*). Comparison of Walt and Whitcomb Riley.

1897

Jan. *William Shakspere Asks Leave to Be,* W. S. K. Contains Anecdote of Whitman. *Notes on the Text of Leaves of Grass,* IV, R. M. Bucke. He says that Marshall E. Smith possesses the MS. of the first rough draft of Grand is the Scene (p. 23 of Good-Bye My Fancy) and gives a reprint of it.

Feb. *Notes on the Text of Leaves of Grass,* No. V. Bucke. The doctor gives us some of the chips, or old palettes and stub brushes, thrown aside by W. W. as his work went on,—notes of titles rejected, phrases and memoranda for inchoate poems, etc.

March. *Notes on the Pfaffians,* W. S. Kennedy. Quotes Fitz-Greene Halleck, "Walt ought to write his poems seated on the back of an elephant"; says J. V. Sears, of Philadelphia, owns complete file of *Saturday Press. Lucas Malet on Walt Whitman,* Charles G. Garrison. "Lucas Malet" is the pseudonym of a daughter of Charles Kingsley, who quotes Walt Whitman in her novel The Wages of Sin, and represents him as illuminating with sudden light the soul of one of her characters when he read for the first time, "There never will be any more perfection than there is now," etc.

April. *An Annotated Edition of Sartor Resartus,* W. S. Kennedy. Finds germ suggestions of Leaves of Grass in Sartor, and gives parallel passages. *Whitman and Symonds,* H. L. T. Extracts from H. F. Brown's Life of J. A. Symonds.

May. *Reminiscent of Whitman,* F. B. Sanborn. See comment by the editor on p. 35. Sanborn tells the story of his trial as an abolitionist and of Whitman's presence, but does not tell what he told me

at my home, that W. W. told him that he was there to help see that justice was done him and to help rescue him bodily from the villains of the law. W. W. had on a gray or blue carpenter's jacket (see Part III, under 1860 ed. L. of G.). Sanborn gives interesting small facts about Emerson and W. W., tells how Louisa Alcott admired Walt, but the other smaller Concord women were haters; how Walt shook hands with the coachman of Sanborn's hired vehicle (probably doing it partly, I suggest, because he saw Sanborn needed just that example); and how Thomas Cholmondeley wrote to Thoreau, who had sent him a copy of Leaves of Grass, that he failed "to find the gentleman in it." (How thankful we ought to be that Whitman and Lincoln were such grand gentlemen that the word must be revised to fit their stature!)

July. *Burroughs's Study of Whitman,* Henry S. Salt, continued in August. Solid criticism by this admirer of our Transcendentalists. He finds "a failure in the general effect" of Burroughs's book, much redundance and incoherence, yet gives it great praise.

Aug. Triggs article on the genesis of Leaves of Grass. *Identities of Thought and Phrase in Emerson and Whitman,* W. S. Kennedy (some twenty-eight striking parallelisms in diction). Important, as showing W. W.'s reading of E. before writing his first L. of G.

1898

Feb. Dr. Bucke gives Walt Whitman's rough notes for his Broad-Axe poem. Kennedy traces W. W. in William Rounseville Alger's work.

March. On p. 11 is a rich characterization of Whitmaniacs, evidently by Jeanette Gilder (writing under a pseudonym). Also note on Alger's Oriental Specimens. Kennedy gives notes on Walt Whitman in Italy.

June. Bucke answers Edgar Fawcett on Walt's "hippopotamus snorts."

Sept. Article by Triggs. Also Henry James on Whitman's letters to his mother.

1899

Jan. In this and three following numbers a translation by William Struthers, of Gabriel Sarrazin's Essay on Walt Whitman.*

Feb. W. S. K. in his travels in Holland sees the Whitman type of face.

June. Paper of Walt Whitman on Physical Education,

July. edited by Harned.

Nov. Valuable delineation and characterization of Walt Whitman by Dr. Brinton (as reported by Lucius D. Morse).

1900

Feb. Review of Salter's Whitman, W. S. K. (a philosophical article).

March. Same by the same, continued, in form of analysis of Whitman's philosophy of good and evil (two columns).

April. Three articles by Struthers on Jannacone's essay on

May. Walt's rhythms and technique. A fourth article

June. appears in October, 1900; a fifth in November same year; a sixth in March, 1901.

* See W. S. Kennedy's The Real John Burroughs, p. 83 (Funk & Wagnalls, 1924) for this Sarrazin essay.

1903

April. *Whitman's Following in Germany,* Amelia von Ende. A long and careful account, mentioning the interest in Whitman shown by Johannes Schlaf and Dr. Karl Federn and others, and the very extensive influence Whitman has had on the development of poetry in Germany. All writers on German literature acknowledge this, the writer says, including Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard, and Hatfield of Northwestern University. Compare *Conservator,* January and February, 1904, articles by same writer.

June. A strong and adequate article on Whitman and Emerson by George J. Smith, contrasting and comparing the men and their work.

July. Edward Everett Hale says: "I recollect with pride that in my earlier life I wrote one of the first reviews which was published of our friend's first volume. It was in the *North American Review,* and, as he told me afterwards, it gave him real pleasure." Hale saw him at Lawrence, Kansas.

Oct. Sylvester Baxter, writing on Whitman and Emerson, quotes two striking passages from the latter's essay The Poet: "The vocabulary of an omniscient man would embrace words and images excluded from polite conversation. What would be base, or even obscene, to the obscene, becomes illustrious spoken in a new connection of thought." "Bare lists of words are found suggestive to an imaginative and excited mind," says Emerson.

1904

Feb. *Walt Whitman in Germany,* Amelia von Ende. An essay of high rank. Quotes from Johannes Schlaf's Essay how he fell under the spell of

W. W. The writer says, "This essay brought Walt Whitman nearer to the hearts of younger Germany than all that had previously been written about him in that language." Translations of Walt Whitman were published in the magazine *Gesellschaft* and in Karl Henckell's anthology, Sonnenblumen. Dr. Karl Federn, the Dante scholar and translator of Emerson and Edward Carpenter, gave the highest tribute to W. W. Federn called Whitman's sensuality "great, free, proud, and fertile, like that of a Greek God." The influence which his Leaves of Grass are destined to have upon coming generations in both continents seems incalculable. His influence in Germany is further shown in such books as Arno Holz's Revolution of Lyric Poetry.

Aug. Benjamin Fay Mills tells how he introduced Whitman's writings to the famous reform mayor of Toledo, Samuel M. Jones. He read Leaves of Grass at him two or three times, and Jones saw nothing in it, was bored to death; but two years later he was an ardent lover of Whitman, quoting him in nearly all his speeches and public documents.

Sept. Translation by William E. Davenport from the Italian essay of Luigi Gamberale in the *Rivista d'Italia.*

Oct. Words on Whitman the Lover by Ernest Crosby, true to truth as the magnet to the pole. Whitman was the great lover and comrade. Emerson did not adequately appreciate him because he himself was devoid of the deep comrade-love. He had an intellectual conception of it, but did not feel it. Leaves of Grass is a love-letter to those for whom

it was meant. But a love-letter read by an outsider seems ridiculous.

1906

May. William Douglas O'Connor's wife (now Mrs. Calder) says the attack on the Osgood edition of Leaves of Grass was the detonating blow that exploded the misunderstanding between O'Connor and W. W. and brought them together again in a friendship uninterrupted till O'Connor's death.

June. *Whitman in Germany,* Paul Harboe. Tells of Johannes Schlaf's monograph (the second) on Walt Whitman, issued as vol. 18 in the series Die Dichtung, edited by Paul Remer (Schuster & Loeffler, Berlin). Schlaf first wrote of Whitman in *Freie Bühne* in 1892.

1907

Feb. *On the Trail of the Good Gray Poet,* W. S. Kennedy. A critique of Perry's Whitman (see Part I) and a collection by W. S. K. of source-passages for portions of Leaves of Grass, such as Pindar's Fifth Ode; Dickens's Christmas Carol (1843), wherein the Ghost of Christmas to Come is shown to be the original of Walt's "Shape" in his Europe poem; the "when" passages in Dickens's Haunted House; Plutarch's Pelopidas and Plato's Symposium (compare What Place is Besieged, and I Dream'd in a Dream); Montaigne's Essays; Rousseau's Confessions; George Sand's Consuelo, vol. i, chap. 3, "What is more beautiful than a road?" (compare Countess of Rudolstadt, vol. ii, chap. 41); and, finally, Michelet's book The Bird. It was not until 1909 that I learned that what I wrote about Michelet in the *Conservator* had been anticipated in 1904

in the *Critic* by A. Knapp. I got my cue from Whitman MSS. loaned me by Dr. Bucke's son. But Traubel lightens the charge of plagiarism against Walt by printing as a note to my *Conservator* (1907) article this remark: "When the poem [To the Man-of-War-Bird] originally appeared in *Progress,* Philadelphia, the Michelet passage accompanied it as a head-note." To the allusions made by me in the *Conservator* I will add here that Walt, a great reader of Carlyle, had apparently been reading the latter's translation from Voss of the following when he wrote his famous lines in the Broad-Axe piece ("Tumbling on steadily, nothing dreading," etc.), though his lines are splendidly original in form and diction:—

"As journeys this earth, her eye on a sun, thro' the heavenly spaces,
And radiant in azure, or sunless, swallowed in tempests,
Falters not, alters not, journeying equal, sunlit or storm-girt;
So thou, son of earth, who hast force, goal and time, go still onward."

Carlyle quoted this to Emerson (Emerson-Carlyle Letters, p. 95) in 1835; but, as he is always quoting himself in these letters, he had probably published it earlier, in one of his studies from German authors or elsewhere. The resemblance of the two things in Carlyle and Whitman may be mere coincidence. At any rate, the parity of thought and imagery is very interesting. I hunted long and in vain through all of Carlyle's early works for the piece.

June. Amelia von Ende has another fine long article on Walt Whitman in Germany. Alludes to Dr. E. O. Lessing's "recent" volume of translations of selections from Walt Whitman's prose and of his translation of Traubel's *Chants Communal.*

July. Walt Whitman was lectured about at the University in Evansville, Indiana, every year for many years by an admirer, Prof. Felix Schelling. Léon Bazalgette calls Emile Verhaeren, of Belgium, "the Whitman of the Old World," a strong and noble man.

Sept. Dr. Percival W. Wiksell's personal recollections of Pete Doyle. "He showed us an old raglan Whitman had given him, and said that, when he felt lonely or blue, he wrapped himself in it, and was at once calm, cheered, and restored"!

Dec. Harned crumples up a clerical gentleman named Ecob for flinging filth on the character of Walt Whitman in the *Outlook.* Harned wrested a weak apology from Lyman Abbott, editor of that paper and himself a bitter enemy of Whitman.

1908

March. Léon Bazalgette, in his own English, gives a portion of the Introduction to his Walt Whitman (two columns).

Dec. The last of Walt Whitman's family buried.

APPENDIX II

A Conspectus of Friends and Foes

It will be instructive, if not agreeable to all the parties, if we for the first time marshal in confronting groups some of the chief friends and some of the more pronounced foes of our poet, as memorized in the foregoing pages:

I. *Whole-hearted Accepters:* Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, Mark Twain, Frank B. Sanborn, Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, John Burroughs, William D. O'Connor, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Henry Cabot Lodge, Charles A. Dana, Henry George, William Cullen Bryant,* Joaquin Miller, Felix Adler, Moncure D. Conway, Hamlin Garland, Anne Gilchrist, Mary Smith Berensen, Jeanette Gilder, Richard Watson Gilder, Karl Knortz, John Hay, Prof. Daniel G. Brinton, Robert G. Ingersoll, Sylvester Baxter, Bryan Binns, Richard Maurice Bucke, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Prof. Colin A. Scott, Prof. Oscar C. Triggs, J. T. Trowbridge, George Rice Carpenter, Joseph E. Chamberlin, Grant Overton, George Parsons Lathrop.—John Addington Symonds, Alfred Tennyson, William Morris, Robert Buchanan, Wil-

* John Burroughs is quoted in the Barrus Life of him (p. 202, vol. i) as saying that William Cullen Bryant cooled toward Whitman after the publication of Leaves of Grass. Well, you can scarcely picture Longfellow and Bryant, translators of Dante and Homer, and gentle poets of children and of ladies' parlors, as swinging the manly stein with the Berserkers at Pfaff's or, like Hugo, chewing their lobster whole, shell and all. Human toleration has its limits, and human digestion too. If Walt, the mighty Manhattanese, could have been viewed in the perspective of Dante and Homer, all would have been well. But he was too close up. Even Emerson's back almost cracked under his weight.

liam M. Rossetti, John Ruskin, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edward Dowden, Edward Carpenter, H. Buxton Forman, Sir Edwin Arnold, Henry Irving, Gabriel Sarrazin, Léon Bazalgette.—Enrico Nencioni, Giovanni Papini, P. Jannaccone, Luigi Gamberale.—Rudolph Schmidt, Prof. Felix Schelling, Dr. Karl Federn, Ferdinand Freiligrath, Johannes Schlaf, "Stepniak," the Grand Duke Cyril, Amelia von Ende, Björnstjerne Björnson, Henry S. Salt.

II. *Bitter and Relentless Foes and Vilifiers:* Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Richard Henry Stoddard, William Winter, Whitelaw Reid, Maurice Thompson, Walker Kennedy, Secretary James Harlan, Sidney Lanier, Rev. John Chadwick, Bayard Taylor, J. G. Holland, Alfred Austin, John Jay Chapman, John Vance Cheney, George Ripley, Edgar Fawcett, Julian Hawthorne, Lyman Abbott, Rev. Frederick Baylies Allen.

The reader may weigh the two factions one against the other for himself. The lists are fair and exhaustive as a roll-call of well-known people. Writers like Swinburne, and Bliss Perry, and George Eliot are unclassifiable: they are neither one thing nor the other. As to the list of enemies, it seems pitifully small and insignificant now. But, while they last, a dozen white-headed hornets or yellow-jackets can terrorize and stampede the most august body that ever sat in a legislative hall. The next morning the janitor sweeps them up, with the remains of their nest. Then, as Long John Silver would say, Where are they now, that's all?

APPENDIX III

Walt Whitman's Last Will and Testament

The last will and testament of Walt Whitman, of Camden, N. J.

I order all my just debts and funeral expenses paid as soon as conveniently can be after my decease.

I give $1000 to my sister, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Van Nostrand, of Greenport, Suffolk County, New York State.

I give $1000 to my sister, Mrs. Hannah Louisa Heyde, of Burlington, Vt.

I give $250 to Mrs. Susan Stafford, wife of George Stafford, of Glendale, Camden County, N. J.

I give $1000 to Mrs. Mary O. Davis, now of 328 Mickle Street, Camden, N. J.

I give to Mrs. Mapes $20.

I give to Mrs. Nancy Whitman, my brother Andrew's widow, $50.

I give to my brother, George W. Whitman, the portraits of my father and mother (two small oil paintings and one framed photograph) and one old large Dutch portrait, four altogether, also the big mahogany table.

I give to Thomas Donaldson the big arm chair presented to me by his children.

I give to Harry Stafford, of Marlton, N. J., my gold watch.

I give to my friend, Peter Doyle, my silver watch.

I give to J. H. Johnston, jeweler of New York City, my second arm chair, rattan seated.

I hereby appoint my friends Dr. R. M. Bucke of [London], Ontario, Canada; Thomas B. Harned, of Camden, N. J., and Horace L. Traubel, of the same place, my literary executors and immediately upon my decease I direct that they shall take

absolute charge and possession of all my literary effects of every kind whatever, including my library, manuscripts, letters, correspondence, also all my books in stock or otherwise, publications, copyrights, plates and to manage and control the same and the future publications of my writings and make all and every use of the aforesaid property as in their judgment they deem proper—provided and subject to only one restriction, to wit, that they pay over from time to time to my executrix any profits arising from the publication of my books.

All the rest and residue of my property of every kind and description, including the house No. 328 Mickle Street, Camden, N. J., where I now reside, I give, bequeath and devise to my brother, Edward L. Whitman, absolutely forever.

As my said brother Edward L. Whitman is mentally incapacitated, I hereby appoint Mrs. Louisa Orr Whitman, wife of my brother, George W. Whitman, his sole guardian of his person and property and I direct that no bonds shall be required of her in her discharge of said guardianship.

I hereby appoint the said Louisa Orr Whitman, wife of my brother, George W. Whitman, executrix of this my last will and testament, and I direct that she shall not be required to furnish bonds.

I give to Warren Fritzinger (my nurse) $200.

I order and direct that Mary O. Davis be permitted to occupy my said house, 328 Mickle Street, Camden, for one year after my decease free of rent, provided, however, that she pay the taxes for said year on said premises.

The last two items are written after the apparent conclusion of my said will, but I direct that said items shall have the same force and effect as if they were written before the residuary clause.

In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this twenty-fourth day of December, eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

WALT WHITMAN [Seal]

Signed, published, and declared by the said Walt Whitman to be his last will and testament in the presence of us, who were present at the same time and subscribed our names as witnesses in the presence of the testator.

HENRY HOLLINSHEAD, JR.
THOMAS B. HALL
Camden, N. J.

Codicil

This is a codicil, to be added to the last will and testament of me, Walt Whitman, which will bear date the twenty-fourth day of December, eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

I do hereby ratify and confirm my said will in all respects save so far as any part thereof shall be revoked or altered by this present codicil.

I give to Mrs. Susan Stafford two hundred dollars instead of two hundred and fifty dollars.

I give to Mrs. Mary E. Van Nostrand two hundred dollars instead of one thousand dollars.

I give to Walt Whitman Fritzinger (a new-born son of Harry Fritzinger) the sum of two hundred dollars to be invested for him.

I give my gold watch to Horace L. Traubel instead of to Harry Stafford.

I give my silver watch to Harry Stafford instead of Peter Doyle.

WALT WHITMAN.

Dated January 1st, 1892.

Signed, published and declared by the said Walt Whitman as a codicil to his last will and testament in the presence of us who were present at the same time and subscribed our names as witnesses in his presence.

AUGUSTA A. HARNED,
MRS. ELIZABETH KELLER.

In Traubel's With Walt Whitman in Camden, vol. i, there is a facsimile of what is given without explanation as Whitman's last will and testament, but which is dated over three years previous to the one given above (*i.e.*, June 29, 1888) and reads quite differently; is, in fact, a wholly different will, has no codicil and different witnesses. I had the above will verified by the deputy surrogate of the County of Camden.—W. S. K.

222 Allen Lane
Phil. 1/15/21

Dear Kennedy.

Your MS ["The Fight of a Book for the World," A Companion Volume to "Leaves of Grass"] came here safely to-day. It is a gold mine. It is prodigious. I have never seen so much solid information packed in one document. It will be of first importance in the future to all students of Walt Whitman. . . . I find it more fascinating than a novel. You have so marshalled the pros and cons of the W. W. controversy at the time when he was more of a storm-center than he is now, that I get a clearer idea about the world reception of W. W. and his work. No one has done this before, as we have only had a cold bibliography, with not even a digest of the views respectively expressed.

THOS. B. HARNED.

[Walt Whitman's literary executor.]

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